

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE 1981 \$2.50*

**EXCLUSIVE
TAPES:
THE LAST
MOMENTS OF
JONESTOWN
ASTRAL SEX
SURFING'S
FLESH PARADE**

**A BUSINESSMAN'S
GUIDE TO
EROTIC TOKYO**

CATEGORY 1 RESTRICTED



NOT AVAILABLE TO PERSONS UNDER 18 YEARS



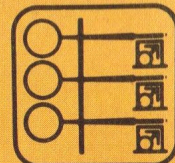
**“What the heck,
why don’t we buy it?”**

“What a Sterling idea.”

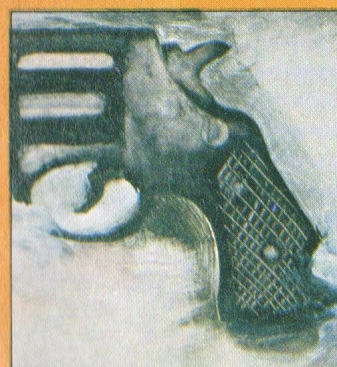


Introducing Sterling 25s, by Benson and Hedges.
Premium quality tobaccos, at a price you'll appreciate. A new standard in smoking enjoyment.

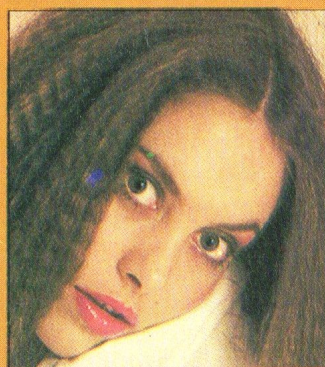
STERLING 25s by *BENSON and HEDGES*



CONTENTS		PAGE
COVER	Julie Lambert	Photo by Rico Mettbach
HOUSECALL	Introduction	4
FORUM	Correspondence	9
FLESH PARADE	Article	Rennie Ellis/Peter Crawford/Paul Holmes 20
FEEDBACK	Opinion	24
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Frank Dunbar 25
REVIEWS		
FILMS		Alex Anthony 28
TV		Neal Akerman 29
SOUNDS		Edited by Carol Ashdown 30
WORDS		Edited by John Hampshire 32
OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HELL	Article	James Reston Jnr 34
ENCORE/JULIE	Pictorial	Photos by John McKeown 47
FOR WHOM THE POLL TELLS	Article	P.D. Jack 56
WRITER'S BLOCK	Article	Colin Talbot 62
SNOWBIRD/JULIE	Pictorial	Photos by Rico Mettbach 69
FEMINIST VIEW OF SEX	Advise and Dissent	Beatrice Faust 82
A BUSINESSMAN'S GUIDE TO TOKYO	Article	Ann Nakano/Carroll Holloway 84
ASTRAL SEX	Article	Stephen Blue 94
25 GREAT SONGS OF ROCK'N'ROLL	Article	Craig McGregor 102
NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH/SHERRY	Pictorial	Photos by Allan J. Wash 107
DICK SMITH	Interview	Phil Jarratt 116
BOOTS'N'ALL	Service	125
ANOTHER FINE MESS, OLLIE	Article	Chris Pritchard 129
HOW HOSTILE ARE YOU?	Quiz	135
SOUND — BEST AND WORST	Service	Wayne Elmer 138
HONDA'S SECOND COMING	Service	Noel Christensen 142
MORE WINTER DRINKS	Service	L. Bonanno 148
THE FATAL CHALLENGE OF THE SEA	Article	Rob Mundle 130
FOUR TO THE FORE	Motoring	John Hampshire 156



Our Father



Pet of the Month



Guide to Tokyo



Astral Sex

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: 99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, 2000. Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. Telephone 233 7000. Printed by ADM-Paramac, 252-266 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, for the publishers, ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd., 256 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, in association with Penthouse, The International Magazine for Men. Copyright 1981 ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd. All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignments of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Price in Australia \$2.50. *Recommended and maximum price only. Registered for posting as a publication — Category B. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Address manuscripts to The Editor, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. All material published remains the property of Penthouse.

Any bike can give you power. Only Suzuki can control it like this.

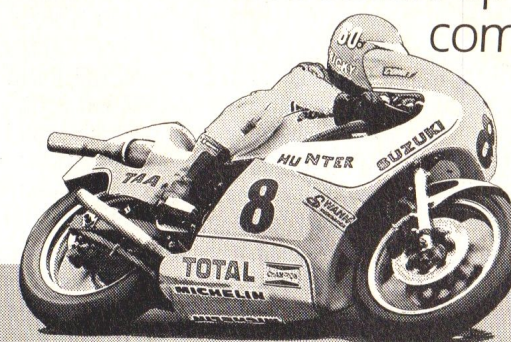
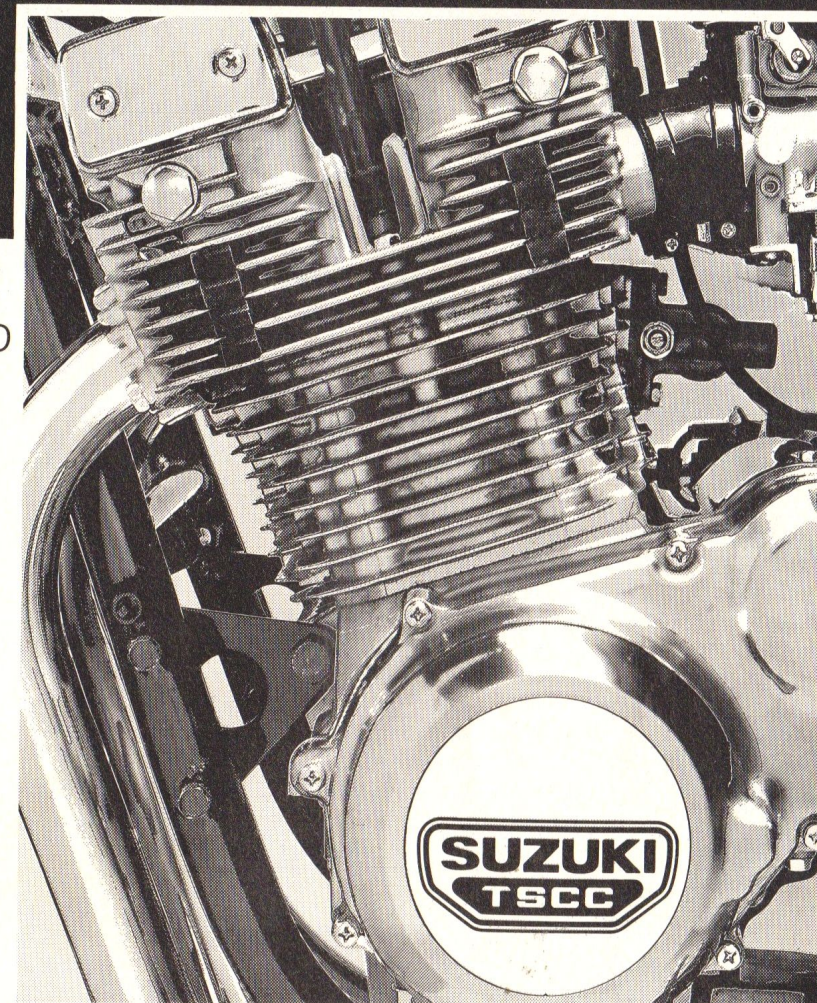
We'd be the first to admit that our competitors can also build powerful motorbikes.

But there's something they don't have. The TSCC.

It stands for Twin Swirl Combustion Chamber. The TSCC burns fuel more efficiently than ever before. And it's a Suzuki original. The benefits? Smoother running, sure starting, rapid acceleration and excellent passing power.

Controlling power like this gives Suzuki the edge. And it's one of the reasons that our bikes won every major production race in Australia during 1980. Including the Castrol 6-hour.*

We also back our bikes with a 12 month/20,000 kilometre warranty. That's double the warranty offered by any other Japanese manufacturer! Put a Suzuki up against any competitor. From commuter bikes to dirt bikes to superbikes. There's only one answer — Suzuki.



SUZUKI
WINS

*Unlimited class still subject to official confirmation.

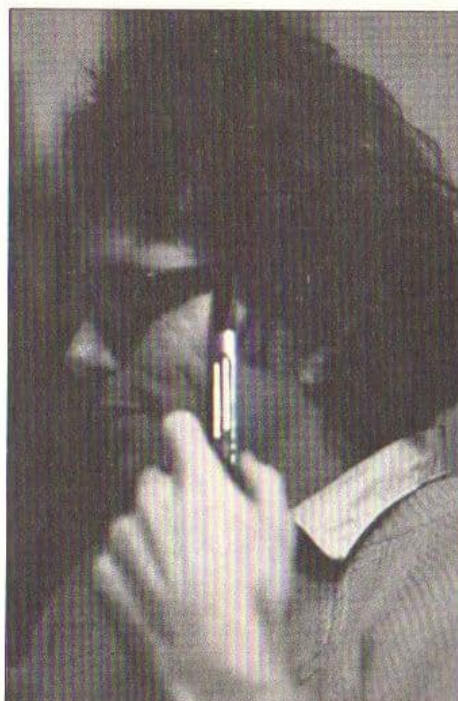
SU1843B&B



Beatrice Faust



James Reston Jr.



Colin Talbot



Ann Nakano



Carroll Holloway

HOUSECALL

Two and a half years after the terrifying news of the murder of Californian congressman Leo Ryan, followed by the incredible mass murder-suicide of nearly a thousand followers of the fanatic preacher Jim Jones, *Australian Penthouse* this month publishes an exclusive account of the horror of the Jonestown Massacre, culled from Jones' tape recordings. Probably no news story since the assassination of John Kennedy has had the worldwide impact of the events reported from the jungle of Guyana. But until now the entire ghoulis history of the life and death of Jim Jones has remained stifled beneath tonnes of screaming headlines. The truth, as uncovered by **James Reston Jr.** in his new book, *Our Father Who Art In Hell*, is far more sensational than even the most dreadful yellow journalism could paint. To write his book Reston interviewed the survivors and relatives of the victims and for the first time gained access to the Jones tapes (some hundreds), including those of the final terrible hours.

In our exclusive excerpt, which begins on page 34, Reston takes us into Guyana with the ill-fated Ryan mission and then inside the poisonous mind of the false but charismatic messiah. "Be kind to children and be kind to seniors and take the potion like they used to take it in ancient Greece," Jones exhorted his followers over a loudspeaker while soft music played in the background. "We are not committing suicide. It's a revolutionary act."

And, horribly, unbelievably, Reston writes, they did it. The final terror was not quick: "The agony of it persisted, the . . . Valium in the mix doing little to dampen the pain . . . It would take three hours to finish the job. By 'serving' the little children first, Jones managerial talent surfaced again: having murdered their children, how could the parents maintain a strong will to live?"

On a happier note, this month we celebrate the return to form of one of this country's best and brightest young writers. **Colin Talbot**, author, journalist and sometime mystic from inner Melbourne, had barely written a word for three years (although we managed to chain him to the typewriter for two memorable contributions). Things were not looking good. "Things were so bad that the only thing left for the rats to eat was me," Talbot writes. Yes, writes. After three years of the worst case of writer's block known to man, and subsequent abject poverty, Talbot has rediscovered through hypnosis the lost art of typewriter tapping. He explains how it happened in a very funny article beginning on page 62. Compulsory reading for anyone who ever stared forlornly at a blank sheet of writing paper and wondered where the words were

hiding. The illustration is by frequent contributor **Mark Salwowski**.

The quick business trip to Tokyo is becoming a regular fixture on the corporate calendar. Every week, in fact, thousands of Australian advertising men, printers, bookbinders, metallurgists, mining bosses, car salesmen, public servants and merchants both large and small are jumping on jumbos and jetting off to Tokyo to seal the deal, oversee the operation, clinch the sale, sound out the prospects or whatever other excuse seems appropriate. Why (apart from the increased volume of business between our countries) is Tokyo so popular with our jetsetting business types? We sent writer **Ann Nakano** — Oz-born but a long-time resident of Japan — into the city night to report on the erotic delights of Tokyo, and possibly provide the answer. Complementing Nakano's absorbing article is **Carroll Holloway's** series of delectable Geisha nudes. The fun begins on page 84.

Elsewhere this month, senior editor **P.D. Jack** examines the growth industries of market research and polling. Never, it appears, have so many paid so much for the opinions of so few. For Whom The Poll Tells is a revealing and very funny look at lies, damned lies and statistics. **Alan Stomann** did the illustration.

And speaking of lies and statistics, we thought it rather odd that our Melbourne correspondent **Rennie Ellis** should request an assignment covering a surfing contest more than a thousand miles from his home turf. We thought it even odder when photo-journalist Ellis had to enlist support from writer **Paul Holmes** and photographer **Peter Crawford** and extend his stay on Queensland's Gold Coast indefinitely. Then we saw the enormity of that which Ellis had been focussing attention and lens upon. We wondered no more. *Flesh Parade* (a toast to the girls of the Coast) begins on page 20.

What else? Sexologist **Beatrice Faust** writes on the Feminist View of Sex — "the trouble with the sex war is that no one wins"; **Stephen Blue** explains the intricacies of Astral Sex; **Phil Jarratt** interviews electronics nutter Dick Smith, **Chris Pritchard** describes a boozy bender with movie star and top drunk Oliver Reed; **Craig McGregor** nominates his 25 Great Songs of Rock 'n' Roll (and if this doesn't inspire a swag of hate mail from music buffs nothing will); and, of course, the Pets. This month we present lovely **Julie Lambert**, Pet of the Month photographed by **Rico Mettback**; **Sherry Moran**, photographed in the US by **Allan J. Wash**; and an encore appearance by stunning young actress **Julie Jones**, who first graced our pages last September. Julie, star of *The Restless Years*, *The Young Doctors* and numerous stage plays, is looking better than ever. And so, if we do say so ourselves, is *Australian Penthouse*. Enjoy. 



My scotch? Take it as Red.

BORN 1820  STILL GOING STRONG
40° ALCOHOL/VOLUME

MASIU:WAL34B4 AB152/80

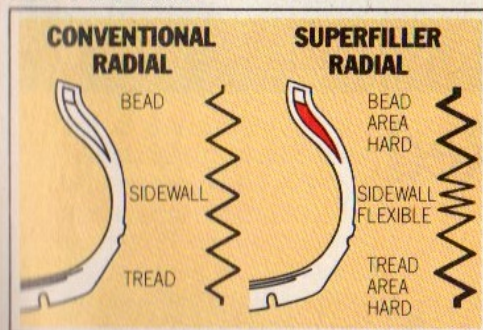


Amazing Bridgestone material delivers low profile performance on standard-size wheels.

Now you don't have to go to the expense of wide wheels to get low-profile performance.* Bridgestone's newly patented Superfiller tyre material has created the Bridgestone RD-207 Steel. A remarkable radial that puts more effective tread area on the road than conventional steel radials. It's not just a better tyre. It's an advance in steel radial technology.

The Ideal Radial Theory.

Most experts agree on what the ideal radial should be. It should have a hard bead to help control the tread. It should have a flexible sidewall to absorb forces which would otherwise distort the tread.



Superfiller creates a harder bead which allows a more flexible sidewall for more effective road contact.

It should have a hard tread to sit firmly and evenly on the road. The discovery of Superfiller has made this hard-soft-hard theory practical.

Patented Superfiller.

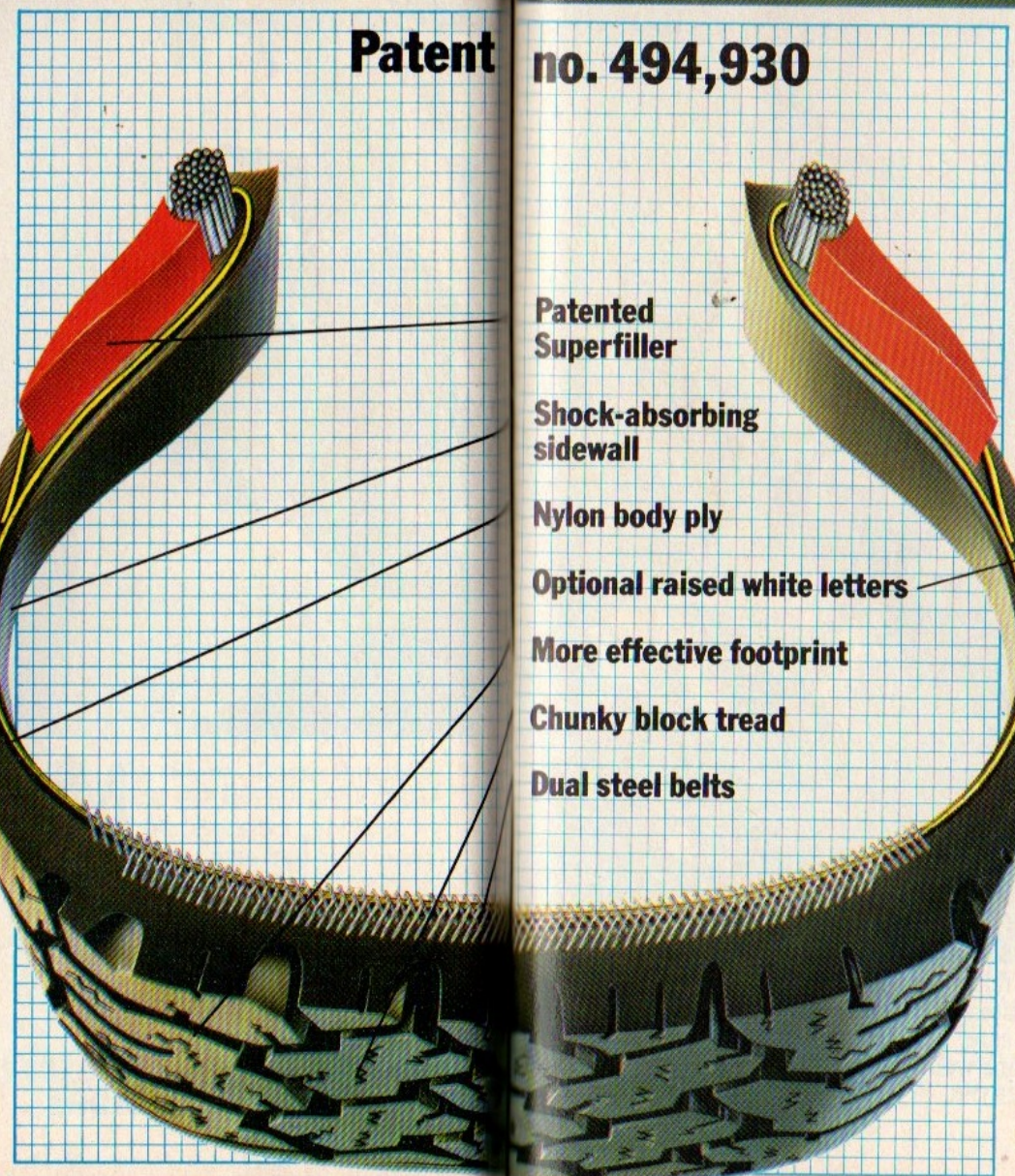
Superfiller is a revolutionary, super hard tyre material as firm as many plastics. Its patent marks it as a milestone in tyre development. In the RD-207 Steel, Superfiller creates an incredibly rigid bead which improves the radial's shape and efficiency. The result is increased tread control, exceptional handling and greater grip.

Force-Absorbing Sidewall.



A more flexible sidewall means more even contact pressure. Because the bead of the RD-207 is more rigid, its sidewall is more flexible than that of a conventional radial. This means it more readily absorbs the forces which normally distort the tread and lift it from the road, especially in heavy cornering. It allows the tread to give a more effective traction area than conventional radials.

Patent no. 494,930



Patented Superfiller

Shock-absorbing sidewall

Nylon body ply

Optional raised white letters

More effective footprint

Chunky block tread

Dual steel belts

Just as importantly for those who drive performance cars with firm suspension, the flexible sidewall delivers a smoother ride. In fact on all cars, the RD-207 Steel acts like a second set of shock-absorbers to isolate you from vibration.



Block tread floods water away. grooves that pumps water from areas of grip. The placement of the grooves is finely set to noticeably reduce road noise. Rolling resistance is also decreased with a resulting increase in fuel efficiency.

Black Sidewall or Raised White Lettering.

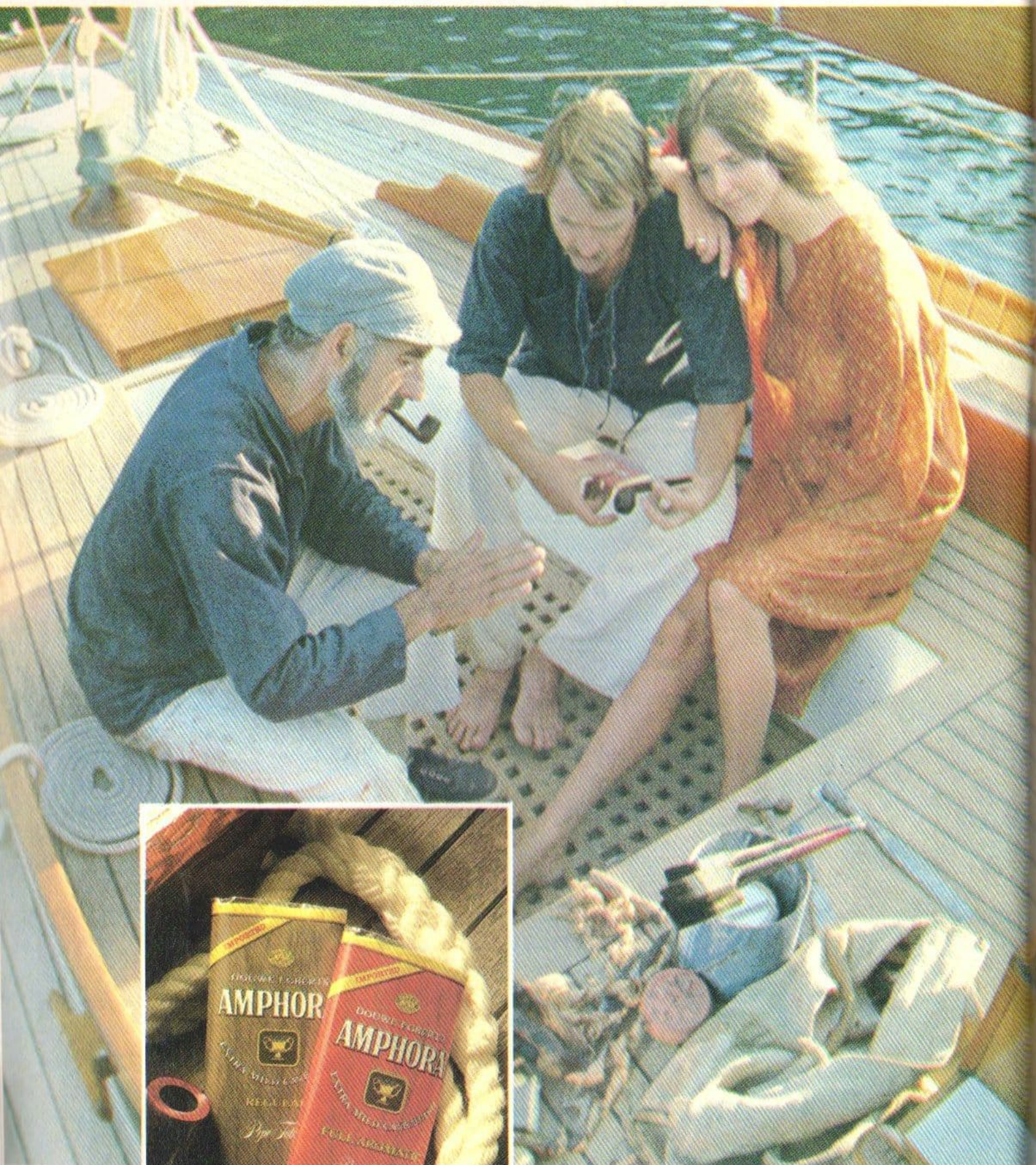
If you want low profile performance without having to change your wheels, see your nearest Bridgestone dealer.* He has a range of RD-207 Steel radials in sizes to fit most popular cars, in black sidewall or with raised white lettering. If you don't know the location of your nearest dealer call your Bridgestone distributor on one of the numbers listed below.

The Bridgestone RD-207 Steel with Superfiller. So Advanced, it's Patented.

BS BRIDGESTONE

*RD-207 fits standard-size wheels as fitted to most popular cars. Sizes for some cars may not be available. For your local dealer contact your nearest state distributor: N.S.W.: Marubeni-Bridgestone Tyres (N.S.W.) Pty. Ltd., Sunnyholt & Garling Roads, Marayong 2148. Phone: 671 1444. VIC: Kingstone Tire Agency Pty. Ltd., 420-430 King Street, Melbourne 3003. Phone: 328 1385. QLD: Bridgestone Tyres (Qld) Pty. Ltd., 111-117 Lutwyche Road, Windsor 4030. Phone: 57 7588. WA: Bridgestone Tyres (WA) Pty. Ltd., 1280 Albany Highway, Cannington 6107. Phone: 458 8016. S.A.: Marubeni-Bridgestone Tyres (SA) Pty. Ltd., 495 Grand Junction Road, Wingfield 5013. Phone: 268 6155.

TIME WELL SPENT.



Amphora. A mellow and full bodied smoke, yet bite-free with a subtle taste and gentle aroma. Blends that take time to cure, time to mellow. Light up Amphora. It's time well spent. TOBACCO TRADITION SINCE 1753.

STU5719

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which a panel of experts will discuss with and advise readers on the physical and emotional problems arising in day-to-day life. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Post vasectomy pain

In 1971 I had a vasectomy performed by a qualified urologist. Since then I have had continuous moderate-to-severe pain and excruciating tenderness in one testicle. I also have constant pain in the epididymis and vas deferens associated with that testicle.

Naturally I was alarmed and frustrated when I first encountered these problems. My experience clearly conflicted with the usual sanguine post-vasectomy reports. My physician has been unable to find the cause of this pain, despite repeated exams. He once injected novocain which brought temporary relief. Other than that, he has offered mainly reassurance. It is nice to be reassured, but it doesn't stop the pain.

Do you have any idea what could be causing the pain and if there is any way to alleviate it permanently? — Mr G.P., Victoria.

Unfortunately, it has been our experience that most men think getting a vasectomy is comparable to getting a haircut and are surprised at any post-operative discomfort.

Vasectomy is not comparable to getting a haircut; it is a surgical procedure. There is little risk inherent in the procedure itself, but by nature of the organs involved there can be post-operative complications — not life threatening, but sometimes very annoying and uncomfortable. The potential complications are usually under-emphasised by both the physician and the general public.

Vasectomy involves cutting the vas deferens, the tube that conducts sperm out of the testicles into the urethra. The accumulation of sperm in the vas and in the epididymis, the passage leading from the testicles into the vas deferens, can cause discomfort.

It is not possible for us to accurately diagnose your problem on the basis of your letter, but there are several conditions that might cause your symptoms. Sperm may have leaked out of the cut end of the vas deferens; your body could be reacting to those sperm as though they were foreign bodies.

Another possibility is that sperm have collected in the epididymis, causing swelling and pressure. If the accumulation of sperm caused too much pressure, the epididymis might have ruptured, so that

sperm leaked out and caused a foreign body reaction. If your pain is due to any of these conditions, there are surgical procedures that can alleviate it.

Whether or not surgery is a good idea depends on the degree of your discomfort. If the symptoms are acute or incapacitating, surgery is warranted. If the symptoms are mild, and the main problem is the anxiety you feel about them, it might be wiser to avoid surgery; the anxiety should let up once you are assured nothing is seriously wrong.

By all means get that assurance. We can only speculate about your condition from the brief description in your letter. You should be thoroughly evaluated by a competent urologist who can advise you about the value of surgical intervention.

Guilty and mixed up

I am 20 and have been married for less than a year. I love my husband very much. We've had more than our share of troubles since getting married, but it would take too long to go into them here.

The problem is that my husband is gone for months at a time and I have a hard time not cheating on him. As I said, I love my husband very much, but I have found that I am a very weak person when it comes to staying away from the warmth of a tender man's touch.

My husband is very old fashioned. I knew that when I married him. He has told me he can't stand the idea of another man touching me. He does have some heavy duty fantasies about making love with more than one person at a time, which really turns me on. However I'm pretty sure it's just fantasy with him and he doesn't really want to do it.

Once, in a moment of passion, my husband said: "You like a lot of strange men don't you?" I told him I did, knowing that was what he wanted to hear at the time. When I said it he came really fast. That confused me. He really was turned on by the idea of my wanting other men.

When we are together sex is great, so that isn't a problem. It's when he's away that I feel very guilty and mixed up. Would you please let me know what you think? — Ms I.N., Victoria.

Your husband may be "old fashioned" but there is no excuse for keeping from him several things in your marriage that are causing you real anguish. He may be

Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Published by
ADM FRANCHISE PTY. LTD.
Executive Director: Peter McWilliam

EDITOR
Phil Jarratt

EDITORIAL

Senior Editors: Carol Ashdown, P.D. Jack, Phil Abraham; Motoring Editor: John Hampshire; Art Director: John Byrne; Creative Designer: Bruce Morgan; Pictorial Co-ordinator: Gary Saunders; Editorial Assistant: Verlie Nagel; Editorial Rights and Traffic Manager: Penny Kerr; Photographic Consultant: Rico Meitbach.

ADVERTISING

National Advertising Director: Steve Bocksette; Sales Executive: Ros Richards; Advertising Traffic Manager: Maree Robinson; Victorian Representative: Peter Reid, Tel. (03) 519-282; SA Representative: Mark and Harry Hastwell, Tel. (08) 791-869; Queensland Representative: Media Services, Tel. (07) 229-6033; WA Representative: Ian Sutton, Tel. (09) 367-1813.

ADMINISTRATION

Managing Director: Bruce McWilliam; Office Manager: Kay Klima; Promotions Director: John Hampshire; Financial Services: Jacqueline Aldridge; Office Communications Officer: Victoria Alexander.

PRODUCTION

Production Manager: Dennis Bradshaw; Production Assistant: Malcolm Burgess; Typesetting: Harlen Overset.

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, 2000; Box 4084 GPO Sydney 2001. Telephone 233 7000.

DISTRIBUTORS

Gordon and Gotch (A'asia) Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.

(US edition)
Bob Guccione (Chairman and President)
Irwin E. Billman (Executive Vice-president)
Kathy Keeton (Senior Vice-president)
Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer)
Marianne Howatson (Senior Vice-president)

EDITORIAL

Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; Editorial Director: James Goode; Managing Editor: Heidi Handman; Foreign Editions Manager: Suzanne Locatelli; VP/Art Director: Joe Brooks.

ADMINISTRATIVE

Associate Publisher: Kathy Keeton; Senior Vice-president/Advertising Director: Marianne Howatson; Senior Public Relations Director: Rich Jachetti; VP/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; VP/Production Director: John Evans; VP/General Counsel: Joseph Kraft; VP/Circulation Marketing and Promotion: Bob Guccione, Jr.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069. Tel. (213) 652-8070. London: 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England. Tel. 01-385-6181.

BUREAUS

Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. Berlin: Hans-Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. Rio de Janeiro: Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. Budapest: Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. Zagreb: Cedimir Komijenovic, Strebriak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

JUNE

totally unaware of just how hard his long trips are on you.

If the two of you love each other very much, as you say you do, then you should be able to be honest with him about this without his taking it as a rejection or a sign of your not loving him.

Some of your "guilt and mixed-up feelings" may lessen or evaporate when you sit down with him and talk about some of the nitty-gritty things that are really bothering you.

Talk with your husband as frankly as you can. Tell him how much you miss him, his touch, the great sex when he is gone. Ask him how the trips are for him. Has he been sexually faithful? Oh has he had occasional or regular one-night stands or longer relationships while he was away?

If he has been with other women, were the experiences good for him? Does he think they were good for your marriage? Does he expect you to stop all your sexual desires while he's away?

See if your husband is able to be understanding when you are honest with him about your anguish; if he is intolerant, tell him so. Also, tell him that his fantasies puzzle you and discuss them with him.

Talking in a non-threatening, constructive down-to-earth way about his fantasies may give you a chance to explore the possibility of trying some of them out in real life. You should also discuss the possibility of his getting another job that

doesn't require so much travel, or of your accompanying him on some of his trips.

Talking about these things may be difficult at first, but you have your love and your mutual desire to make the marriage work on your side. Making your marriage work means talking openly about your problems and discussing ways to resolve them together.

After discussing all the issues, you may reach the point where you are both willing to consider renegotiating your marriage contract to include some openness to other relationships for both of you while your husband is away. In that case, you should work out ground rules and limits in detail and together.

Determining paternity

My wife recently had a baby girl. We have separated, and I signed paternity papers. Now it is rumored that my wife had an affair before, during and after the pregnancy, and that her lover is the father.

Is there any way to determine paternity? If it's any help, the girl's blood type is "A", the same as her mother's. My blood type is "B". — Name and address withheld.

Paternity is always determined through the courts, and any facts pertaining to a paternity issue must be presented as evidence in a court case.

Before proceeding with a paternity suit,

there are several non-medical questions to consider. First, what proof do you have your wife had a lover? You say "it is rumored". Rumors have dubious moral value and no legal value.

Secondly, you must check the laws regarding paternity in your state.

At this time there are no generally accepted tests that can prove that a man is the father of a child. However, it can be ruled to a degree of probability accepted by the courts that a man is not the father. The fact that you have Type B blood and the child has Type A blood does not rule out the possibility that you are the child's father.

At one time the only factors used in blood grouping were the well-known A-B-O; now these features have been found to be more complex than previously believed. You would have to know the "sub-group" of the A and B factors before you could draw any conclusions at all with regard to paternity. Other tests used to establish paternity include those involving serum protein systems and the genes.

As you pursue this matter, you might bear in mind that resentments and anger resulting from your separation may be prejudicing your judgements. You should by all means take steps to protect your interests, but at the same time you should be considering ways to provide the best possible future for an innocent child who could well be your own.

Desperate

I am a 20-year-old male, single, high school educated. I desperately need a lover or at least a steady girl friend.

I am decent looking, with a good build. I am somewhat shy, but not terribly. I'm not really sure why, but I can't seem to find an attractive girl who can really like me.

There have been girls who liked me, but I just haven't been attracted to them. Maybe I shouldn't expect to get chicks who are even fairly good looking.

I try my hardest to be a nice guy. I admit sometimes I have said the wrong word at the wrong time, but in general I am very easy to get along with. I hate it when people argue. I try very hard to create a good, normal impression.

Many people in this city, mostly the girls, are cold, stuck-up snobs, who are out for group status and think they are better than everyone else. Some girls are really selfish. This has left me very depressed.

I am tired of getting drunk all the time, of going to parties with little chance of scoring with a nice chick. It seems that the only places to meet or pick up girls are at dances or at the hotel. Either way it's a big joke.

Nearly every time I've asked a girl out, I've been turned down. And believe me, even at 20, it takes a lot of guts to phone a chick. I know I shouldn't be that way, but it really hurts when a girl says no.

I know I would have had more chicks if I

had said more to them and asked them out more, but I really hate the games you have to play with girls. I wish they could be as honest as I am.

I have had lots of heavy petting sessions, but have had intercourse only a few times. I haven't touched a girl for six months now. It really hurts me when guys talk about all the girls they had been with, and I have not had one steady relationship.

I need a woman really badly. I masturbate a lot and try to relieve some of the pain. Hardly any activities interest me now if they don't involve girls. I have seriously considered suicide, but I'm still hanging in there.

What am I going to do? I need your help. — Name and address withheld.

You describe your problem in the second sentence of your letter: you feel desperate. Your desperate, resentful neediness probably scares women off — making you feel more desperate than ever.

This has led you into what sounds like a clinical depression. If the depression and suicidal ideas persist, you'd better get professional help fast. A professional can help you pass through the critical phase of your depression, then work with you while you figure out how your own behavior has created the situation that troubles you.

If you wanted a promotion at work and tried extra hard to get it, your efforts would probably help you achieve your goal. But personal relationships follow a different set of rules.

If you project half the neediness in person that you do in your letter, women must be staying away from you in droves — and trying too hard to meet women is a way of showing neediness.

You have nourished your feelings of desperation yourself by letting yourself think that without a relationship with a woman life has no happiness for you. Relationships are indeed one of the major sources of fulfillment in life — but not the only one.

You seem to have hostility and bitterness toward women. Perhaps you see yourself as the poor victim always trying to please and getting nothing in return. You try to be the way you think people want you to be, and then you feel angry when they don't like you for it.

People can sense that you think little of yourself and will try anything to please. They tend either to manipulate your willingness to accommodate yourself to them maybe, but you're setting yourself up as the target. When you stop, they'll stop.

Instead of resenting women for not being the way you want them to be, we'd suggest directing your energies toward developing a stronger sense of yourself.

You've allowed yourself to become focused on the area of your life that's working worst right now. You may think

you'd develop these other resources if only someone would rescue you by loving you — but it doesn't work that way.

Directing all your energies toward meeting women and approaching them directly hasn't worked and has made you miserable. Instead, why not concentrate on enjoying yourself in other ways and see if you can meet women indirectly.

Find out more about what you like about yourself and the world, you'll have more to offer a partner. Maybe if you got involved in something you really wanted to do for yourself, you would meet a woman with similar interests.

Certainly if you become interested in more things, you'll be more interesting to other people. Right now you are only in a position to take — you've left yourself nothing to give.

Tickling fantasy

I am a 20-year-old male with seven brothers and no sisters, and I have a problem which is making my life increasingly frustrating.

Ever since I was a child, I've been almost obsessed with the thought of tying someone and tickling him on the soles of his feet until he's weak from laughter. I



The natural conclusion to strenuous exercise.

Why? Because Perrier, bottled directly from Nature with no chemicals, preservatives or additives of any type, is *naturally carbonated*. As a result, it is deeply refreshing and thirst quenching. Truly, a natural way to quickly replace body fluids. Enjoy it in good health.

Perrier: Naturally sparkling from the centre of the earth.

have never been able to do anything remotely resembling this fantasy.

Aside from the fact that I never get to satisfy my fetish, which is very, very frustrating, I am disturbed that the only people I want to tickle are members of my own sex. This is disturbing because aside from wanting to tickle other guys, I have absolutely no desire to do anything with them, much less have sex.

I do not consider myself a homosexual, and neither do I wish to be one — the thought of sexual contact with another male is repulsive to me. However, I've never been able to make it with a girl, or even try, because I am too afraid that I may not be able to perform.

I believe the main thing that excites me about tickling is the thought of reducing a big muscular guy — an athlete, football player or whatever — to utter helplessness by tickling him on his bare soles.

I have a number of questions:

Are tickling fetishes common? Where would I get more literature on the subject? How can I overcome my fears of impotence and rejection and make love to a girl?

All of these questions are of vital importance to me, and I sincerely hope you can help me answer them. — Name and address withheld.

Your problem requires some re-definition. You do not have a "tickling

fetish". You have fantasies about tickling. A fetish refers to continuous or compulsive erotic fixation on an object or part of the body not usually associated with sexual arousal.

In a genuine fetish, sexual relations are never consummated unless there is contact with the object or part of the body. By contrast, when people fantasise they imagine sexual scenarios which they may act out.

Since fantasies are not necessarily expressed, it is difficult to determine whether tickling fantasies or any other fantasies are common.

Since you are repulsed by the idea of sexual contact with a male, we would not recommend attempting to act out your fantasies until you have re-considered their origin and meaning.

It is important for you to gain a better understanding of your tickling fantasy and how it may relate to your fears of impotence.

You can begin by trying to recall if you were ever really dominated by a "big muscular guy" and if so, when, where and with whom. The fact that you have seven brothers may be significant here.

Perhaps your fantasies express a desire on your part to reduce the power males have had in your life, to make them helpless without really hurting them. You say that your desire to tickle men began in early childhood.

This too suggests it may have stemmed from some incident involving a member of your family in which you were either reduced to helplessness by someone, or victimised another person that way. An older brother could seem big and muscular to a small child, whatever his real build.

Your fear about being impotent with a woman may be tied to a concern over being in control, which is also evidenced in your tickling fantasies.

Your fear is obviously premature; you don't know you're impotent if you haven't ever tried to make love, and you're not up to lovemaking yet.

Before you worry that you are impotent, you must learn to relax more and to become friendly and affectionate with a woman. Thinking about having sex and proving to yourself that you can perform sexually isn't going to help you relax and enjoy a woman's company, or make it easy for her to enjoy yours.

It may be difficult for you to come to terms with these conflicts and anxieties on your own. If so, we would recommend that you see a physician for a thorough checkup. If you are in good physical health, you should get a referral to a competent sex therapist from your doctor.

Vinegar and water

I always douche after intercourse; not immediately after, but before I dress and go out again. A couple of years ago a friend of mine recommended douching with vinegar and water and I have been using this solution ever since. My friend told me that a vinegar solution has a balanced pH, so it doesn't upset the vaginal balance, and that is safer than the commercial products which all contain added chemicals.

Have you ever heard of douching with vinegar and water? Is it really safe to douche with this mixture? — Ms A.C., Canberra.

Vinegar and water douches have been used for many years. Vinegar solution is somewhat on the acid side, as is the normal vagina. Experiments have shown that douching with any solution affects the pH of the vagina only briefly. The vaginal secretions usually return to whatever pH is normal for that particular woman within a matter of a few hours.

Many doctors prescribe vinegar douches for women who have vaginal infections caused by such organisms as trichomonads or monilia. The douching does two things: it temporarily changes the pH of the vagina, and it helps to remove the infection organisms physically. The douches are usually recommended in conjunction with certain medications prescribed to treat the vaginitis and kill the organisms causing it.

There is no danger involved in douching with vinegar and water if the solution is

"\$550 FOR A DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING. HOW WOULD I GET THAT KIND OF MONEY?"

Some things you splurge on without turning a hair. Bits and pieces for your car. Drinks all round. New gear. Weekends and holidays away. But we'd bet you won't have a clue how much you'd pay for a diamond engagement ring. The girl in your life will.

She'll have quickly gathered that the bigger the diamond, the better. And that \$550 won't exactly put her in the "Liz Taylor league". But size, measured by carat weight, isn't everything.

0.10 CARAT 0.20 CARAT 0.30 CARAT 0.40 CARAT

There's the cut of the diamond.

The clarity and the colour.

Basically, as a guide, a good quality diamond will cost you about a month's salary.

Which, if you think about it, is not a lot to spend on someone who means so much.

A diamond is forever.



For your free copy of the informative booklet, "Everything you'd love to know about diamonds", go to the jeweller who displays this sign or write to: Diamond Information Centre, 132 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000.

De Beers



"All this time we've been neighbors and I imagined you coveted only his ox and his ass!"

properly mixed and if douching is carried out in a correct manner. The usual solution for vinegar douches is 4 tablespoons of white vinegar to 2 quarts of warm water. If the vinegar concentration is too high, the douche can irritate the vagina.

The solution should be placed in a douche bag which should be suspended no higher than three feet over the level of the vagina. If the bag is held too high or if the bulb syringe is used, too much pressure may be applied, driving the solution into the inside of the uterus. This can cause pain and pelvic infection.

If you use a vaginal spermicide or a diaphragm for contraception you should wait six hours after intercourse before douching or the douche solution may remove some of your protection against unplanned pregnancy.

Despite what your friend says, it is doubtful that vinegar douches are any safer than most commercial products. By and large the chemicals in the commercial douches are quite safe.

Unhappy triangle

I am 19 years old and engaged to Barry, who is 26. We are living together.

About three months ago, Barry told me he had always wondered what it would be like to be gay. We talked about it awhile, then forgot. Recently, I've thought about that conversation again because I am jealous of another man.

About a month ago Barry's cousin Larry came to stay with us in our studio apartment for a couple of months. Ever since, Barry and Larry have been spending all their time together. They work together in the same restaurant as waiters.

They spend eight hours together every night when they have all the time in the world to talk, then they come home and talk in their native language, which I can't understand, all night long.

Since Barry works nights, we only have mornings together, and Larry is there too. Whenever Barry and I try to have a private talk, Larry starts talking to Barry in their language and Barry forgets that we were even talking.

Lately I've been finding myself gritting my teeth whenever Larry opens his mouth. When Barry has to go out during the day, Larry always goes with him. When I ask if I can go too, he says "not this time" or "I'll be back soon" — which he never is — or "I'm going straight to work afterwards". Then he's gone all day long. I see Barry two hours a day — and we live together!

Our sex life has gone completely down the drain. It has almost dwindled off into nothing. Our lovemaking consists of me performing fellatio on him. I've come to despise doing this.

I dread having to go to bed with him because he wants me to go down on him every night and I get nothing except having my breasts fondled a bit.

A couple of days ago Barry had a day off while Larry had to work. That night we saw a movie and went to the restaurant where they work. Barry and Larry talked all night long and never said a word to me.

When our food came, Larry sat down with us and picked off my steak and Barry's lobster. I wanted to jump over the table and attack him with my fork. Barry kept on rubbing Larry's leg. We were in a booth. I was at least two feet away from Barry but he and Larry were almost attached.

When they leave the house together, Barry sometimes puts his arm around Larry. I have to remind him to give me a goodbye kiss most of the time, which he used to do all the time with relish.

In the morning, if Barry wakes up feisty, he'll get up, jumps on Larry's bed and tickle and wrestle with him.

One night they were talking as usual and I got mad. I said: Barry, you talk to Larry twice as much as you talk to me." Barry didn't say anything. Larry said: "What's the matter? Are you jealous?" I told him yes but I couldn't believe his gall. I was so stunned I just shut up after that.

I think Barry is slowly becoming gay or has turned gay already. What should I do? I've talked to Barry and asked him if he still thought about being gay. He was shocked, and said that he had just been kidding when he said that. We then dropped the subject.

It seems to me that Barry would certainly rather spend time with Larry than with me. I'm going up the wall about it and would appreciate any advice you could give me. — Ms A.F., Tasmania.

Whether or not Barry is gay is a side issue. What's important is that when someone else he likes is on the scene, he stops paying attention to you and is indifferent to your needs. It doesn't really matter whether the other person is a man or woman, a relative or a friend.

Each incident you mention provides what psychologists call "anecdotal evidence" that Barry does not care about you.

He doesn't talk to you, he doesn't give you sex, he doesn't listen when you tell him you'd like more time and attention, and he is rude. He and his cousin speak in another language so you can't understand.

This behavior is certainly an indication that he is indifferent to your feelings.

We can only look one person in the eye at a time. There is a law of "threes" in human relationships. Whenever three people are together, two become "participants" with each other, and the third becomes the "observer".

This doesn't mean three people can't be loving together. When three people who care about each other are together, each shifts from talking and looking at one person to talking and looking at the other.

There are always two "participants",



"I'm from the Bureau of Statistics. How big are your tits?"



What to have with chicken.



two who are interacting directly at any given moment, and one "observer", but the roles are exchanged frequently.

In your relationship with Barry and Larry, however, the men are always the participants, and you are always the third person, the observer. In short, you are being excluded.

Your problem will not disappear when Larry leaves. Barry may behave the same way towards you again whenever someone else with whom he wants to spend time comes along.

The fact that he is capable of treating you — or anyone — so rudely, should tell you something about the kind of person he is and the way he feels about you. The opposite of love is not hate.

The opposite of love is indifference — and you are certainly getting indifference from Barry. Consider yourself lucky to have found out how he feels now, before you got married.

We suggest that you get out of your relationship with Barry. Consider it a useful growth experience, and go on to a relationship with someone more honorable and more loving.

If you stay with Barry you'll get to hate him for being indifferent to you, and to hate yourself for allowing him to treat you badly. Dropping the relationship will certainly be painful, but you'll suffer a lot more in the future if you knowingly stay with a man who doesn't care how you feel.

Mental block

I was a virgin when I married for the first time at the age of 18. Though sex wasn't talked about much in our family, I could always turn to my parents for guidance about it, so I can't say I had an unhealthy attitude toward sex prior to my marriage.

I was hurt quite badly on my wedding night. My husband was very rough with me; his lovemaking consisted of "wham, bam, thank you ma'am." After the second time that first night, I was so sore I could hardly move for a week. From that day on, sex was always the same: get on top, stick it in, move a bit, pull it out and then roll over and go to sleep.

Needless to say, I hated sex. I was also very naive. When he demanded I perform oral sex on him, it frightened me. Instead of giving me a chance to get used to the idea, he forced me into doing it.

After three years of marriage, I left my husband because he was making my life unbearable. Shortly after that I met Terry and fell madly in love with him. My first night with him wasn't what I expected! I found out there was a lot more to making love than I dared imagine. Terry was the most thoughtful lover a person could ever ask for. He took his time with me and was ever so considerate. He told me his biggest turn-on was turning me on.

Terry knows all about my past experience with my husband and has been very patient and understanding with me. We've

been together for three-and-a-half years now and have two children, both his. However, even after all this time, with all the special care I get from Terry, I still find it painful to have him inside me and sex turns me off. I want to be able to enjoy sex completely. There have been a few times when I was able to enjoy our lovemaking without pain, and they were beautiful. Terry has also managed to bring me to orgasm a number of times.

I saw a few doctors to see if the problem was caused by insufficient lubrication. I was told that the difficulty was mental. We use a good lubricating jelly which works fine as long as he doesn't thrust for very long. We can never make love twice in the same day or two nights in a row because I'm too sore. I want to be able to make love whenever I want to. Terry has done everything possible to help me, but the problem obviously lies in my mind. Can you give me any advice about how I can become the woman I know I can be? — Name and address withheld.

Persistent pain under the non-threatening, happy and supportive circumstances you describe, and despite the use of a good lubricating jelly, is fairly unusual. The first thing you should do is make absolutely certain that you are not suffering from some physiological problem. Your difficulties could indeed be psychologically generated as doctors have told you, but to make sure, it would be wise to get another opinion from a gynaecologist.

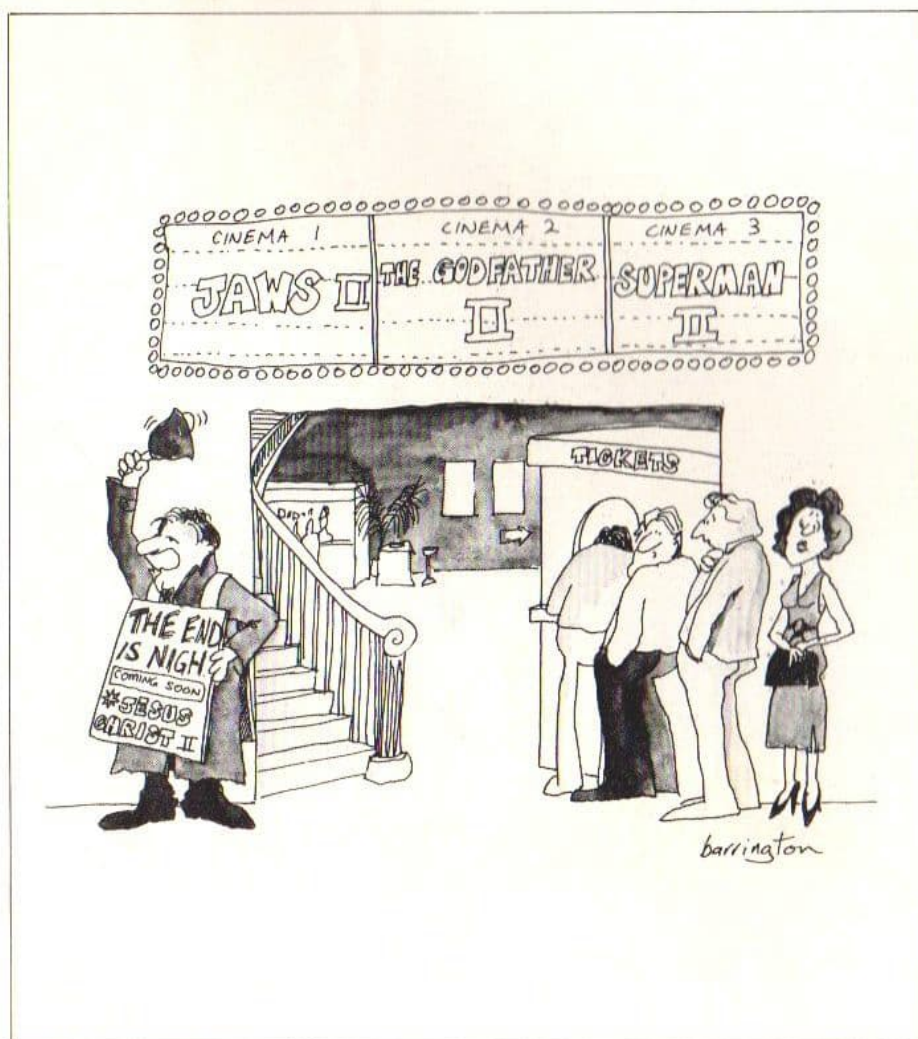
If a physiological problem is ruled out, you might benefit from a self-help program designed to teach yourself to relax while focusing on images of intercourse. One possible explanation of your problem is that when you were quite young (18) impressionable and naive, you suffered a sexual trauma, followed by the establishment of a pattern that led you to anticipate coercion and pain when you made love.

Thus you "overlearned" or were conditioned to associate sex with pain. Even though your present lover is considerate and you can now willingly approach intercourse, your body and the subconscious parts of your mind may find it difficult to unlearn this association.

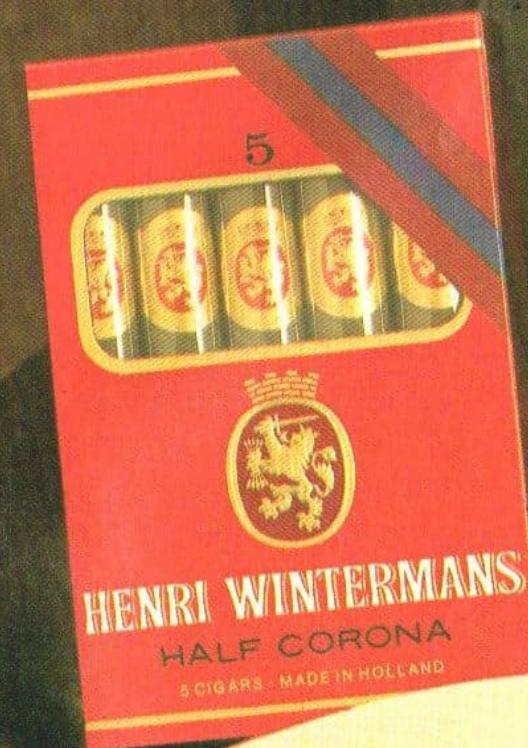
It is possible that your body has been tense for so long you have actually become used to living with a high degree of tension, a condition some psychologists call "a comfortable level of discomfort".

To learn to relax, try alternately tensing and relaxing the various parts of your body. When you feel physically relaxed, think of sexual images. If you feel yourself tensing, stop, rest, and relax your body again until you can remain relaxed while thinking about intercourse with your lover. You can then practice relaxing in "real life", while you are making love.

If after a short trial this self-help technique doesn't work, we suggest you consult a registered sex therapist. ☐



OPTIONAL EXTRA.



HENRI WINTERMANS.
HALF CORONAS. The nicest cigars in the world.

"Picture Search"

The fast forward and reverse you can actually see.

Imagine you're looking for a particular scene on a 3 hour tape. With most ordinary video-recorder, it's a time-consuming hit and miss affair - Fast Forward, Stop, Play, Rewind, Continue.

The Sony Betamax SL-C7 has a unique time-saving capability called "Picture Search". "Picture Search", allows you to see the picture going past at 11 times normal speed on your television!

What's more, the Sony Betamax's "Picture Search" will do exactly the same in reverse. When you find the place you want, simply take your finger off the "Picture Search" button, and the Sony Betamax will stop the tape where you want it to. With Sony Betamax SL-C7, there is no time-consuming stopping

between modes. You can switch directly from one mode to another - even Fast Forward to Reverse - without having to stop the machine.

Remote Control. Every Sony Betamax SL-C7 comes with a cordless infra-red remote control as standard equipment. This control duplicates 12 of the machine's main functions including Picture Search "x3" speed, Freeze Frame and Record.

Automatic Timer. Another time-saving feature of the Sony Betamax SL-C7 is its unique 14-day, 4-event, fully programmable timer. What this means is that you now have the ability to record any four programmes over a two-week period and



replay them at a time to suit yourself. Such rationalisation of programming can save you hour after hour of valuable time. (We should point out at this stage, that recording of TV programmes other than some live programmes, may infringe copyright unless permitted by the copyright owner).

Sony's Superior Picture. The characteristic which most endears Sony to professionals - particularly those involved in

film and television production - is Sony quality. Unfortunately, there is nothing we can say, no evidence we can provide, that will convince you of something you can only see through your eyes. However, we would like to invite you to see the Sony Betamax for yourself. In action. Up close. Compare it with anything else on the market.

Only then will you understand what we mean by "Sony Picture Quality". Only then will you begin to see why professionals have so much time for Sony.



Sony Betamax SL-C7

The Betamax SL-C7 can only be operated with TV receivers having a UHF Tuner.

SONY®

Sony Betamax Specialists:

N.S.W. METROPOLITAN

Bankstown David Jones 709 3222
 Birkenhead Point Audiocore 81 3122
 Blacktown Myer 621 0022
 Bondi Junction David Jones 387 0244
 Bondi Junction Grace Bros 387 0222
 Broadway Grace Bros 2 0946
 Brookvale David Jones 93 0111
 Brookvale Grace Bros 938 9111
 Cabramatta Bing Lee 724 4932
 Campbelltown David Jones 25 9000
 Carlingford Myer 871 9111
 Chatswood Chatswood Colour TV 411 2090
 Chatswood Grace Bros 412 0111
 Dee Why Masterstone 982 5749
 Eastwood Audiocore 83 2726
 Fairfield Bing Lee 727 7000
 Forestville J. C. Linacre 451 1902

Homebush West
 Hornsby
 Liverpool
 Miranda
 Miranda
 Mosman
 Mt. Druitt
 Northbridge
 North Rocks
 Parramatta
 Parramatta
 Penrith
 Rosebery
 Roselands
 St. Leonards
 Sydney
 Sydney
 Sydney
 Sydney
 Sydney
 Wollahra

Eurovision 764 1555
 Grace Bros 476 9111
 Grace Bros 600 0011
 Grace Bros 526 0111
 Myer 524 0432
 Berry's Radio 969 3830
 Grace Bros 625 0366
 Video Programmes 958 1977
 Audiocore 872 3829
 Bing Lee 633 4011
 David Jones 635 0377
 Myer 214 331
 Commodore TV 699 7722
 Grace Bros 750 1111
 Trident Video 439 3688
 David Jones, Market St. 2 0664
 David Jones, George St. 2 0664
 Dynasty Video 212 5075
 Myer, Cnr. George & Market 238 9111
 Sydney Hi-Fi 29 1082
 Wollahra Electronics 387 1647

N.S.W. COUNTRY

Bathurst Myer 312133
 Canberra Kent Hi-Fi 82 2874
 Canberra Canberra Professional Equip. 80 5576
 Canberra Myer 51 2522
 Cessnock Grace Bros 90 1144
 Cowra Myer 42 1566
 Dubbo Myer 82 4011
 Gilgandra Myer 47 2005
 Gosford Myer 24 2555
 Grenfell Myer 431 1611
 Newcastle Grace Bros 24732
 John Perry/Edmund Moir 614991
 (Area Distributor)
 Myer 62 1455
 Myer 66 3691
 Myer 36 2811
 Myer 23 1611
 Bing Lee 29 3011
 M & S Engineering 715777
 (Area Distributor)
 Orange
 Tamworth
 Tweed Heads
 Wagga Wagga
 Wollongong
 Wollongong

VICTORIA METROPOLITAN

Ashburton E & S Trading 25 4577
 Blackburn Reilly Bishop 877 5555
 Cheltenham Myer "Southland" 93 0111
 Chadstone Myer 569 0211
 Dandenong Myer 791 0211
 Doncaster Myer 840 3311
 East Malvern Pal TV 211 3333
 Malvern Computecolour 509 2511
 Frankston Myer 783 0111
 Hamilton Moon Electrics 572 3244
 Knoxfield Myer "Knox City" 221 5111
 Maribyrnong Myer "High Point West" 318 3333
 Melbourne Myer 95 9055
 Melbourne Stereo Hi-Fi Centre
 Bourke St. 878 6583
 Video Recorder Centre 63 3086
 Natsound 67 8158
 E & S Trading 857 8091
 Myer "Northland" 478 2211
 Richmond Buyrite 42 4353

Ringwood
 Ringwood

Clive Savage 870 1533
 Myer "Eastland" 783 8966

VICTORIA COUNTRY

Ballarat Myer 311555
 Geelong Myer 529 0471
 North Ballarat John Thomas 313662

QUEENSLAND

Brisbane Al Sound 229 6220
 Brookside Myer 355 7077
 Buranda Reg Mills 391 5606
 Chermide Myer 59 5955
 Chermide Al Sound 59 4613
 Coorparoo Myer 397 8122
 Fortitude Valley Myer 52 0211
 Fortitude Valley Al Sound 52 1033
 Indooroopilly Myer 378 5111
 Wollongabba Al Sound 391 3068

SOUTH AUSTRALIA
 Adelaide

David Jones 217 0321

Adelaide
 Adelaide
 Adelaide
 Adelaide
 Campbelltown
 Glenelg
 Norwood
 Salisbury
 Woodville
 WESTERN AUSTRALIA
 East Perth
 Fremantle
 Karrinyup
 Perth
 TASMANIA
 Launceston
 Launceston
 Hobart

Focus Video 212 3000
 Grenfell Hi-Fi 515017
 Myer Emporium 217 0123
 Video World 223 5342
 Spartan Electricals 337 3331
 Jim Ryan Sound 295 1564
 Ern Smith's 332 8000
 Video Centre 250 4670
 Astra Housewares 268 2411
 Videolink 328 3022
 Myer 335 5455
 Myer 746 0011
 Myer 246 Murray St. 321 0151
 Myer 2 2074
 Dawson's Agencies 44 3078
 (Area Distributor)
 Myer 34 2888

The Stubbies surfing contest is Australia's greatest sundrenched and glittering, all-star, non-stop. . .

FLESH PARADE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RENNIE ELLIS (WOMEN)
AND PETER CRAWFORD (WAVES)
WORDS BY PAUL HOLMES

Since 1977, Burleigh Heads, on Queensland's Gold Coast, has played host to one of the biggest and most bizarre spectacles on the world pro surfing calendar. The Stubbies Open Surf Classic is more than just another contest. It has developed a character and style all its own and it fits perfectly on the Gold Coast — plenty of flash and dazzle, rampant with commercialism, and dripping with the sexuality of the Adonis-type surf heroes and the sun-bronzed Amazonian beach girls who find the free and easy surfing life so appealing.

For the visiting surfers, the young locals and the hordes of surf media people, surfing industry magnates and generally interested spectators and surf groupies from all over the country, The Stubbies is not only a full-tilt surf contest with \$25,000 in prizes for its winners: it's also a surf trades convention, and a 10-day party in the land where good times are not only a way of life but the main means of making a living.

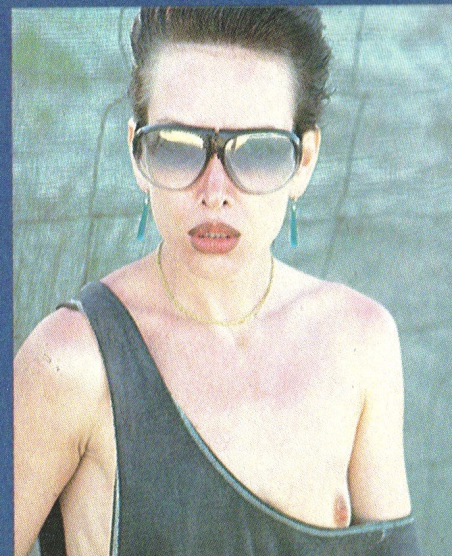
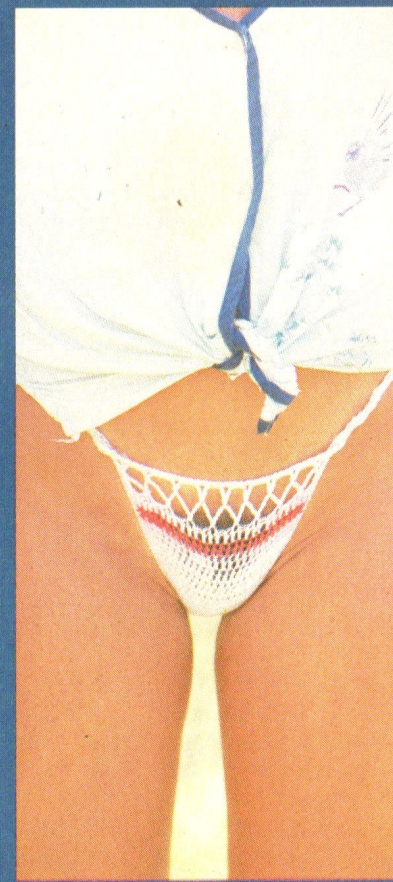
Three-year veteran of The Stubbies contest, Hawaiian surfer Mark Foo, puts it succinctly: "The Stubbies is the social event of the year on the Gold Coast. The girls just go wild. And because the girls go wild, the guys go wild, too!"

For this year's event the waves, and therefore the more serious side of the contest, took centre stage at The Stubbies for only the first two days — the preliminary heats which did not include the world's top-rated professionals — and then the surf died down to a virtual dribble leaving some of the best exponents of the sport high and dry on the boulders which line Burleigh Point. Still, with waves or without them, the contest gradually worked itself into its customary frenzy — slightly crazed, semi-troppo.

After a week of parties the mood of the event was becoming slightly unreal. In addition to the official booze-ups there were a host of impromptu gatherings, like the luau held by a group of Hawaiians and locals under the pines along the Point which resulted in a drunken disco dance performed by one large and uninhibited gentleman clad only in boardshorts which he was wearing on his head. The climax to this party was a fight between two nubile girls who were attempting to coax the aforesaid gent into a nearby caravan. They eventually succeeded, to much cheering of the rest of the gathering outside and accompanied by much



Top right: World champ Mark Richards on his way to victory in the 1981 Stubbies. Middle left: This is where the judges sit. They're supposed to watch the surfing, but it's not always easy.



Top left: Burleigh Heads local and former world champion Wayne "Rabbit" Bartholomew.
Top right: A bubble bath for the winner.

banging and crashing, hooting and hollering from within. None of this, however was as zany as the finals day.

Consider the scene: out in the water the surf on the incoming tide is down to around half a metre. Quarter finalists Mark Richards, the world champ, and Cheyne Horan, the young and aggressively ambitious number five rated surfer, are putting on a display of tactics and harassment since neither of them can find good waves. On the Point there's a crowd of around 8000 people, a tide of scantily dressed humanity pressed flesh against flesh in the searing mid morning sun.

The most stunning collection of girls parade up and down the point dressed in little more than tiny patches of material held together with precarious looking strings — not quite what Paula Stafford had in mind, I'm sure, when she coined the term "bikini".

The guys are checking the girls. The girls are checking the guys.

The Stubbies commentator, ex pro wrestler Lord Tally Ho Blears, imported specially from Hawaii, is trying to keep the amp up with his inimitable style of patter over the PA: "Tonight's event is being billed 'the party to end all parties', he's telling the crowd, "but we know, ladies and gentlemen, it never stops!" And then, describing the rides of the competitors: "He's riding, he's driving down the line. He's strong, ladies and gentlemen!" Or getting even more desperate but no less tongue-tied: "I think the wind's just gone offshore . . . no, it's back onshore. What's happening here ladies and gentlemen? I think a mini-cyclone just passed through here!"

With this bizarre audio background from the Tower of Babble, there are plenty of diversions even if the surf action is monstrously boring.

The Krishnas are handing out great chunks of watermelon ("Don't touch it," one local tells me, "They soak it in LSD!"), a Pitt's Special aerobic plane is doing a berserk display just a couple of hundred feet over the surfers, the Burleigh Surf Club is making a mint from admittance tickets to the fenced off arena, food stalls are selling everything from Dagwood Dogs to frozen yoghurt extravaganzas, and, what's this? A twenty-five foot Hawaiian outrigger canoe is being paddled around the point by a bunch of dudes and dames with an ice chest full of Mai Tais.

Hawaii's highest rated surfer, Dane Kealoha, who's out surfing in his final heat against Mark Richards, rubs his eyes in disbelief. It's hard to keep a grip on reality in a scene like this.

In the background the Gotham style high rise of Surfers Paradise reaches to the sky like some space-age megalith. Why they don't put it under a giant perspex dome, I'll never know.

Can one really detect the curve of the earth from here, or do the high rises lean towards each other?

Metaphysical meanderings give way to more immediate distractions — a girl in a plunging neckline and a G-string which rises to meet the plunge is being hoisted in the cradle of the giant crane which poises angularly over the point ostensibly for the film cameramen to get aerial shots of the action.

The girl is waving cheerleader pompons and throwing wetsuit promotional stickers into the seething mass of humanity down below. Kids are falling over each other in the mad rush.

Out on the boulder spit of Burleigh Point, a couple of hundred people have still not realised that the tide has come in around them and that they're marooned on the rocks.

Somewhere in the background the final of a surf contest is going on, but you could be forgiven for overlooking that fact. 

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

So what

In reference to P.D. Jack's story in May *Australian Penthouse*, The Gay Golden Mile, which described the so-called increase in Sydney's gay bar scene.

I'd just like to say that from a woman's point of view, there have always been gay bars — there's one in just about every hotel in the country. In 1981 the average Australian public bar is still patronised exclusively by males who in many cases behave in much the same manner as their fellows in the macho gay bars in Oxford Street.

These misogynistic males may not be as overt as their fellows in the gay bars, but there still seems to be the same sort of backslapping, tough guy touch-ups under the guise of mateship from Alice Springs to Edgecliffe. So all I've got to say to Mr Jack is — so what? — *Mrs Ellen Falk, Bondi Junction, New South Wales.*

Helpful

I have found *Penthouse's* Resources Boom articles extremely interesting, informative and easy to read. The articles will be helpful to myself and to staff members of the Warilla Commonwealth Employment Service. — *Celia Painter, journalist, Warilla, New South Wales.*

Major events

The article Dope Grows Up by Michael Jenkinson (*Australian Penthouse*, March 1981), was excellent, but missed some major events in Australian and world dope history.

First, the article made no reference to the South Australian Royal Commission into the Non-Medical Use of Drugs, the first Commission of Inquiry made by a government to recommend that adults be legally permitted to privately cultivate and consume cannabis.

Second, the Woodward (NSW) and Williams (Federal) Royal Commissions failed to achieve the aims of a proper government inquiry — that is, an objective study without emotional bias.

Both Commissions were set up as a result of the hysteria whipped up by the media following the disappearance and presumed murder of anti-pot and Festival of Light/Liberal Party activist Donald Mackay. Established on such a basis, both those Commissions could hardly be expected to do anything other than

satisfy popular tastes for "anti-drugs" sensationalism.

Third, in respect to the evidence concerning cannabis and health, the work of the SA Royal Commissioners is worthy of consideration. In their Cannabis discussion paper they noted that: "typically, the long-term consumption of cannabis in moderate doses has no harmful effects on the user, but the sustained heavy use carries some risks".

The Commission researched the records of all major hospitals in South Australia and found that no person had been admitted with any unwanted adverse reactions to T.H.C. between the years 1974 and 1977. If only alcohol, barbituates and nicotine could boast of such a record.

Yet in the face of this and other evidence from all over the world, Australia's politicians prefer to bow to the right-wing lobby groups and the sensationalist media. Equally sadly, Jim Billington and Tony Kew's case histories demonstrate the persecution of those involved in the pro reform lobby. It appears that society has yet to prove its respect for individual freedoms.

Hang in there Tony and Jim, it's still happening here in SA, and such a pity you guys are having to pay \$2000 a pound for our green. — *Jim Bourne, Secretary, Australian Marijuana Party (SA); Mark Lawrence, Secretary, Society for Cannabis Law Reform.*

Protest

I have sent the following letter to the Premier of Tasmania.

I am writing to you to protest most strongly at the recent restriction placed on the sale of the magazine Australian Penthouse in this State.

As a professional writer I am naturally deeply concerned at any constraints placed on the freedom of written expression and any exclusion of writers from access to the public.

I find any kind of censorship abhorrent; that initiated by bigoted "Mrs Grundys" behind the shield of regulation is especially vicious and repressive. The current move against Penthouse, which brings Tasmania closer to Queensland in the spectrum of censorship, is more than I can comfortably contemplate. It brings no credit to your administration, your party or yourself.

In case you may consider my motives in

protesting suspect, I would point out that none of my work has appeared in Penthouse. — James McQueen, Tasmania.

East meets West

Your article on Transcendental Meditation (*Australian Penthouse*, May 1981) only confirms a belief I've had for years. I have travelled (and lived) throughout India for a decade in my job which involves self-help programs, and I have concluded that the religions and philosophies of the East only fully realise themselves in the country of origin.

It is almost impossible to separate the religion from the people, their environment, their history, their basic concept of life. And when there is a separation, something is lost along the way.

How you can take the beliefs of a people whose lives are one long battle against starvation, disease and natural disasters and transfer those spiritual goals (often their only means of solace and escape from the harsh realities of life) to the affluent West?

And in the West there's always someone who, in the name of "spreading the word", will make money by taking advantage of people looking for some sort of spiritual fulfillment.

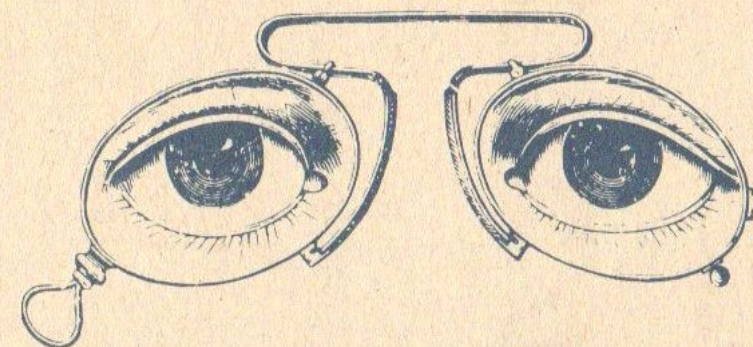
There are a lot of things to be learned from these religions and philosophies, but I think that the only way they can be of practical use is to adapt them to our way of life — to rationally incorporate them into our day-to-day routine, and not to run around the streets dressed in robes and with shaved heads (a common way in India to control head lice, etc), pitifully trying to emulate another culture.

If some of them could see first hand a few of the heartbreaking things I've seen in India, perhaps they'd realise that East can meet West, but West can never become East. — *Ann Harding, Adelaide, South Australia.*

Sexist

Gee, that Mary Leunig person (or is it just Leunig in drag?) is tops, but why did you have to be so sexist and publish the cartoon (Page 93, *Australian Penthouse*, May 1981) where she portrays the man of the house as a pile of garbage?

I suppose *Penthouse* is allowed to be sexist, but not anti-male! More Mary Leunig. — *George Rathbone, Nedlands, Western Australia.* ☐



VIEW FROM THE TOP

COCKROACHES HATE US

BY FRANK DUNBAR

The man seen officially as Australia's most monstrous killer was scared silly of cockroaches. In his slimy black solitary confinement cell John Andrew Stuart spent days, weeks — probably months — staring roaches in the eye. He was like a mouse hypnotised by a snake. The cockies, big and powerful lifers doing 300 million years at the whim of Creation, were *not* scared of Stuart.

It meant nothing to them that he was convicted of engineering the firebombing of the Whiskey Au Go Go nightclub in Brisbane, an inferno that took 15 lives. Stuart had a pet spider in solitary (until it was deliberately stomped by a screw) but the cockroaches dominated his ample spare time. You see, Stuart may have been scared of them... but his overriding passion was to find out what cockroaches felt about humans.

Stuart wrote poetry. He had a fine feeling for the English language. He could express himself in a way that makes the reader's upper spine sort of fizz. Like this (about being inside): *Broken, every link with air and mist / Sealed, the soul's strange bent / Throat as tight as a miser's fist / And life within you pent...*

Horrible and elegant. Enough to demonstrate that Stuart wasn't just another incarcerated thug with literary pretensions. Down in his damp black hole the killer poet stared at cockroaches. He knew they were among the oldest life forms on earth. Suddenly he knew something else. It scared him shitless.

In his tiny handwriting he wrote: "After 20 years of prison life, among cockroaches, I know this positive fact: cockroaches hate us."

These were Stuart's bedfellows. He elaborated: "We actually 'despise' them (cockroaches) and we are boss, but they hate us from the heart. I won't try to tell you how I know, but I know. And they're not supposed to, that's what tumbles me."

"Like, how dare they? They've got this uncanny hate instinct in them somewhere. There's something treacherously smart about them somehow. They know

something..." John Stuart killed himself in his cell at Brisbane prison on New Year's Day, 1979. He always said he was innocent. His mother, who seems a nice old lady, said so too. She showed his cockroach theories to the media. "What a whacko!" said some reporters. "Maybe the cockroaches killed him."

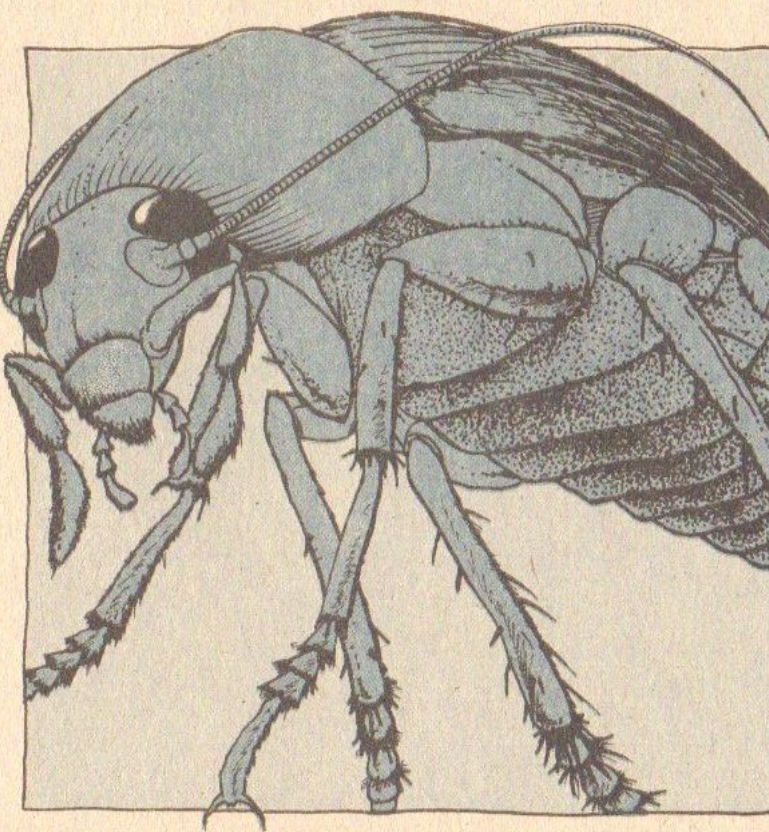
I don't have a clue whether he was innocent or guilty, but for his research into cockroaches I believe Stuart should receive posthumous recognition and at least one major scientific award. "They know something..." The instant I read those words I knew that Stuart and I had been working along the same lines for years. He had environmental advantages for practical research, however, and a poet in hell is bound to distil a few truths before the flames consume him. On the other hand I was an extremely cowardly youth who spent a lot of time in big old boarding houses around Sydney and Brisbane. Once I slept in a park rather than go back to my room at a Kogarah bed and breakfast joint where the cockroaches were as big as corgis.

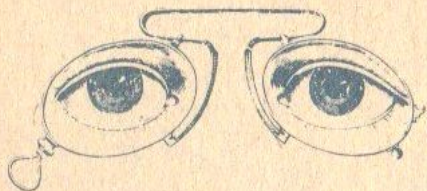
When you snapped on the light in that room the evil bastards would actually come towards you, rushing with that spine chilling blind desperation across furniture, into bedclothes and off sheer drops... possessed, it seemed, by a collective intelligence — a brain

that screamed *survive!* Like Stuart, I have difficulty explaining my cockroach phobia. Individually they live maybe three or four years. Collectively the filthy little bags of pus have been fouling the planet since something called the Carboniferous Age, 300 million years ago.

It's possible that, like dogs and horses, cockroaches know when someone is afraid of them. We were entertaining a few friends last week when an absurdly large roach barged through the front door and stood watching us. No one was delighted to see the thing... but the screams of terror were mine and mine alone.

So naturally the cockroach dodged past several guests and ran up the leg of my trousers. It knew its mark.





The disgust our friends felt at seeing a roach was nothing to compare with their nausea at my reaction. That cockroach deliberately humiliated me. As the learned Stuart said: "There's something treacherously smart about them..."

Which brings us to the point. I believe the roaches may have killed John Andrew Stuart because he knew too much. And where do you think that leaves me? As the world's only surviving subscriber to the cockroach conspiracy theory, it leaves me cold baby, very cold. I'm putting it all down here so that when they find my body, nibbled asunder like an old packet of cornflakes, the authorities will know what happened.

The Forces, God help me, are rustling, creeping and mustering. First they invaded my house. It's full of roaches. Pest controllers are baffled. Nothing works.

Then they moved into my car. Some nights when I drove home they stood on the back of the seat like malevolent little lobsters, dragging their feelers across my neck. I sold the car to a friend and bought a newer one. Now that's infested too. They moved into the fridge so I sold it to the office where I work and got a replacement at home. Now the office is alive with cockroaches. This very typewriter houses hundreds of them. One night I was walking beneath a splendid moon in a quiet suburban street when an army of cockroaches rushed out of a storm-water drain and came at me. Mechanically I began to run, finally outdistancing them. I use no dangerous drugs. This is *real*.

Another attempt to fight back has failed. I bought a simple cockroach trap. It was made in Taiwan and sold by one of those environment shops that do a lot of business with zen monks. "If you don't wish to kill the cockroaches," said the salesman, "just take them out of town and release them in the wild."

I didn't bother telling the organic idiot that I wanted the cockroaches alive to torture them. He sold me a bag of goldfish food to put inside the trap. "Few people realise roaches *adore* fish food," he said.

What attracted me to the trap was a photograph on the box showing lots of roaches jostling to be first inside. And the instructions. These must be read with an anglo-Indian accent.

"The terrible cockroaches, which breed very fast, can move here and there in darkness (right on!). Viewing that the cockroach is very harmful to human health because it infects disease and causes dirty, this Company, through attentive research, etc..."

Instruction No. 1: "Open the cover, put some spices or baits, then close it to induce cockroach to get into."

No. 2: "Soak the cover with middle and upper layers in water for several minutes to smother all cockroaches."

No. 3: "Open the cover, clear the dead cockroaches, place some baits or spices to lure them getting in again."

It didn't work. I tried for more than a week with dozens of different baits. Nothing would induce cockroach to get into, never mind getting in again. Nobody else seemed to have these recurring failures. And then, browsing through the women's pages of the *Brisbane Courier Mail*, I saw this sentence: "Most people avoid the subject of cockroaches."

How true, I thought, making a mental note to ring the *Mail's* take-a-hint writer, Jean Cooper, to congratulate her. But then I saw that the worthy Jean had provided a recipe for giving cockroaches constipation. Not just a few days discomfort either; this was fatal!

As Jean put it: "The hapless roaches would dine on the mixture only to find it hardened in their stomachs and for want of a suitable laxative, they died."

For want of a suitable laxative

... probably one of the finest lines on any women's page, anywhere. But back to the mixture — it's borax and honey, distributed in milk bottle tops under kitchen sinks and in cupboards.

I intend to begin giving cockroaches fatal constipation right away. Will it be soon enough to save the world? Only if we all pitch in. Remember the findings of the killer poet — despite what all those bleeding-heart entomologists might say — cockroaches hate us. Let's get them!

SCENES



20-CENT PREDICTION

Are you sick of shoving 20-cent pieces into smug video games which do little more than reduce your loose change quota and raise your blood pressure every time you get zapped by an alien?

Well, there's an alternative slot machine in the line-up these days — an updated version of the old penny arcade astrological forecast — the electronic biorhythm machine. Biorhythm forecasts work on the principle that people are influenced by physical, emotional and intellectual cycles which begin at birth: a scientific justification of the concepts espoused for centuries by astrologers.

The computer biorhythm charts company has placed its machines in hotels, shopping malls and other public places. They've devised a simple procedure for getting a reading. You feed the machine a 20-cent coin, your birth date and the chart date.

The machine then disgorges a card with a graph giving you a prediction on your potential in 10 areas: luck, romance, creativity, health, sex, drive, endurance, finance, friendship and leisure plans. The machine will also tell you if you're due for a critical day physically, emotionally or mentally.

The biorhythm machine's advice should be taken with a grain of salt. But if you're being repeatedly thrashed by Space Invaders, spare a coin piece for the computer. It might tell you you're at a low physical and mental ebb, in which case you'll have a convenient excuse for defeat.

OFFICIAL YOWIE

Yowie stories are a heap of bullshit," drawls shire chairman Bill McAulay, posing reluctantly beside a two-metre circumsised apparition at the entrance to Yowie Park.

Bill and the other city fathers at Kilcoy, a slumbering farm town 108km north-west of Brisbane, don't exactly practise what they preach.

At a formal council meeting last year — watched over by the traditional portrait of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth — Bill and the boys agreed to spend \$1600 on a yowie statue that would make Kilcoy "yowie capital of Australia".

They were cashing in on reported sightings of three-metre tall ape-like creatures looting across paddocks near town... a spectacle that McAulay attributes to "jumpy city folk high on marry-una..."

Nevertheless, tourists is tourists — so the council commissioned a Stanthorpe (Qld) artist to carve an official yowie from a beech log, then erected the thing at a three-hectare Yowie Park at the entrance to town.

Typically, the artist embarrassed his clients by equipping the yowie with a penis and pubic growth, albeit a tool of pitiful dimensions.

After some agonising about the effect of naked yowies on church groups and old ladies, the council decided to let the yowie retain his dinky but unpleasantly aggressive nudity.

Now the ugly brute startles tourists from his perch near Yowie Lake, soon to be the location for yowie boat rides and the departure point for Kilcoy yowie safaris.

"It's head's not right," grumbled McAuley. "If that artist had spent as much time on the head as he did on the cock it might look more like a yowie."

Ah well, that's show biz.

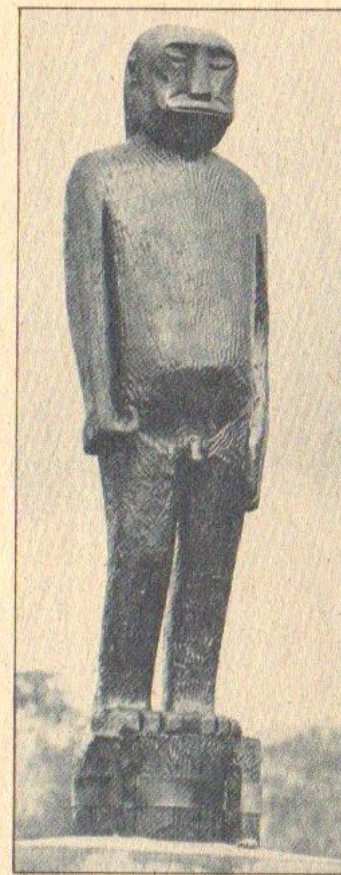
SMOKING GRASS

As far as your typical purist snow skier is concerned, grass skiing is the equivalent of ballroom dancing in combat boots. But that hasn't stopped this particular form of recreation from becoming one of the country's fastest growing sports.

There's one simple factor behind the boom: Australia is a country with a relatively short snow ski season and a very large population of enthusiastic



US champ Suzie Stern.



Kilcoy's yowie.

skiers. Thousands of those enthusiasts are proclaiming grass skiing as the perfect activity for tuning snow skiing skills in the off season.

Upon comparison, it becomes clear that apart from the elitist/aesthetic side, there are few differences. Both sports utilise the same muscles, the same basic techniques and with the exception of the skis themselves, the same equipment.

One look at the line-up for Australia's fourth annual grass ski titles will also show that the top snow ski competitors have made an easy transition to the turf. Last year's winner and a hot contender for a second title is Canadian ski instructor Robert Couse.

Other well known skiers with a chance include former Australian freestyle mogul skier Gary Holt and Austrian Bert Leiberteder. Jackie Cowdroy looks like a good bet for the ladies title and

organisers are also hoping American ladies champion Suzie Stern, a visitor to these shores earlier this year, will return for the championships.

The Australian titles have previously been held at the largest of Australia's 28 parks at Jamberoo on the NSW south coast. This year they've moved the event to the stunning mountain scenery of Dunalton in Victoria's La Trobe valley on May 16 and 17.

TOILET HUMOR

In the most innovative publishing step since the Gutenberg Bible, Richard Smith's *The Dieter's Guide to Weight Loss During Sex* has been abridged for toilet paper.

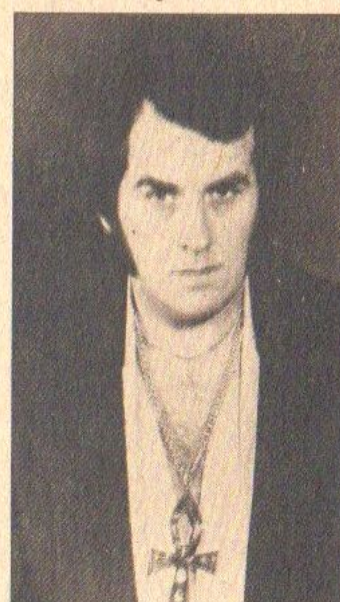
The roll, which costs \$5.95, will inform you that you can lose 15 calories during orgasm if your shoes fly off, 30 if the earth moves, and 1,246,864 if the earth actually does move.

The question is what, practically, to do with the thing. Put it in your bathroom and you'll lose each one of your guests for about half an hour. When they come out they'll be muttering things like, "Weight loss for blowing in partner's ear, 15 calories; for blowing in your own ear, 2512..." And they're apt to steal a yard or so of the funniest self-destruct humor ever to become a best seller in more traditional (book) form.

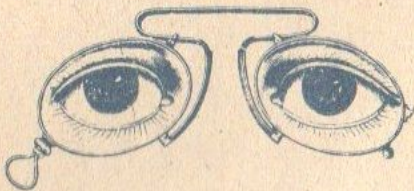
Smith has written a sequel, *The Dieter's Guide to Weight Loss After Sex* (Workman, \$US3.50) which should be available soon in Australia. Dedicating the book "To Those Who Let Me Watch," he says in his introduction, "Surprisingly enough, it is just *after* sexual activity, commencing with the vital recuperation period (expressing gratitude, getting the pulse rate down, scolding a merciless nymphomaniac) and continuing until the next sexual encounter that the real weight loss takes place."

MORE ELVIS

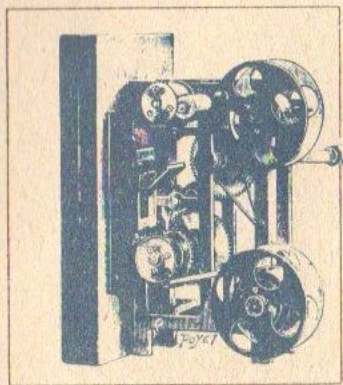
British showman Vince Eager has been living up to his name in his role as a mature Elvis Presley in the musical *Elvis*. Eager is still throwing himself into the role with the same enthusiasm he showed when *Elvis* began its marathon run in the UK and Europe more than three years ago. And his album, *Vince Eager*, pays tribute to Elvis Presley is doing big business too. The show, a lively collage of drama, film, and non-stop music, has been so popular in Sydney it'll be back in town in the middle of May after a three-week stint in Brisbane. After Sydney, the show moves on to Adelaide and then to Melbourne's Comedy Theatre in August.



Vince Eager as Elvis.



FILMS



VERY FLASHY

Science fiction fantasy returned to the screen recently with a force... from *The Empire Strikes Back*, to *Superman II* and even the Special Edition of *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind*. And now Dino De Laurentiis, the man who regrettably gave the world the remake of the classic *King Kong*, takes his turn at bat and strikes it lucky with his recreation of the Saturday afternoon at the pictures classic cliff-hanger, *Flash Gordon*.

Buster Crabbe made those now-famous classics way back in the Thirties. And as his Eighties' replacement, we have a former centrefold, a tall hunk of a man who goes under the name of Sam J. Jones (his last role was as the husband of Bo "10" Derek).

Jones doesn't appear to be much of an actor, really, but then for this film of the comic book one doesn't need much in the talent stakes. Perhaps that was the effect director Mike Hodges was striving for... a comic book unreality that adds to the full flavor of the entire flashy production. For the end result is a film so much larger than life, so full-blown — each frame fleshed out to its fullest with sound, color and lots of hard-hitting action. And more than one or two good laughs — some R-rated —

are thrown in for good measure by scriptwriter Lorenzo Semple Jr.

Much of the success of *Flash Gordon* relies on the sets and costumes. Flashy is a word which comes to mind as one's gaze is taken up by Danilo Donati's designs for both. One rivals the other from opening shot to last. And even though one may think it to be a touch reminiscent of *Black Hole* or even *Star Wars*, overall, the look Donati has achieved is unique and exciting and rainbow-hued. Donati is best known for his work over the years with Fellini... who gets one of the best "in" jokes of the year. Watch out for it. And what a stroke of genius to get the rock group Queen to do the musical score. Queen manage to capture the beat of the futuristic moment time and time again, especially during the many fantastic flight and fight sequences.

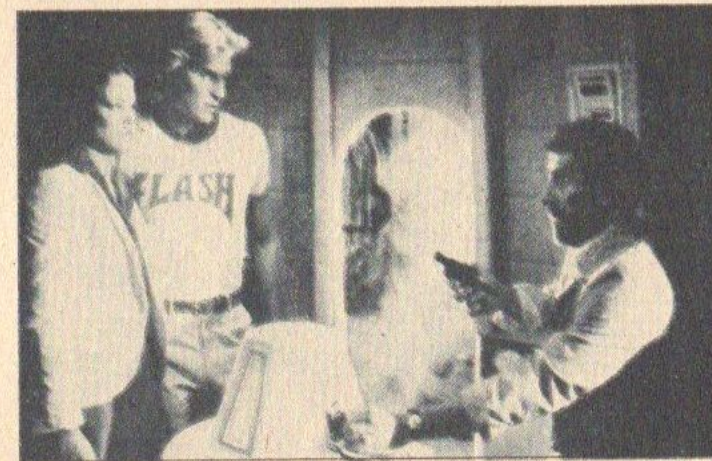
Flash and his comic book adventures (derived from the original Alex Raymond cartoon strip) are just as exotically exciting as can be expected, with Flash's character updated to becoming a footballer with the New York Jets. Flash's best moments rely on football plays, which works well within the confines of Semple's basic script. There are some amusing slings at Women's Lib, as well as enough sexual innuendo to keep most audiences happy.

Basic plot involves the baddest of baddies, the Emperor Ming (Max Von Sydow) ruler of the planet Mongo and first in command of Ming Mean Time, who places the moon on a collision path with Earth. Flash is there to stop him, having been abducted aboard mad scientist Dr Hans Zarkov's (Topol) space ship. Also captured is the beautiful heroine Dale Arden (Melody Anderson), who proves to be not only the apple of all-American Flash Gordon's eye, but also the object of passion of the lascivious Emperor Ming. Of

course the Emperor's sexually promiscuous and double-dealing daughter, the Princess Aura (Ornella Muti) takes a fancy to Flash and you have quite a swinging foursome.

All, of course, ends well, with Flash to the rescue of not only Earth, but the morals of all involved. Battles are valiantly fought and bad guys are despatched.

There's one vital linking ingredient in this winning feature, and that is its humor, humor which appears both visually and verbally throughout. How often have you seen a bride wear black to her wedding, or a heroine who watches her man fight a battle and taking up a cheerleader's stance shout "Go Flash, Go?"



Flash Gordon is fun and larger than life.

Acting credits are superior, especially that of Max Von Sydow, who never had so much fun in all the Ingmar Bergman films he starred in over the years. He adds a leering menace to each scene, making most of the audience want to huddle back in their seats. He's real mean and obviously enjoyed each and every scene. As his evil off-siders, the despicable Klytus and Kala, Peter Wyngarde and Marianagela Melato both respectively bring evil to an all-time low. Melody Anderson as Dale Arden, girl enchantress and heroine of the piece, adds a sensuality to the inherent innocence of her role. Topol is a

delight throughout as a misunderstood good-guy-at-heart.

Decidedly fun and larger than life, *Flash Gordon* is indeed a flash piece of work.

An escapist fantasy that not only promises to delight, but delivers is Colin Higgins' amusing *Nine To Five*.

The script (written with Patricia Resnick) is sharp and perceptively funny. Each line is that proverbial gem, and often what isn't said is just as much fun. A "shooting gallery" sequence has to be the cleverest non-speaking sequence ever.

Laughs come thick and fast and Higgins fits much action in to his 110 minutes. Directionally it is all tight and concise and for

a subject as wieldy as *Nine To Five*, Higgins has managed to keep it all in delightfully amusing perspective.

The press release calls *Nine To Five* an "irreverent" comedy in which three office workers not only dream about getting even with their back-stabbing, manipulative, chauvinist boss, but who succeed in doing it. And if it's irreverent, I fear 99.9 percent of the workforce must be called irreverent.

The film's opening shot is telling and sets the mood and pace for the rest of this entertaining exercise in diversion. Three alarm clocks sound at 7am. Three arms reach out from

beneath three different blankets to stop the peace-shattering sounds. Reynaldo Villalobos' camera next stalks the rush hour pedestrian traffic.

The first recognisable face is that of a trim and over-dressed Jane Fonda who takes the role of Judy Bernly, a newly divorced woman rushing to her first job in 12 years. And at Consolidated, Violet Newstead (Lily Tomlin), the office manager, is to train her just as she's trained everybody, including her boss.

The last of the script's trio is Doralee Rhodes (Dolly Parton), the "personal" secretary to the boss. Everyone at Consolidated thinks that Doralee is having an affair with her boss. Of course they would. He told them so. Problem is, he didn't tell her.

And the object of this trio's contempt and disgust is Franklin ("sexist, lying, hypocritical, egotistical bigot" as he's known around the office) Hart Jnr, portrayed by Dabney (Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman) Coleman.

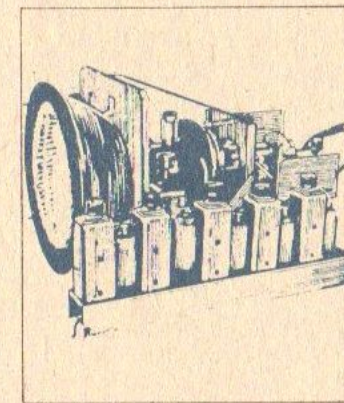
The remainder of the film is somewhat slapstick and centres round the girls' plot to do in the boss. Not for real mind you. They're pot-induced fantasies.

But through a mean twist of fate (and a little assistance from Higgins' zany script) fantasy becomes reality and the girls, accidentally, almost realise their dream.

Casting is more than simply perfect with Lily Tomlin coming off the best out of three, even upstaging veteran performer Jane Fonda. And Dolly Parton's movie debut is more than assertive. She has an innocently appealing screen presence which comes through scene after scene. And together the three are more than effective.

Anyone who has ever hated their boss, been late for work, or just plain likes a good old-fashioned laugh should catch this fable in which the heroes do get even with the bad guys and everyone lives happily ever after. — Alex Anthony.

TV



AWARDS NIGHT

It has long been one of life's axioms that one person's misfortune can turn out quite unexpectedly to be another's good luck. Take the Academy Awards, for instance. Somehow my invitation to Channel Nine's traditional Oscar-day party seemed to have gone astray in the mail, which meant that instead of watching the show come through live from Los Angeles around midday, I was committed to an evening in the living room watching what amounted to a replay.

But horrors! A sweep through my closely-annotated appointments book revealed I had committed myself to a dinner at one of Sydney's more exclusive clubs in the company of members of the legal and banking profession.

That meant no Oscars and that meant this column would have been forced to busy itself with observations of a different kind of social phenomena, like the two-hour version of *Chips*, or perhaps another stab at explaining the meaningful excesses of *Family Feud*.

But — and we do not mean to be disrespectful to the office of the President of the United States — John Hinckley Jr came to our rescue.

When John Hinckley Jr fired his bullet at President Ronald

Reagan, the members of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences decided to postpone the Oscars for 24 hours as a mark of respect to one of its old members.

That meant we were able to dine with the captains of industry and watch the Oscars the following night. Of course it also meant I had to miss much of the Tooth Cup Rugby League match on Channel 10.

But who needs the sustained violence of Rugby League when you can spend an evening watching the likes of Brooke Shields and Angie Dickinson acting naturally and reading their lines off idiot cards?

Angie Dickinson, by the way, is a regular at these Hollywood bunfights.

Next time you watch a Hollywood awards show, whether it is the Oscars or the Grammys or the Tonys or the Emmies or the Golden Globes, watch for the camera to zoom in on Angie, who always manages to get a seat down the front even though she never wins anything.

But we couldn't find her for the first hour of the Oscars. We saw Ellen Burstyn and Goldie Hawn. And Martin Scorsese and Peter O'Toole. But no Angie.

Could her invitation, like the one from Channel Nine that never quite made it to my house, have gone astray?

Thankfully no. Angie was one of the presenters, so presumably she had a seat somewhere else so she could sweep down the stairway on to the stage without disturbing the people seated around her.

You have no idea what a sense of relief her appearance brought to our house. I cannot imagine an awards show without Angie, anymore than I can imagine what appeal the woman has.

I think Hollywood licks its lips about people like Angie and Brooke Shields because Angie is a good-looking old sheila while Brooke Shields is a good-looking young sheila.

I really do not know how much talent Brooke Shields has, as I stayed away from *Blue Lagoon* when I learnt a stand-in was used for her nude scenes.

But she certainly could not have less talent than Miss Lucie Arnaz, the product of that awful union between Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz.

Miss Arnaz opened the show singing Hooray For Hollywood, surrounded by the mandatory chorus of 600 or so tap-dancers. She damn near closed the show at the same time.

The nicest thing I can say about Miss Arnaz is that her singing voice is marginally better than her father's.

That was an unnerving kind of beginning, topped only by the appearance of one Johnny Carson as compere. (Whatever happened to Bob Hope?) Carson is presumably some kind of cult figure in the US hosting a TV show that is said to be watched by shift-workers and insomniacs in their millions.

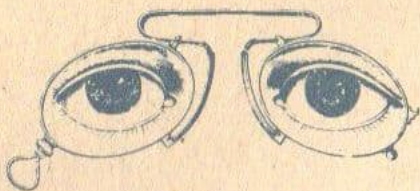
He is an American version of Don Lane and there were times during the Oscar telecast that we suspected Carson had borrowed some of Don Lane's writers for the occasion.

It would not have been too much to ask Mr Carson's writers to cut out references to obscure TV newsreaders and the American highways system which had the studio audience in peals of laughter, but the rest of us none the wiser.

The problem with shows like the Oscars, which tend to run for around four hours, is to keep the audience's interest while wading through the long list of awards like best animated feature and best short subject.

So the show was broken up by the 600 or so tap-dancers who accompanied Lucie Arnaz, a dance duo, the Nicholson Brothers, and Luchiano Pavarotti, the operatic tenor.

Signor Pavarotti sang Come Back To Sorrento in effortless and bell-like tones, but I still can-



not fathom out why he was included in the show.

Anyway, on to the big ones, as they say in show business. When the Best Supporting Actor award — the first award of the night after 45 minutes of waffle — went to Timothy Hutton of *Ordinary People*, there was the dark suspicion that Robert Redford's first effort at direction was going to be the big hit of the night.

We were right *Ordinary People* — or *Ordinary Movie* as Lillian Gish almost called it in one of those grand Freudian slips that Oscar-lovers hunger for — picked up four awards, including Best Picture and the Best Director Oscar for Redford.

A tradesmanlike film about family problems, *Ordinary People* took the major accolade from films like *Raging Bull* and *The Elephant Man*.

America, having purged itself of the woes of Vietnam with *The Deer Hunter* and the grossly-overrated *Coming Home*, has now turned its sights on to social conflict, as epitomised by last year's big winner *Kramer vs Kramer*.

At least Donald Sutherland was denied an Oscar for his role as the put-upon father in *Ordinary People*, otherwise the film would have been elevated to the class of *All About Eve* or *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*.

But Robert De Niro rightfully took the Best Actor trophy for *Raging Bull*, for which he was always a raging hot favorite anyway. Anybody who had to box with Jake La Motta, put on 40 kilos and appear on the *Don Lane Show* deserves some kind of award, even for persistence.

Breaker Morant and *My Brilliant Career*, the two Australian feature film nominations, finished out of the money and I congratulate the editors of Sydney's afternoon newspapers for resisting the temptation to bring out a poster reading: "Breaker Morant Oscar Shock!" — *Neal Akerman*.

SOUNDS



DOUBLE-BUNGER BARGAIN

The power and enthusiasm of a Cold Chisel live performance is as likely to be captured on vinyl as is the humor of Marcel Marceau, the energy of The Who or the sheer magic of Bruce Springsteen. In the absence of the real thing however, *Swingshift* (WEA) will do. Chisel's first live set (a double-bunger bargain at \$14.98) is far from perfect. It lags badly on side two, particularly during the mechanical and inferior renditions of two of the better songs off *East*, *My Turn To Cry* and *Four Walls*. But singer Jimmy Barnes is never down for long, and the tempo picks up in time for the early anthem *One Long Day* to save the side. This song, incidentally, is enhanced by the superb, wailing harmonica of Dave Blight, whose contribution also lifts *Khe Sanh* above the original recordings.

All your favorites from the three Chisel albums to date get a run in the hour or so of music here (*Rising Sun*, *Breakfast At Sweethearts*, *My Baby*, *Cheap Wine*) but oddly enough it is the cover versions which provide the highlights and allow Barnes and the band the freedom to demonstrate their innate theatrical sensibilities — get their rocks off.

Dylan's *Knockin' On Heaven's Door* (an overworked ditty already released by Chisel as a

bonus single) gets a new lease of life here with a soulful Barnes delivery punctuated by spine-tingling guitar runs. *Don't Let Go* (popularised by Jerry Lee Lewis) gets down as much as any song on the set, with the possible exception of *Rising Sun*. And the Creedence ballad *Long As I Can See The Light* — which seems like a mistake for the first eight bars — finishes up capturing the sweat and intensity of a Barnes finale, standing atop a mountain of speakers, headbanded and soggy, every night's performance on stage and off etched into his contorted face. — *Phil Jarratt*.

This month's weirdo wimp is Steve Strange. He's another of those wan British lads with a penchant for dressing up in funny costumes and make-up and changing their last name to something startling like Ant, Bowie or Rotten.

Young Steve tends more to the Bowie image than that of Rotten. He's into vanity rather than profanity. Strange's PR machine is proclaiming him the latest leader of style in London's new wave scene. In an effort to justify their behavior, Steve and his strange associates describe their charades as "self expression through dress".

Steve is always keen to let us know about his latest look. "At 11 I was a skinhead (only for the fashion, I loathed the violence). At 15 I had a wedge-boy haircut and wore a bowling shirt, then I wore heavy bondage clothes. Then I went Russian, then space-age, cowboy, Edwardian. What I like now is something very romantic, stylish elegance. Robin Hood and Bonnie Prince Charlie, it's a look that demands make-up. Now my new look is blonded streaks, bronzed complexion: very Robinson Crusoe." Very bloody silly.

Steve's sense of style has also lent itself to a little musical accompaniment. He put together a band with a couple of

members of Ultravox and Magazine, called them Visage and produced an album by the same name *Visage* (Polydor), which made a minor impact on the British charts.

It's a synthesiser-based sound, a series of loosely structured high-pitched tunes which, despite the high quality of production, is basically prettily packaged rubbish: fairy floss.

Split Enz were getting dressed up to go on stage way back in the early Seventies, but their costumes and choreography weren't just a vehicle for their personal pretensions. The Enz created a unique carnival atmosphere that combined with their complex, quirky tunes to produce the most memorable live act of the decade.

But while others have jumped on their bandwagon, Split Enz have left behind much of their early outrageousness and become more conventional in both musical style and presentation. The result has been resounding commercial success. Their last album, *True Colours*, was a beauty. As Tim Finn says on the new one *Corroboree* (Mushroom), it was a *Hard Act to Follow*.

Corroboree continues the Split Enz trend to convention, to the point where they sometimes sound like just another rock and roll band. The album still has a lot going for it, like the Neil Finn composition *One Step Ahead*, but on the whole the album doesn't have the same impact as *True Colours*.

Despite their unique presentation, Split Enz have always leant heavily on their peers for musical inspiration, showing a debt to everyone from Frank Zappa to The Beatles. *Corroboree* once again shows their eclectic approach. The music's patchy, but still very catchy. Split Enz are still one step ahead, even if they are stepping out to someone else's tune. — *Phil Abraham*.

Two veteran guitarists have graced us with new albums. The first is Eric Clapton's *Another Ticket* (RSO). It was recorded with his new tour band, which includes such talents as guitar whiz Albert Lee, keyboardist and singer Gary Brooker of Procol Harum fame, and Chris Stainton, so I expected a few refreshing surprises. But no. The album opens with a tired Clapton singing a trite number called *Something Special* (which it ain't), and slowly drifts into the title track, which is a standout. Winwood-flavored, its haunting, simple honesty makes the album worth buying for this track alone.

Sleepy John Estes' *Floating Bridge* gets a reasonable reading here, but overall I would have liked to have seen Clapton and the musos let go a lot more. Still, I suppose there's always Layla.

The other offering is *Shades* (Shelter) by J.J. Cale. And there aren't many surprises here either — just the same sparse lyrics, simple tunes, down-home production and enigmatic Cale guitar.

This is an album for fans who *must* have everything Cale does, and that's about it. The use of ace studio guitarist Tommy Tedesco is a nice touch, and the one big song on the album is *Pack My Jack*, recorded live in the studio with James Burton, Emory Gordy, Jim Keltner, etc.

Country music gets a shot in the arm with a new release by Lacy J. Dalton. *Hard Times* (CBS) is country with a knife edge. Dalton's slightly roughened voice, which at times sounds like Brenda Lee and even Janis Joplin, and her straight-to-the-point self-penned songs puts this album above the norm.

Producer Billy Sherrill has again pulled together some of Nashville's finest players, including Pete Drake, "Pig" Robbins and Charlie McCoy, and they make an excellent setting for rockers like *Ain't Nobody*



Cold Chisel's live power is hard to capture on vinyl.

Who Could Do It Like My Daddy Could and the breathtaking ballad, *Old Soldier*. Although Dalton is no newcomer, this album should push her to the top of the ladder. — *Carol Ashdown*.

Eric Gale's fourth solo album *Touch Of Silk* (CBS) is further evidence that he has one of the most individual and instantly recognisable guitar sounds in today's music. This LP is basically in the rhythm-and-blues idiom. Gale has a horn-like approach, and his penetrating melodic themes are usually doubled in perfect unison by one of the four sax players used.

The feels utilised in the rhythm section are relatively simple, with well-organised rhythmic patterns and highly sparse bass lines. Gale's understated and judicious improvisations float gently over the top of rhythms which are sometimes repetitious, always funky.

Producer Allen Toussaint plays various keyboards and has written most of the tunes, which are generally quite attractive. Toussaint is associated with a particular breed of rhythm-and-blues that has emerged in New Orleans, described by Quincy Jones as "swamp funk".

In addition to "swamp funk", there is also a good dose of what one might call straight-ahead swinging jazz in four, with the tunes *With You I'm Born Again* and the Charlie Parker classic *Au Privave*.

While the other soloists take care of the bebop conventions, it

is noticeable that Gale himself does not pull out any bebop stops, despite the roaring four feels booted along by the New York drummer Idris Muhammed.

Again, he floats tastefully over the top of it all, with judicious blues phrasing, without allowing his singing sound to be trampled by unnecessarily technical flights of imagination. If you like subtlety and understatement, and a guitar sound of unusual purity, you will enjoy *Touch Of Silk*.

Perhaps I am the wrong person to be reviewing the latest Weather Report album *Night Passage* (CBS). For some time their music for me has seemed pompous and pretentious, with that air of gravity characteristic of musicians who take themselves too seriously.

I date this feeling from about the time bassist Jaco Pastorius joined the band, circa 1978. This is not to say that the album is devoid of beautiful music. The superimposition of Wayne Shorter's saxophone over strongly voiced keyboard synthesisers often produces a rich sound, not unlike a whole big band saxophone section.

This technique is used in the title track *Night Passage* and in *Rockin' In Rhythm* — a short, brilliant re-working of the early Duke Ellington classic, first recorded by the Ellington band in 1930.

Moreover, there is Joe Zawinul's short synthesiser solo on *Rockin' In Rhythm*, and his

absolutely stunning solo at breakneck speed during his composition *Fast City*.

Also, the burning feel in sixteenth notes established by Jaco Pastorius in the Shorter composition *Port Of Entry* is breathtaking in its brilliance.

These and other gems, however, stand out like beacons in a morass of jazz/rock fusion. Whenever I listen to this record I find that, after a minute or two, my mind is a thousand miles away from the music.

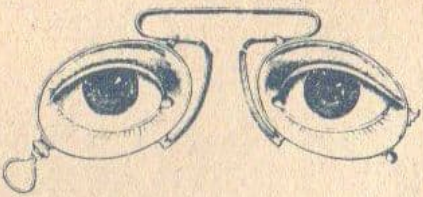
My fond wish is that Joe Zawinul and Wayne Shorter forget about being pop stars, and come back to jazz.

Since the demise of the magazine *Jazz Down Under* in 1978, Australian jazz has badly needed its own magazine. The best hope for a regular, successful such magazine now appears to be *JAZZ: The Australasian Contemporary Music Magazine*, published by Peter Brendle and Audrey de Graff, and edited by the Sydney journalist Dick Scott.

A bi-monthly, two editions have already appeared: January/February 1981, featuring the American flugelhorn player Chuck Mangione on the cover; and the March/April edition, with a cover story on the Australian musician and educator Don Burrows.

The third edition of this impressive new magazine features a cover story on two jazz youngsters, saxophonist Dale Barlow and brass instrumentalist James Morrison — two of the most impressive players among the outstanding crop of young musicians which has emerged in Sydney over the past two years or so.

At a time when there is unprecedented activity across the whole spectrum of jazz styles, particularly in Sydney, and demonstrably growing public interest in the art form, a magazine devoted to jazz is welcome. We wish this new magazine every success. — *Eric Myers*.



WORDS



CONFESSIONS

Now the dreadful secret is out! Yes, it's true, I'm actually *one of them!* There's something just so absolutely apposite about Tom Wolfe's terminally hyperbolic satire. Who can resist his merciless forays into the morass of middle class mores?

Having finally admitted my enjoyment of Tom Wolfe's writing (I've really done it now, honesty is just as passe as Wolfe — or so I'm told) I can recommend to *Australian Penthouse* readers his collection, *In Our Time* (Picador, \$9.95).

It's a collection of art and articles for the strong-hearted, running right through the Sixties and Seventies as Wolfe, with all the delicacy of a master torturer, shreds the precious pretensions and outright idiocies of the lifestyle who relentlessly foisted their cultural icons on to the world.

It's too early, in historical terms, to assess just how seminal those two decades were in defining the 20th Century for those who will study us in the future. One suspects that, in spite of a few healthy wars in the first half, they will mark an enormously significant transition of the global society's values.

On the more subjective level of the New Journalism which Wolfe wears like a lapel badge,

don't be surprised to find yourself cringing occasionally as you read. For, although *In Our Time* mainly concerns America, the extremes of US society serve as a useful lens through which to view the more modest inanities of our very own Oz.

For many Australians of Anglo-Saxon descent, the presence of thousands of migrants from a very wide variety of ethnic backgrounds barely impinges on their consciousness.

For a variety of reasons, made more obvious by the many exceptions, it's safe to say that generally there is little true social intercourse between first and even second generation ethnic groups and either long-standing Australians or other recent arrivals.

Even the most predominant of the European group aside from the British, the Greeks and Italians, are barely more than restaurant owners or grocers to many people.

If you can recognise a deficiency in your understanding of the various cultures with which the future of this country is inextricably linked, it might pay you to read *For The Patriarch* by Angelo Loukakis (University of Queensland Press, \$6.95).

Loukakis is a spare but deeply perceptive writer. I am convinced he has given me honest insights into the nature of life as an immigrant to this country, without once beating the drum of self-pity for any of his characters. And, although of Greek descent himself, he does not restrict his observations to Greeks — although one must say he is at his most powerful when he does.

I have a feeling this book could be worth a score of speeches by Al Grassby in contributing to sympathetic understanding on both sides of the fence. — *John Hampshire.*

Maxwell Grant's new novel *Inherit The Sun* (Hodder and

Stoughton \$14.95), the saga of three generations of the pioneering Carlyon family in the Australian outback, will inevitably be compared with Colleen McCullough's success story *The Thorn Birds* which, superficially, seems to share a similar subject.

On most counts the book fails to deliver the punches which made *The Thorn Birds* an international best seller. Grant is a lightweight trying to make it in Colleen's heavyweight division.

He doesn't have her Catholic neuroses or the variety of fascinating obsessions which created the sexual tension which runs through *The Thorn Birds*. Instead, his writing shows



Wolfe by Wolfe.

the legacy of a journalistic background: a limited vocabulary, cardboard characters, corny symbolism and clichéd conflicts and situations.

Grant is unable to create vital interaction and drama between his characters, so he turns to the Northern Territory environment for excitement. But the far north is barren ground. A dramatic story set in Africa has plenty of opportunity for drama. All the Northern Territory has is lots of desert, some snappy crocs, and a few lethargic abos: not the stuff that swashbuckling novels are made of.

Inherit The Sun strives to be a manly tale — a rough, tough story of real men battling the elements. But it doesn't make

the grade. Grant is also remarkably coy about sex.

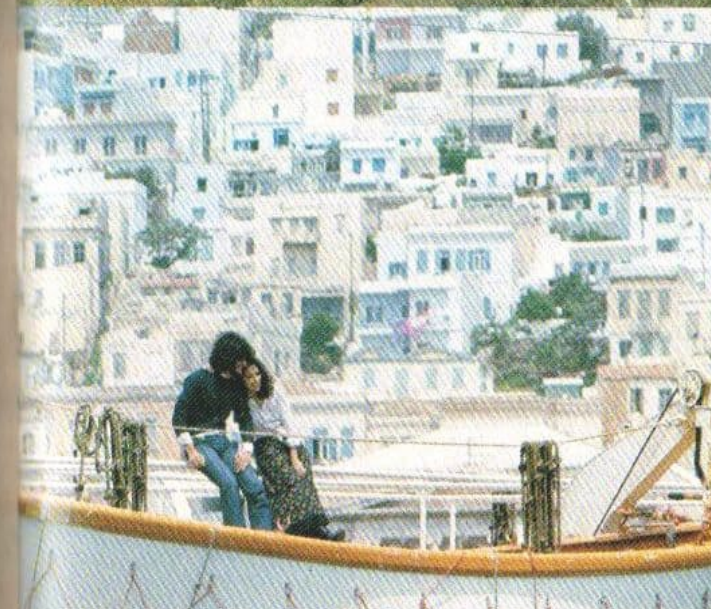
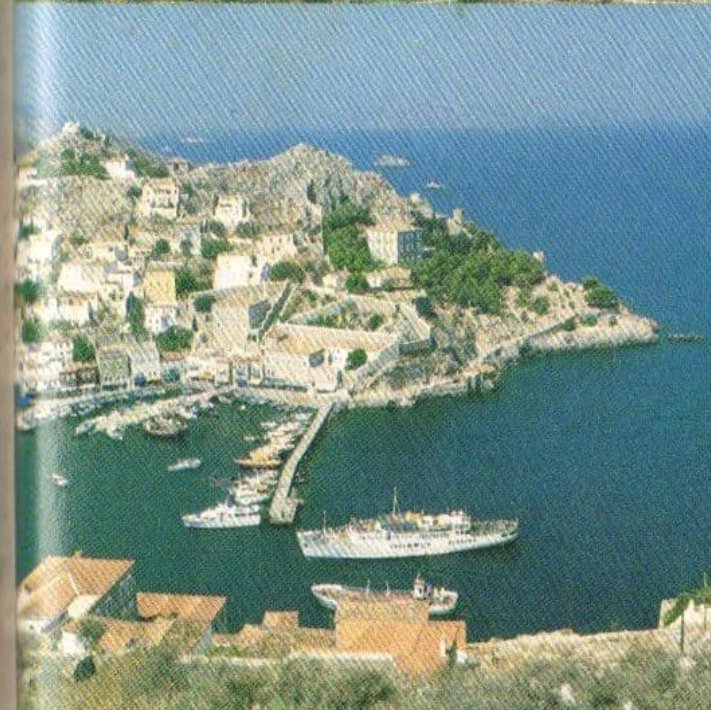
The tale begins in 1896, with timid bank clerk Alan Brennan and his wife Beth embarking on the journey north from Adelaide to settle as graziers in the harsh outback. During the journey they meet drover James Carlyon.

Alan and Bess take a ride with a shifty Afghan camel driver when the train stops. Abdul deserts them in the middle of nowhere, but they are saved by Carlyon's trusty aboriginal sidekick called Jack. Then, in one of quite a few absurdly contrived situations, despite Jack's warning, Alan gets heroic and rides off into the desert never to be seen alive again.

Then Beth gets it off with Carlyon, they head north into the back of beyond to start their own cattle station in the wilds of the Northern Territory, have a son called Big Red (named after the kangaroo, not the tomato soup) who becomes a hero in the first world war and a cripple in the second. Then Red and his mate called — yes, you guessed it — Blue, become successful capitalists in between some very predictable adventures, including the inevitable white man's rape of a lubra and a ridiculous, unfulfilled love affair.

Towards the end of the book the author tries unsuccessfully to make a statement about the end of the pioneering era in the north using the death of an old crocodile and Cyclone Tracey as his symbols.

The reader of a fine work of fiction makes an agreement with that book's author early in the piece to forget that the writer's characters exist only in print. In the case of *Inherit The Sun* it is difficult to make this pact. Grant's characters never come to life and he fails to give a memorable impression of the north in his novel, which reads like the script of a soap opera, without sensation — an extended episode of *The Sullivans Go North*. — *Phil Abraham.*



SEA GREECE.

Since time immemorial Greek life has been closely interwoven with the sea. It is a fundamental part of Greek history, culture and tradition.

Summer or winter, it is also the best way to see the 15,000 km of coastline and more than 3,000 islands with their myriad variations of land and seascape.

As you can see, you can do it in style on a luxury cruiser, you can drift along at your own pace by chartering a yacht, with or without crew, or simply putter around in a kaiki, one of the local fishing boats.

Whichever way you choose, you'll find you'll see more of Greece by sea.

For more information contact the Greek National Tourist Organisation, 51 Pitt St., Sydney, N.S.W. 2000. Telephone: 241 1663.

Greece

The closest place to heaven on earth.

The full horror of the Jonestown tragedy
is told for the first time.

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HELL

BY JAMES RESTON JNR

Congressman Leo Ryan made his final decision to go to Guyana after meeting with the Concerned Relatives in California. It was fittingly close to Halloween, for this had become a political Halloween story. The date was October 25, 1978. To his staff, Ryan announced his decision grim faced. He was not looking forward to the trip. It was good politics and good constituent service: Ryan's congressional district was just south of San Francisco, where the Reverend Jim Jones had held his position as the powerful chairman of the city's Housing Authority. But Ryan had a distinct sense of possible danger. An affidavit by Deborah Blakey, a former disciple of Jones, with its report of weapons, security guards, and mass-suicide drills, had been brought to Ryan's attention. His staff interviews with apostates were hair curling. And he was receiving intelligence from a freelance journalist named Gordon Lindsay, who had drafted an astonishing article about Temple bestialities for the National Enquirer. But, the National Enquirer was not exactly a journal of record, and Ryan considered Lindsay's story sensational fare for the checkout counter at the supermarket, not something one would want to base a congressional investigation upon.

The dates for the trip were set for November 14-20. Ryan had to be back in Washington on



Illustration by Marshall Arisman

November 21 for a hearing on saving whales. On November 7 he was re-elected to Congress with 61 percent of the vote. On November 9 Ryan met with the NBC team, which had asked to accompany him. There was no doubt that both the congressman and the newsmen appreciated the potential danger of their assignment, and each side reassured the other that they were tough enough and fearless enough for the mission. The following day, with the boss still in California, Ryan aides met in Washington with Deborah Blakey and Grace and Timothy Stoen. As the three apostates retold their stories and expressed their fears, their listeners at first were sceptical, for the three had once been enthusiastic practitioners of the very Jonesian tactics they now described in detail as dangerous and evil.

Word of Ryan's trip spread rapidly. Once NBC was committed, the *San Francisco Chronicle* and *Examiner* assigned correspondents. Soon the *Washington Post* joined. Suddenly the press party numbered nine, which for a congressional junket was very large.

Concerned Relatives were calling, for here was an opportunity to have, for once, a forceful spokesman for uncovering the truth at the bottom of the horror. Fourteen relatives, including Grace and Timothy Stoen, announced their intention to make the trip.

To the Temple Ryan lamely maintained that neither the press nor the Concerned Relatives were part of his official delegation, but it was a futile effort at hairsplitting. From Jonestown the assault force looked formidable, and, for once, it was real. A flamboyant congressman who had officially sided with Timothy Stoen; a contingent of the Temple's most effective class enemies; a national television crew advised by the class enemy Gordon Lindsay; the two major dailies of San Francisco, where the last of the Temple's friends and supporters were; and a reporter from Washington who could potentially galvanise the interest of the Federal Government in yet more investigation and interference. The reputation and, in effect, the very existence of the Temple poised on the outcome of the visit.

On the weekend before the delegation departed, ABC reporter Don Harris began interviewing on camera the principals on both sides of the dispute. To the Temple supporters he delivered the assurance that he was not out to do an expose: "I have absolutely no idea at this point what the story will look like, favorable or critical to the Temple... By and large, your biggest safe factor is that we really don't care how the story turns out."

Perhaps he did not care, but he did know what his story was, as his producer, Robert Flick, later testified. It was a story of enslavement by a fanatic. Whether he could prove it on film was another matter. Then, in the cast of ethics and profession-

alism, he delivered what the Temple could only see as a threat.

"If we have to file in a hurry, give us the name of somebody in Georgetown or here," he said, "because there will be time for only one phone call; that's all. To say we are filing, the story will be negative... or we are filing, and you don't have anything to sweat. That's all I can do for you. That's all I'm supposed to do for you."

In Jim Jones' construction of the world, this was it. This was the moment. There would never be another like it. His existence, the existence of his life's work, his bid for history, came down to one phone call. From Georgetown he ordered a 100-pound drum of potassium cyanide. It arrived on the *Cudjoe* several days before the press and congressional and class enemy phalanx arrived in Guyana.

If one were to imagine what a successful Ryan mission might have been, it

The
embassy had
specifically informed
Ryan that it could
not provide any security
for his trip.

would be this: that the congressman would skillfully use his power as an official representative of the United States Government to gain entry into Jonestown, that he would manipulate the press in his party toward that end. Once in Jonestown, he would interview those on his list and perhaps discover that some did indeed want to leave the encampment; he would penetrate the elaborate front of Jim Jones and establish him as a fraud and a master of slaves. In doing so, he would emerge as the hero of a seven-minute story on NBC's *Today Show*.

His constituency would have loved it. Their congressman was becoming nationally famous. By theatrical standards and with the press interest in the trip, success was already assured — whether the congressman got into Jonestown or not, whether the trajectory of his comet ever targeted the eye of Jim Jones' orbit or not. For here was a mission beyond the grey business of the hearing room and the constituent letter. Here was a politician engaged in his world and his age, grappling personally with a profound symptom of the spiritual dearth of the 1970s.

Indeed, Congressman Ryan boarded a plane for Guyana not expecting ever to see Jonestown. He would use every trick, every device he had learned, to break down the gate to Jonestown. He would put pressure on the American Embassy to put pressure on the Guyanese Government to put pressure on Jim Jones to gain access. But in his mind he knew he would be impeded somewhere, perhaps all along the way. When it happened, the fallback position was to board a plane with the press and a few distraught relatives, fly to Port Kaituma, approach the locked gate of Jonestown, and, preferably with a sullen, gun-toting guard in the background, hold a press conference. This would prove to an American television audience that Jonestown was not what Jim Jones said it was.

As the Ryan party readied for departure, Sharon Amos, the Temple's fanatic public-relations woman in Georgetown, was issuing a press release announcing that the Concerned Relatives had now enlisted a right-wing congressman, a supporter of the Pinochet regime, in their cause, and that while Ryan was ostensibly coming to "investigate" charges against the Temple, the trip was really "a contrived media event, staged to manufacture adverse publicity for the Jonestown community, hopefully by provoking some sort of incident."

In a nice twist of the same language used against the Temple, the press release also put Ryan "on official notice that [the Jonestown residents] will be requesting Guyana police protection in the event that attempts are made to enter the Jonestown community against their will." Regrettably no such official request was ever made to the Guyanese police, not by the Temple or by Ryan. The embassy had specifically informed Ryan that it could not provide any security for his trip.

On Wednesday morning the Temple's resistance softened slightly with an invitation to Ryan and one aide to visit Jonestown, but no press and no relatives. Ryan was not particularly warmed by the invitation. For a start, it stripped him of the personal protection he now felt the press afforded. It gave nothing to the relatives accompanying him. Where was the political theatre in it? Besides, the original plan had called for a trip to Jonestown on the following day, Thursday, and a plane had already been chartered. But Wednesday dragged on with a lunch at the embassy and a meeting with the Guyanese Foreign Minister, most of which was absorbed in talk of American sugar quotas.

By late afternoon there had been no word from the Temple. Ryan began to smell a stall. He gathered with the relatives for a status conference, allowing the cameras to film it. He promised to try direct communication with Jonestown that evening, for the situation was now for Jones and him to resolve. He praised the relatives for their patience, which was far

more than he would have been able to muster were he in their shoes. "I have no relatives there. No financial commitment. No emotional commitment. I'm simply here in response to questions which have been asked. My job is to separate out the emotional tension between Jim Jones and you and sit down and talk with him. In the interest of fairness, his point of view needs to be represented before I make up my mind as a member of Congress." But he was being sucked inexorably into this poignant human dilemma, losing sight of his official reason for being there.

If Ryan were able to travel to Jonestown the next day, he hoped to persuade Jones to permit the relatives to visit on Friday. But as the sun dipped toward the horizon on Wednesday, only a few preliminary calls between Sharon Amos and a Ryan staff man had taken place. So, after dinner with Ambassador John Burke, Ryan took the matter on himself, catching a taxi to the Temple headquarters at Lamaha Gardens.

"Hi, I'm Leo Ryan, the bad guy. Does anyone want to talk?" he said cheerily as he strode into the living room. Out of 30 stunned communards, Sharon Amos was one of the few who would talk. All other conversation in the room ceased awkwardly. But Ryan mustered his charm, and the initiative went well, at least according to Ryan's account. At one point he told Amos he wanted to visit Jonestown, but not just get the "two-dollar tour". He really wanted to talk to people.

When Ryan returned to his hotel later, he bubbled about his minor triumph, and the following morning Sharon Amos conveyed to a Ryan aide her pleasure with the meeting as well. Perhaps one of the Concerned Relatives and a few correspondents could accompany the congressman on his Friday trip after all. But later Thursday morning Ryan blundered. He convened the press, invited several Guyanese reporters, and got carried away in describing his coup of the night before. He had seen no signs of religious life in the Temple headquarters, only plaques citing various humanitarian awards for Jim Jones. If this was not a religious organisation, why was it tax-empt? "There is a posturing of religious belief, but I'm not sure it exists," he said sharply. Would they get into Jonestown or not? the press wanted to know.

"If [they] refuse me entry, then this is a prison. There are social-security laws involved here, finance and tax laws, as well as passport regulations, and I intend to pursue that through every area of the US Government."

This tough talk, of course, got back immediately to Sharon Amos, and she called a Ryan aide to express her shock and disappointment. The congressman questioned their faith and had mentioned Jonestown in the same breath with the Red Cross Convention on prisoners. His

objectivity was now in doubt, and his trip to Jonestown the following day was now "up in the air". It would have to be ironed out when Temple attorneys Mark Lane and Charles Garry arrived in Guyana after midnight.

Before noon the following day, Ryan seemed to be off for his dry press conference at the closed gate to the commune, but what he did not know was that a Temple truck had been parked in the middle of the Port Kaituma airstrip, defying any plane to land.

Newly arrived, Temple authorities Lane and Garry repaired to Lamaha Gardens to talk by radio to Jones. But when Jones came on the radio, he sounded as if he were dead.

That, at least, was Garry's impression. Lane put forward the attorneys' recommendation that everyone — Ryan, press, and relatives — be welcomed. Jones would have nothing of it. He ranted about

Jones
was defensive
and self-pitying from
the start. He did
not want his people
harrassed.

his righteousness and about the perfidy of traitors, etc., etc.

But there was little now that tirades could accomplish. The congressman was on his way. He was coming with a plane-load of press and Concerned Relatives, a Guyanese Government official, and the second in command at the US Embassy. With the matter unresolved, Lane and Garry hustled to the Georgetown airport to make the 2pm departure. Negotiations could continue in Port Kaituma. If Jones kept his truck on the airstrip, he stood to embarrass himself profoundly, not only before the American public and the American Congress but before his Guyanese hosts as well. Ryan had won the first round.

A half-hour into the flight, the plane suspended, as it were, on the seam of civilisation, Jones tried for the last time to turn Ryan back. The pilot of the plane received a message from Port Kaituma, saying that the light had dwindled rapidly and it was unsafe to land. Perhaps Jones still had some small reservation in his mind about the execution of his grand design. But the pilot was spunky. He would make a

go of it after he passed over the airstrip to judge its condition himself.

On the airstrip a Temple dump truck and tractor awaited the party. Without difficulty the plane touched down at 3.40 pm. Temple escorts ushered Ryan, the American diplomat Richard Dwyer, and the Temple attorneys on to the truck with the word that they would proceed to Jonestown, while the press and relatives remained behind at the airstrip — under guard by two Guyanese policemen.

Nearly an hour later, Jones' wife, Marcelline, met this first contingent as it arrived in Jonestown. People came and went amiably within the community, making no particular fuss over the arrival, exhibiting no hostility. In the pavilion the band practised. Marcelline conducted what Ryan coined the first "two-dollar tour", past the child-care centre and the facility for the disabled and the mentally retarded and the other manifestations of the commune's good works.

In time, Bishop Jones appeared. The diplomat, Richard Dwyer, was struck by this apparition. In May, when Dwyer had seen him last, Jones had been fat and relaxed. Now he was considerably thinner, his demeanor tense, his pallor grey. His first words went to his poor health and his high fevers. He was defensive and self-pitying from the start. He did not want his people harrassed. As the congressman could see, people came and went as they pleased. Ryan said that he was there to see which of the allegations were fact, and which fiction, and got right to the point of the newsmen back at the airstrip. Garry and Lane pitched in again with their recommendation for an open-arms policy.

"Okay, let 'em all in, what the hell," Jones said with a wave of the hand.

What about Gordon Lindsay? someone piped up, referring to the *National Enquirer* reporter who was now considered a "class enemy".

"All except him," Jones snapped.

As time dragged on at the airstrip, newsmen sweated under the hot afternoon sun and one of the policemen grew increasingly relaxed with several reporters. From time to time, once or twice a month, he related, small planes landed to pick up injured Americans from Jonestown. The local people were always told that the injuries were sustained in machete or machinery accidents, but explanations were suspicious.

"When you go there, keep your eyes open," the policeman told the reporter. "We really hate these people. Reverend Jim Jones should have died long ago."

At 6pm the tractor returned to the airstrip to collect the newsmen, all except Lindsay. An hour and a half later, after inching through deep mud on the Jonestown road, the press joined the congressman in the early dark of the forest. For the time being, the front consumed the reality. The buildings impressed. The residents

NEW

Fresh in 25s. Fresh in lights.



Alpine. Now in 25s. New Alpine Lights 25s:
a lighter blend of fresh menthol and tobacco flavour.

were friendly and rational, seemingly well fed. Coffee was passed around, then hot pork sandwiches and greens and edo roots. Jones presided over the feast, wearing a red polo shirt and only lightly tinted glasses. He was relaxed and conversational at first. Marcelline Jones, in a white mizzuz, was the consummate hostess.

Soon enough, the show began. Deanna Wilkinson, Jonestown's version of Aretha Franklin, and the Jonestown Express roared into the Guyanese national anthem with feeling, then America the Beautiful, and continued with their customarily superb rock and blues numbers. The visitors were frantically trying to match their preconceptions with what they were seeing. Residents "looked programmed", some observers thought — whatever that was. At one point, in a whisper, Congressman Ryan remarked on how the older members were clapping trancelike to the soul music, as if this amounted to profound revelation. But he had discovered nothing so far to substantiate the allegations of abuse and much that belied such charges. As the entertainment proceeded, individuals on his list were brought to Ryan to be interviewed. When the politician sensed his moment, he assumed the microphone.

"Questions have been raised about your operation here," he began. "I'm here to find out. I can tell you right now from the few conversations I've had so far... there are some people here who believe this is the best thing that's happened to them in their whole life..."

Riotous applause overwhelmed him for more than three minutes. When it finally subsided, Ryan wished they were all from San Mateo.

"It's too bad you can't vote for me," he cracked.

"We can... by absentee ballot," Jones responded.

Ryan took the comment at face value. "My work is important to me, and I know it's important to you as well. Thank you for hosting us here tonight. We really appreciate it. I don't want to spoil your good time here tonight with political speeches." If he only knew...

Close to 10 o'clock the congressman and the diplomat Dwyer went to the radio shack to make contact with Georgetown. In the pavilion Jones was holding forth for reporters as the music continued more quietly. His conversation was disjointed, moving without link from one passion to the next. All his contradictions were on display.

He admitted his Marxism but insisted that his was a religious movement. In the custody dispute between himself and the Stoens, he insisted that John Victor Stoen was his son, bringing the boy forth to bare his teeth, comparing them with his own, but then reacted adversely to the suggestion that he had had an "affair" with Grace Stoen. He described his experiment as a

community of sharing but balked at the label "Socialist". "Call me a Socialist," he said huffily. "I've been called worse." Since no one had ever challenged his illogic before, he faltered and looked hurt at his obvious inconsistencies. He began to look increasingly ridiculous and seemed to realise it. He hated power, violence, and money, he said with emotion. Did people have normal sex lives in the community? His sexton, Sarah Tropp, sitting next to him, mercifully answered in his place.

"People do screw in Jonestown," she declared emphatically, citing as proof the 33 babies born in the camp.

Close to 11 o'clock the entertainment ceased, and the audience drifted out into the night air. To the side, watching Jones wind down like a whirligig, Richard Dwyer stood alone in the shadows. A slender white man approached the diplomat warily, his face etched with terror. He must leave, must leave at once, that night,

Jones' conversation was disjointed, moving without link from one passion to the next.

the man whispered, for he could not remain in the community much longer.

Dwyer could not help him, not just yet. It had been decided that the newsmen would return to Port Kaituma and that Ryan and Dwyer would stay overnight in Jonestown. This Dwyer explained, and after taking the man's name, one Vernon Gosney, he insisted that Gosney seek him out in the morning. The terrified apostate drifted into the night once again, only to find reporter Don Harris, who was waiting for his crew to pack up their things. Gosney passed him a note, scrawled with a marker pen, crying for help to escape for both himself and a Monica Bagby. Harris slipped the note into his boot.

With this slight fissure in the facade, Dwyer realised that the situation had altered dangerously, and he went to find Congressman Ryan. As a start, bringing in more Concerned Relatives the very next day was a terrible idea, Dwyer whispered to Ryan. "We've got to get out of the travel business," he said, and Ryan agreed. The newsmen, too, realised the significance of the note and the danger of it. This was the story they had come for, but on the other

hand, they could not become involved personally in an evacuation operation, not with a desperately ill and volatile leader like Jones.

An hour later the reporters were dumped off in Port Kaituma. Characteristically, they got a bottle of good rum and sat down in a joint called Weekend Disco to drink for several hours and tell war stories. In time, a local policeman drifted in and turned out to be open, even quite anxious, to talk about Jonestown.

In due course, he took three reporters back to the police outpost, there mentioning that at least one automatic rifle had been registered to the Jonestown arsenal — against strict government policy. When the three returned to the Weekend Disco, they shared the information. For Don Harris, contemplating his scheduled interview with Jones in the morning, there were now two flash points: the defector's note and the automatic rifle.

Leon Ryan was up at dawn on November 18, breakfasting on pancakes and syrup with bacon, all cooked over charcoal. In the school tent adjacent to the pavilion, children giggled at *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* on a television set. Jones had assured the reporters that a truck would fetch them around 8am, but it did not show up in Port Kaituma until after 10am. Ryan spent the morning holding interviews in the corner of the pavilion without harvesting a single dissident.

The reporters arrived close to 11. Harris conducted several soft interviews with residents. Harris' mind was on his promised contretemps with Jones, and he wanted it to take place at the end of the visit. He told Richard Dwyer that the night before he had learned things in Port Kaituma that he knew would be unsettling to Jones, so he wanted his "hard-hitting interview" to come at the last.

It began near 1pm. Much of the substance had already been covered in bits and pieces, but this was the interview that mattered. Covering the litany of charges against Jones, Harris was relentless. Fifteen minutes or so into the interview, he raised the matter of the automatic weapon.

"This is rubbish. I'm defeated. I might as well die," Jones said in sudden dejection, his voice rising. He began to sweat profusely, licking his lips again from the Nembutol in his system. "The guns have never been used to intimidate people."

Harris unsheathed the note given to him the night before, with the names of Monica Bagby and Vernon Gosney clearly printed. That marked them as the first to be shot three hours later. Lies, games, perversions: Jones' explanations had lost their credibility. Reports of fresh defectors were passed to the Father in whispers. Jones was dissolving before the very eye of his beholders.

"Every time they go, they lie," he

ATTENTION ALL BUSINESS CLASS TRAVELLERS

Fly Club Class to London and save up to \$1370.

As you can see several airlines offer a business class service to London. This service can cost you up to

Airline	Class	Return Fare to London			
		SYDNEY/MELBOURNE	BRISBANE	PERTH	
British Airways	Club	\$2242	\$2242	\$2132	
Lufthansa	Business	\$3010	No flight	No flight	
Singapore Airlines	Executive Zone	\$3010	No flight	\$2782	
Pan Am (via USA)	Clipper	\$3114	No flight	No flight	
Qantas	Business	\$3612	\$3556	\$3340	

FARES APPLICABLE AS OF NOVEMBER 1 1980

\$3612 return. However, British Airways will fly you to London in their new Club Class, which provides all the normal business class privileges for only \$2242 (return from Sydney/Melbourne).

Club offers you discrete seating in a separate cabin area, with an empty seat next to you whenever possible, a choice of hot meals, free drinks, free inflight entertainment, free eyeshades and free slipperettes.

Make the comparison and ask yourself: doesn't it make sense to fly Club?



British Airways Club. A better way to go about your business

BAA93 FCB

wailed. "The more that leave, the less responsibility we have. What I thought was keeping them here was the fear of the ghetto and alienation [in the States]. I must have failed somewhere. I want to hug them before they go..."

Edith Parks, a granite-faced little white-haired lady in her sixties, was the first to get Father's ghostly embrace. Her defection took place on national television, for as the cameras whirled at a distance out of earshot, Jones spoke in hushed tones to her, desperately trying to change her mind. The little lady in shorts sat, eyes fixed forward, jaw set, unspeaking, her hands held firmly in her lap. Soon enough, her whole family had voted to go as a unit, a *blood unit*, defying all Jones' efforts to make blood significant.

Then came another family, the Bogues, arguing among themselves, arguments of people with identity for a change but somehow arriving at a rocky consensus to leave. Earlier, Jones had succeeded in splitting the Bogue family, giving the father, Jim, a black companion and the mother, Edith a man named Harold Cordell. But Cordell had seen the shipment of cyanide offloaded from the *Cudjoe* only days before, and he saw the execution of Jones' vision coming. In this first group of public defectors, knowledge of the recent shipment of the cyanide was the key to their defection. All the talk was ending. The moment of the apocalypse had arrived, and they meant to take their last chance to escape it. They wanted to live.

This clutch of public traitors was white, but a group of black fugitives was also on its way out — but secretly. With street cunning, nine blacks slipped out of the camp early that morning, while Jones and his security force were preoccupied with the commotion of the visit. This group, too, contained blood units, with the exception of its leader, Robert Paul, who had left his wife, Ruletta Paul, nine years his junior, and his three children behind in Jonestown.

After the news of the first defections, Jones crawled deeper into his personal hellhole. Charles Garry stood beside him as the catastrophe hit, and the attorney was transfixed at the sight of Jones' shuddering.

"Jim, what's the matter with you?" Garry asked. "Let them leave. So what? Wish them well and ask them back when they feel like it."

"Oh, no," Jones replied, vacant-eyed. "These traitors! All is lost!"

Now there were 13 who wanted to go. Tension swept through the camp. Defectors were afraid to get their belongings, so Leo Ryan accompanied them back to their cottages, absorbing the hateful looks, comforting the refugees as insults were hurled at them. Residents stood at the doors of their barracks or at a safe distance from the rushings back and forth in the pavilion, glancing furtively at one

another and back at Ryan. Dwyer could feel it.

It was time to get the journalists out of there — and fast. Violence still did not cross his mind. It was just time to go home — right then. Still another family approached him, the Simonses, the father, Al, and his three children. That made 17. The Ryan plane would hold only 19. Dwyer rushed off to call Georgetown and order another plane to come. The press would have to be bumped. "What's wrong?" Sharon Amos' mystified voice crackled from Georgetown. "Are they bringing sick people?"

But Al Simons' wife, Bonnie, did not want to leave. Husband and wife argued. The husband picked up the children's things and started for the waiting truck. Dwyer hustled the defectors and the press toward the truck. A desperate scream knifed out of the air.

"No, no, no," the woman's voice

The clutch of public traitors was white, but a group of black fugitives was also on its way out — but secretly.

shrieked. It was Bonnie Simons, reaching out to her children.

"Don't worry. We're going to take care of everything," John Jones, the Reverend's adopted black son, said to her.

Dwyer and Ryan huddled. If neither of them stayed, there would be retaliation against Al Simons. Dwyer agreed to accompany the party to the airport; Ryan would stay to arbitrate the new custody battle, spending another night. Dwyer hurried back to the loaded truck, through the thick mud. It had begun to rain heavily.

Ryan stood near the pavilion, talking with Lane and Garry and Jones. Suddenly, from behind, an arm was around Ryan's neck, a knife point indenting the skin of his throat. "I'm gonna kill you. This is what you're gonna get," the voice from behind shouted.

For a split second Ryan thought that it was horseplay. The knife felt like a ball-point pen. He collapsed limply backward, batting the knife away as he fell, realising that this was no joke. Lane had time to grab the wrist of the assailant, holding the knife away from Ryan's neck. Garry got the attacker in a head hold. They tumbled

to the ground, the knife slashing the assailant and splattering blood on Ryan's shirt. As others jumped into the pile, trying to pin down the attacker, trying to wrest the knife away from him, Jones stood at the side, dazed, acting as if nothing were happening.

But soon he was animated. Screams from the attack reached the truck with the newsmen, and it emptied. Dwyer leading the race back to the pavilion, the newsmen on his heels. Jones rushed out to stop the charge. A quick negotiation took place. Along with Dwyer, one photographer, Greg Robinson, was allowed to proceed. It marked him for later.

Jones' face was pallid, stupid with fear. "I wish someone had shot me," he said.

"This is a serious occurrence," Ryan said, collecting himself, brave, downplaying the horror. "I've seen good things in Jonestown. This doesn't mean everything's over." If Jones would immediately call in the Guyanese police and have the assailant arrested, Ryan would place weight on that. The congressman still insisted that he would stay to arbitrate the Simons problem.

Dwyer took him aside. "I want your arse out of here... and now," the diplomat said, pulling rank. "You could become the focal point of a more terrible incident." Ryan relented, as Dwyer promised to return to Jonestown to handle the Simons matter after the congressman was airborne.

They moved to the truck. At a distance, slowly licking his parched lips, Jones stood in conversation with several security members, among them one Joseph Wilson, a beefy brute with neatly corn-rowed hair, a New Jersey ex-convict whom Jones had plucked from prison before his time was up. At the last moment a new defector, draped in a poncho, had joined the contingent. Minutes before, this last passenger, named Larry Layton, embraced Jim Jones.

"You will be proud of me" were Layton's last words to Father.

The rain poured down ferociously. Ryan climbed into the cab of the truck, along with the NBC cameraman, intent on more mood shots. Spinning its wheels in the mud, the truck slid helplessly into a ditch and had to be extracted by a bulldozer. Finally they were under way. At the brow of the hill overlooking Jonestown, the cameraman demanded that the truck stop again for more mood pictures.

One of the Parks family, Dale Parks, was near hysteria at the delay. He kept whispering to the outsiders that Larry Layton was not a genuine defector, that he was there to cause trouble, that he probably had a gun.

The truck should hurry, for the Temple guards were sure to be after them. The NBC producer, the ex-paratrooper Bob Flick, made his way toward the back of the

truck where Layton hung on in silence. Flick was a head taller than the insignificant Layton. If Layton tried something, Flick was ready to throw him off the truck.

The eight-mile trip through rain and mud took nearly an hour and a half. As the truck arrived at the airstrip, the rain ceased and the sun emerged. But the planes had not yet arrived. His bespattered shirt open to his solar plexus, a bedraggled Ryan sat down in the tin shack on the side of the dirt runway, waiting for the television crew to set up its cameras so that he could convey via film the details of his brush with death. Richard Dwyer rushed off to the local constabulary to report the attack on Ryan. When he got to the police hut in Port Kaituma, he found the constable drunk and the police radio out of order. In the sky the planes appeared, first the small Cessna, then the 19-seat Otter.

With the planes on the ground, Ryan began his interview.

"Where do we go now?" Harris asked toward the end.

"A report will be filed," Ryan said. "I've asked that the man be arrested as soon as possible, because the reputation of the People's Temple as a place of law and order is at stake."

"Can I just add there are a lot of good people who are there on a positive and supportive and idealistic basis, trying to do something that is different and important to them."

On this generous note, Ryan turned to the details of boarding the flight. Richard Dwyer arrived back at the airstrip now with the policeman, bearing a shotgun. Dale Parks frantically kept insisting that Layton was a plant, that he should be searched. The matter was debated. Minutes passed. With his shin-length poncho still on, Layton slipped into the small plane, stowing a revolver under the seat. The planes were parked 30 feet apart. A Ryan aide stood between the two planes, deciding who should board which plane.

Finally, it was decided that everyone would be searched. Layton was called out of the Cessna and directed to board the Otter. He objected fiercely. Congressman Ryan had promised him he could go out on the first plane. Ryan conciliated. What difference did it make? Layton was searched and then allowed to reboard the Cessna. Soon he was joined by Dale Parks and his 10-year-old sister, Tracy Parks, by Vernon Gosney and Monica Bagby, the original defectors. The pilot started the motor.

At the door of the Otter, the other refugees were searched and boarded. The newsmen waited their turn. Three hundred yards down the airstrip, the Temple dump truck re-emerged from the Port Kaituma road, followed by a tractor pulling a flatbed trailer. Nearly abreast of the Cessna the dump truck stopped. Three men emerged, striding toward Ryan. The tractor trailer crossed the runway and halted between the two planes.

Inside the Cessna Larry Layton was screaming. "Hurry up and take off! There's going to be trouble!" The Cessna began to taxi. The three Temple angels shoved a few local bystanders to the side. One snatched the shotgun from the policeman and pushed him back as well. a *first fight is about to break out*, one of the reporters thought.

Men rose from the flatbed trailer and began firing rifles. Ryan was hit first; his body dropped, wrapping around the tyre of the plane. Dwyer was hit in the rump. The fusillade was intense. Inside the Otter a bullet tore off the top of a fugitive's skull. Inside the Cessna Larry Layton shot Monica Bagby in the back and Vernon Gosney in the chest. Dale Parks rose to restrain the angel. Layton shoved the weapon into his chest and pulled the trigger. The gun misfired, but Parks fell back in this seat. Layton turned again to Bagby and Gosney, shooting them both a second

Ryan was hit first; his body dropped, wrapping around the tyre of the plane.

time. Parks recovered and wrestled Layton to the floor. In the course of the struggle, Parks shouted, "Larry, you fool, I'm here to help!" With that Layton went limp. Outside, people were running to the bush for their lives. Bodies were strewn around the plane, some dead, some feigning death. There was a brief cease-fire. Several who lay still, waiting for their *coup de grace*, heard footsteps as the angels trod among their victims. Three more shotgun rounds thudded point-blank into the chief enemies, making sure. The last blast slammed into the face of Leo Ryan.

As the trucks left Jonestown, missionaries moiled about their camp aimlessly. There was no more hysteria. The tension of the place ebbed away as the combustion noises of the trucks on the road faded. Marcelline Jones was soon on the loudspeaker, soothingly urging everyone to return to their cottages and apartments. Everything was fine. Later they would discuss the events of the day. With the community basically still intact, Charles Garry felt satisfied.

Almost halfheartedly, he advised Jones

to report the knife attack on Ryan to Port Kaituma by radio and have the police come to arrest the assailant. The man's name was Don Sly, Jones told Garry. His wife was a leader in the Concerned Relative group. Like Larry Layton, Sly had this special need to prove himself to the leader. When the truck disappeared from sight, Garry turned to Jones. Up until the Ryan attack, Garry had felt that his side had won the public-relations battle. So a few rotten apples had left. So what? But the knife attack was different.

"This [knife attack] was the act of an agent provocateur, Jim," Garry declared still frightened by the vacant look in Jones' eyes. "No one but an agent provocateur would do that."

"No, the people are just angry," Jones replied. Garry looked around him. He had seen no one angry. Anger, like love, had ceased to be a possibility in Jonestown. Only counterfeit emotions remained. And with counterfeit emotion no spontaneous action is possible. The script had been written in advance by Jones. There was some room for changes and deletions, depending upon the creativity of the actors, but the basic plot would stand. Jones had planned the knife attack, and now he could say their situation was hopeless.

On the loudspeaker the call to gather in the pavilion resounded. All around residents poured from their cottages. Their mood was festive. It was Saturday, a holiday, a day for television and games. Father sat on a bench, in despair. Next to him sat his chronicler, Harriet Tropp. Lane tried to be upbeat. "This can be the best day in the history of Jonestown," he said cheerily. "The positive aspects of Jonestown have been seen and filmed. The congressman told me that he'll write an objective report and that there will be no hearings."

"You're crazy! You're crazy!" Tropp shrieked at him.

"All is lost," Jones moaned.

In time he assumed his pedestal, adjusting the microphone. For the last time, this Prince of Omega, the Caesar Godhead, left his secular station and invested himself in the Office.

"I've tried to give you a good life," the master began. "In spite of all that I've tried, a handful of our people, with their lies, have made our life impossible. There's no way to detach ourselves from what's happened today. It was said by the greatest of prophets from time immemorial: No man takes my life from me. I lay down my life... If we can't live in peace, then let's die in peace."

As they applauded, he warmed to the theme of betrayal. The synthesiser music began. The soft tones of a spiritual singer washed over them. He repeated the words of an idolater: if this experiment had worked for but one day, it had been worthwhile. It was time to touch them all. All his

languages, all his tricks, all his voices, must go on display. This was his sermon in the swamp. He was calling in all his debts, and the tape of history was rolling.

"What's going to happen here in a matter of minutes is that one of those people on the plane is going to shoot the pilot — I know that. I didn't plan it," he lied, "but I know it's going to happen. They're gonna shoot that pilot, and down comes that plane into the jungle. And we had better not have any of our children left when it's over. Because they'll parachute in here on us," parachute in as if they were the avenging angels of a wrathful Sky God. The suggestion brought the first scream of hysteria.

"So my opinion is that you be kind to children and be kind to seniors and take the potion like they used to take it in ancient Greece and step over quietly, because we are not committing suicide. It's a revolutionary act. We can't go back, and they won't leave us alone. They're now going back to tell more lies, which means more congressmen. And there's no way, no way, we can survive."

His opinion, his decree, thus announced, he called for discussion. Was there dissent? Never, never dispute the Father in a white night; it was a law burned into their minds. If there was dissent, it would be planned. His foil searched for her courage. As she did, he talked on, building his case. If the children were left, they would be butchered. If they went on a hunger strike, they'd be striking against their Guyanese friends. It was too late for them to get their enemies — that would have to be left to the angels. Finally, the foil asked about Russia. The debate raged, Jones' deception on the Soviet covenant made clear, but it was too late for Russia, and he grew bored with the subject.

"I look at all the babies, and I think they deserve to live," the foil, Christine Miller, said.

"I agree, but much more they deserve peace."

"We all came here for peace," she said.

"Have they had it?" he retorted, besting her. They, not her.

"No."

"I tried to give it to you. I've laid my life down practically. I practically died every day to give you peace." His self-piety, his sacrifice, again. Could they rise, or descend, to his level? "And you still don't have peace. You look better than I've seen you in a long while, but still it's not the kind of peace that I wanted to give you. A person's a fool to continue to say that you're winning when you're losing."

To light candles, to curse the darkness: before, this was how they posed their dilemma. Now the twain were joined. Before, he had scoffed at the Epistles of Paul: "Servants, obey all things in your masters, according to the flesh, not with eye service as menpleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God ...

Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal, knowing that ye also have a master in heaven." Now, in his vain glory, he evoked Paul.

"Paul said there is a man born out of this season. I've been born out of this season just like all you are, and the best testimony we can make is to leave this goddam world."

The servants cheered, the raptures of slaves. The master ordered the potion. The crystals from 500-gram plastic bottles sprinkled into the purple solution of flavored drink. The syringes were scattered on the wooden picnic tables by the fistfuls, needles attached to some, making them weapons. Dr Larry Schacht, their Albert Schweitzer transmogrified, marshalled his nursing corps. Ruleta Paul, 24 years of age, wife of Robert Paul, leader of the fugitive band that had slipped into the jungle that morning, stepped forward with her child in her arms. Her atonement for

There
were convulsions.
There was vomiting.
The potion took
four minutes
to work.

her special guilt was to serve as first example. The child opened its mouth. The doctor squirted the liquid far back toward the uvula. "Children," Paul had told the Colossians, "obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord."

"Oh, God, we're dying. It's starting to hurt," someone cried.

"Great God, who said that?" Jones asked in irritation and then relented. "Come on up and speak, honey." He harked back to their enemies. They were responsible for this. "We win. We win when we go down. Tim Stoen don't have nobody else to hate. He'll destroy himself."

So that was their victory. They must all die so that Timothy Stoen would be deprived of an object for his hatred. For this inane absurdity, it took the Prophet's clairvoyance. Christine Miller was going too far. The foil was becoming sincere. She punctured his ridiculousness, and the centuries began to heckle her. "You're afraid to die." "You're no fucking good, God dammit." "You're only standing here because of him." She absorbed the abuse

as she watched the babies and small children being carried out into the field. Jones made a show of protesting her dissent as he directed the communion.

"Hold it. Everybody hold it. Not much longer. Lay down your burdens. I'm going to lay my burden down by the riverside ... When they start parachuting out of the air, they will shoot some of the innocent babies. Can you let them take your babies?"

The congregation responded as it had been taught. Did no one pinch himself? Did someone not, at least, exchange a quizzical glance with his neighbor? Christine Miller reached for her last argument, her final challenge.

"You mean you want to see John die?" she asked, referring to John Victor Stoen.

"What?" he said, startled, buying a second to think.

"You mean you want to see John, the little one, die?"

"John — John? Do you think I'd put John's life above others? He's no different to me than any of these children here. I don't put one above another. I can't separate myself from your actions or his actions. If you'd done something wrong, I'd stand for you. If they wanted to come and get you, they'd have to take me."

Christine receded into the mass. He complimented her. She was honest, and she had stayed with him, not running away with the betrayers. Her life was precious to him, as precious as John Victor Stoen's. Now he could get on with it. Now he saw that this was the will of the sovereign being. The Sky God was reinstalled. Had they noticed that only white people had betrayed them? Even he was deceived at the end. As the children came for their potion, he blessed them.

"I've tried so very, very hard from the time we were here," he groaned. "Together it's just easy. It's easy."

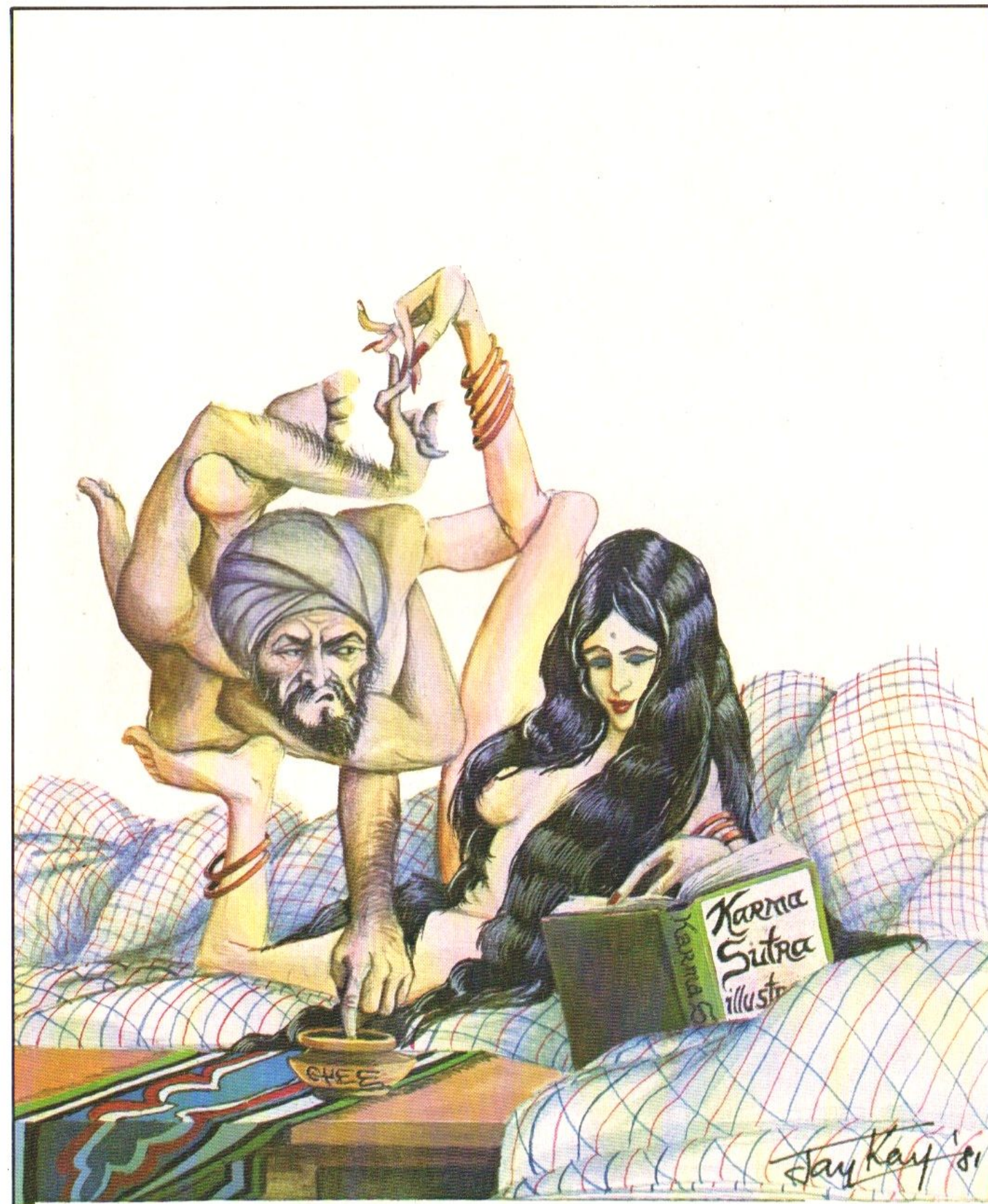
"At one time I felt just like Christine," a woman said, "but after today I don't feel anything, because the people that left here were white, and I know that it really hurt my heart."

"It broke your heart, didn't it?" he said, selectively sentimental.

His adopted son came to him, whispering the news from the airstrip. He announced it frantically: "It's all over, all over. What a legacy! What a legacy!" Ryan was dead. Many of the traitors were dead. His "red brigade" had shown them justice. The enemies had provoked this. They were responsible, not him. His voice rose with urgency. The process was too slow. Children's screams filled the arena.

He issued orders. "Please get some medication. There's no convulsions with it ..."

There were convulsions. There was vomiting. The potion took four minutes to work. He wanted it to work faster. The Guyanese soldiers were coming. Quicker. Keep moving. It was an administrative



"I'm warning you now, Yasmin — if this doesn't work ...!"

problem. A nurse tried to help. "The people that are standing there in the aisles will have to move," her flat usher's voice announced. "Everybody get behind the table and back this way, okay? There's nothing to worry about. Everybody keep calm. They're not crying from pain. It's just a little bitter tasting. We have lots of little children here, and we will serve them."

But the agony of it persisted, the organ strains and the Valium in the mix doing little to dampen the pain. These things take time. It would take three hours to finish the job. By "serving" the little children first, Jones' managerial talent surfaced again: having murdered their children, how could the parents have a strong will to live?

"You can't separate yourself from your brother and sister. No way I'm going to do it. I refuse. I don't know who killed the congressman, but as far as I'm concerned, I killed him. You understand what I'm saying. I killed him." They understood: they had killed him, too.

The reverberation of his voice was lost in the screams of children. Pandemonium was hell's capital, and no amount of his brilliant, loathsome oratory or his organ player's dirge or his monster-doctor's Valium could keep the place from consorting with chaos.

"Stop these hysterics," he scolded. "This is not the way for Socialistic-Communists to die." He was right about that, at least. "We must die with some dignity. We had no choice. Now we have some choice." He meant the choice of the group, not the choice of the individual, but the two were dangerously moving into opposition. "You think they are going to allow this to be done, allow us to get by with this?" This crime against humanity he seemed to mean. "You must be insane."

"Mother, mother, mother, please, mother, please, mother, please, please, please. Don't do this. Don't do this. Lay down your life with your child, but don't do this." Be mannerly in your slaughter.

"We are doing this for you?" a woman shouted at him. Was it a final, bleating rebuke?

He ignored it. "Free at last. Peace. Keep your emotions down. Keep your emotions down, children. It will not hurt if you will be quiet."

As youthful screams melded with music, he tried history.

"It's never been done before, you say? It's been done by every tribe in history, every tribe facing annihilation. All the Indians of the Amazon are doing it right now. They refuse to bring any babies into the world. They kill every child. They don't want to live in this kind of world . . . The Eskimos? They take death in their stride." His final identification was with the aborigines of the world.

"Quit telling them they are dying!" he demanded, as if lying to the children were more dignified. "If you adults would stop

some of this nonsense! ADULTS! ADULTS! ADULTS! I call on you to stop this nonsense. I call on you to quit exciting your children when all they are doing is going to quiet rest. I call on you to stop this now, if you have any respect at all. Are we black, proud, and Socialists?

"YES!" came the diminished response.

The children were gone. The old and the infirm were next. From somewhere came still more to try to please him with flatteries. For once, he needed no further gratification. "Where's the vat, the vat, the vat? Where's the vat? The vat with the green potion." He brushed them aside, matter-of-factly, mistaking the color of the stuff. "Bring it here so the adults can begin. If you fail to follow my advice you will be sorry. *You will be sorry.*"

In the radio room his mistress, Maria Katsaris, directed the final details. Three aides, all white, were called and given their mission to carry the letters and the

The bullet
had entered Jones
behind the left ear
and departed
from the right
temple.

cash to Feodor Timofeyev, their contact in the Russian Embassy in Georgetown. Later, all security bearing arms, some 25 people, were summoned. There was to be no mayhem among the guards at the end. Meanwhile, Katsaris messaged to Georgetown in code what was happening. Angels were to be dispatched to Georgetown hotels to murder the remaining enemies there, particularly Timothy Stoen. Then they were to kill themselves. How was it to be done? the question returned. They had no firearms in Georgetown, no potion. Slowly, in Morse code, the letters came back. K-N-I-F-E.

The Katsaris gave her last order to the radio operator. "Now tell Georgetown that we're having a power failure," she said. The operator yanked a critical part from the transmitter and handed it to her. She walked off to her private ceremony in the West House, dying in Jim Jones' bed.

Meanwhile, at Lamaha Gardens, in Georgetown, unaware still of what was happening, Sharon Amos assumed her post in the radio room. As the news crackled in from Jonestown, she contacted San Francisco, instructing the Geary Street

apostles to move high up on the band for an emergency dispatch. Frantically, San Francisco searched for a connection without success. But in due course the telephone rang.

From a great distance, Amos spoke the code urgently. "*Do what you can to even the score.*" The code had been in force for a long time. It meant that the last stand had come and that the avenging angels were to go forth against the iniquitors. But they were not dispatched. In Georgetown Jones' son Stephen and several others did go to the hotel where Timothy Stoen waited for news, but the young Jones' only thrust was verbal. "Why did you cause all these deaths?" he said lamely. No knife was drawn, not there, not in San Francisco — not yet, anyway.

Hysterically, at the Temple House, Sharon Amos screamed the news to the 75 or so communards, urging that their ritual-of-the-knife begin. It had been decreed from Jonestown. Her mates looked at her dully. She was not Jim Jones. This was not Jonestown. They never liked her much anyway. Outside, the cars of another reality pattered by. In disgust, she climbed the stairs to the second-floor bathroom, summoning first her son, aged 10; her daughter, aged 11; then her hefty daughter Lianne, aged 21; and, finally Charles Beikman, the 43-year-old idiot ex-Marine. Lianne brought the butcher knife. First, Amos slit her young daughter's throat, then her son's. Then she had Beikman hold her 21-year-old daughter, and that was the end of Lianne. Finally, she started on herself, and the loutish Beikman finished the job.

When the troops approached Jonestown more than a day later, spread out in battle formation, inching into the camp in full combat attire, expecting the mad surge of fanatics, they found only a few signs of resistance. The overwhelming preponderance of the evidence pointed to acquiescence, to complicity.

And they found Pastor Jones. His body lay, face up, on the steps of his manifold pedestal, his red shirt falling open on either side, exposing his soft belly, his head upon a pillow, his eyes locked open skyward. The bullet had entered behind the left ear and departed from the right temple. Its path was consistent with suicide by a left-handed person, but Jim Jones was right-handed. A .38 pistol was found 30 yards from his body. In his stomach was a lethal dose of the barbiturate pentobarbital, which had not had time to circulate through his system. So at his last moment he had needed a fistful of pills to steel himself to meet his Maker.

His hand lay limp on the fold of his belly, his middle finger bent to the centre of his palm in a gesture of teaching, his passion waned away at last. Nirvana. ☯

From the forthcoming book *Our Father Who Art in Hell* by James Reston, Jr., to be published by Times Books. © James Reston, Jr.



JULIE



ENCORE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN McKEOWN

You've kept all those cards and letters rollin' in, folks, so here she is. Julie Jones, take a bow! Our actress Pet, who appeared in the September 1980 issue, has made a lot of fans . . . for her television and theatre appearances as well as her *Penthouse* pictorial. And hopefully you'll be seeing a lot more of her, because 24-year-old Julie has been doing movie screen tests, and we're sure her name will soon be up in lights.

Our 36-24-34 Pet has been very busy since we last saw her. Recently she played seven characters in the play *Deeds*, by Howard Brenton, David Hare, Trevor Griffith and Ken Campbell. The production, which ran for

eight weeks, was part of The Ensemble Theatre's 21st birthday celebrations. The parts Julie played included a nurse, a 40-year-old woman and a shady lady (complete with short nude scene).





Clothes, Cash Palace; lingerie, tops, Raymond Castles.



"The theatre is extremely challenging," says Julie, "and I thoroughly enjoyed my roles in *Deeds*. I hope to do more live work, but I must admit that television and movies *do* give an actress more exposure. In the meantime, I am keeping up my drama school studies and doing guest appearances on television shows."



Julie has a guest role in *Bellamy*, a new cop show starring John Stanton, and *A Special Place*, both of which are unscheduled. "The more work I do," says Julie, "the more confidence I get. I'm starting to receive quite a lot of fan letters



and people are recognising me in the street. I've even had autograph seekers come up to me. If I become really famous I suppose that sort of thing might bother me, but at the moment I must confess it is a bit of a buzz!" 

trusted? What about this trend in the over fifties?

What are those blasted late questionnaires? What are they doing in West Australia? Who invented these time zones anyway?

Last chance. The story's written, just the figures needed now. Labor to win, but by how much?

Where are those West Australian figures?

All right, damn you, the figures are: . . .

The result: bloody perfect. Bang bang bang bang. Across the board. Not one percentage point out either way — anywhere!

Two IBM computers and Roy did it on the seat of his pants.

Just don't tell anyone.

"Politicians," the man said, "are the only buyers of market research who must gain a 50 percent market share. That's the difference between political polling and ordinary commercial market research."

Mike Larbalastier, chairman of the Market Research Society of Australia, was simplifying, but he was making his point.

Normally, the buyer of the pollsters' services is not too fussed by the odd one or two, or even five or 10 percentage points.

But politicians aren't ordinary people. In politics, coming second is as good as coming last. A miss really is as good as a mile.

A miss is what four out of five pollsters did in the 1980 Federal election. Only one came within coo-ee (non-jargon for what the statisticians call "confidence limits") of predicting the real Labor Party vote. They weren't too crash hot on the vote for the Government, either.

Of the two Gallup pollsters, Morgan's predicted 46.5 percent of the total vote would go to the ALP, McNair predicted 49 percent. The Australian's telephone poll gave the ALP 47.8 percent, the *Financial Review's* ANOP poll of marginal seats gave the ALP 49½ percent, and *The Age/Sydney Morning Herald* poll topped the lot by predicting an ALP vote, nationwide, of 49.6 percent.

When the figures went up after the election, Bill Hayden's boys had only just got 45.2 percent, and were in the Opposition for another three years.

The errors varied from 1.3 percent for Morgan's, to 4.4 percent for *The Age* poll. *The Age* was even farther out with its prediction of the Government percentage — it missed out by five and a half percentage points, which in total numbers is about half a million people, more than enough to sweep the wicked socialists to power.

Even after making allowances for the plus or minus two percent, which the polls admit is their inherent possible error, more polls were outside that margin for error than were inside it.

If one were to regard the election predicting polls as a sort of triennial testing

of sample surveys, three out of the five companies would not have passed. They wouldn't graduate, they'd have to repeat the year — not up to scratch.

Yet the dole queues have not swollen with the mass sackings of market researchers, and there have been no announcements by the heads of commercial radio or television that henceforward there would be no more ratings game. There was a bit of stuff in the papers, a bit of not so gentle chiding by the more successful pollsters of their unfortunate colleagues, but no bankruptcies, no resignations — scarcely even an apology. For the pollsters, it was back to their real business: making money.

Sample surveys are based on the same principle a chef uses to taste his tomato soup. He doesn't have to drink the whole pot to know that a sip will give him a pretty good idea if it needs more milk. The statisticians talk about convergence. More

“
The
more people
you ask, the closer
you will get to an
accurate picture
of society.
”

people in society have similar views than hold weirdo views, and the more people you ask, the closer you will get to an accurate picture of society as a whole. In a sample of 10 you can't get a figure like 45 percent — it'll be either 40 percent or 50 percent.

To get something like 46 percent you'll have to interview at least 100 people. To get to a decimal point you'll need 1000 people. Most proper surveys are satisfied with 2000 people, although the Australian Bureau of Statistics, which runs a lot of important surveys, likes to knock more than 20,000.

Of course you can miss out on nuances. You could miss the lumpy bit in the soup. Just as there is no Santa Claus, there is no perfect microcosm of society. So if you ever read the fine print of an opinion poll you'll see all sorts of stuff about standard deviations and square roots of other things, but as one commercial researcher told me "ignore it, it's all technological garbage".

The sample error, which is one measure of the accuracy of a survey, is around plus or minus two percent on a

survey size of 2000. That means any percentage in the survey could be two percentage points more or less ie. if the survey says 45 percent of people will vote Labor, it really means between 43 and 47 percent. The larger the sample size, the smaller the sample error. Conversely, the smaller the sample size, the bigger the possible error.

So how come the opinion polls were still wrong, even after taking into account possible sample error?

To answer that question in a way the opinion samplers would understand: at the one extreme, you can say the sample survey method is just bullshit; at the other, you can go into all sorts of factors that account for variance and be bored stiff. Suffice it to say that while polling may be based on the science of statistics, polling itself is not a science. A voting prediction is just a bit more than an educated guess. There are just too many variables.

The *Australian* survey is a telephone survey. Gary Morgan, of Morgan's, claims his research shows telephone surveys have a natural bias to Liberal-Country Party voters because they are more likely to own telephones than Labor voters. The ANOP *Financial Review* poll was carried out in only 15 marginal seats, and was not a national poll at all. Quite simply, the ANOP poll should not have been projected to national percentages.

Then of course one has to take into account the way the pollsters distribute the "don't knows", the way in which people say what is expected rather than what they actually do, and the way they can actually change their mind. Ian McNair suggests the way the predictions were favoring Labor could well have dissuaded people from voting Labor because they had only intended to vote Labor to give Fraser a kick in the bum, but when they saw Labor could actually win, they forgot all about Fraser's shortcomings in their fear of voting in Hayden.

This is the opposite to the bandwagon effect, and brings up the question of the influence, if any, of public opinion polls in a democratic society.

Once upon a time I used to think Roy Morgan, who ran the only Gallup Poll for 30 years, was the only journalist who ever made a million dollars in Australia. (This was before Mike Willesee and them.) But then I found out he was really an accountant all the time.

Morgan used to do some sort of Book-keeping and You column for the *Melbourne Herald* when he was given the job of looking after the *Herald's* latest toy, the rights to the Gallup Poll, in 1941. In those days there was a war on and the Gallup Poll, devised by American George Gallup to predict presidential elections and reactions to Roosevelt's New Deal, was used in Australia to check out the national morale.

The first Australian election predicted by the Gallup Poll was in 1946 and, as Morgan's will never tire of crowing, they were right. Indeed, Morgan's have been right in their final election eve forecast ever since. That is one of the things that so infuriates the critics of Morgan, of which there are many.

One of Morgan's strongest critics these days is the Labor Party, but much of that criticism is a matter of blaming the messenger for the message.

Morgan people, of course, deny any bias. The fact that the company does a lot of work for the Liberal Party, to which it is close, especially in Victoria, and does very little, if any, for the Labor Party, is just not discussed. That the company would phrase its questions to evince a desired answer is also denied strongly by the managing director, Gary Morgan, son of the founder, Roy.

In a study to be published later this year, political scientists Murray Goot and Rodney Tiffen detail the way in which the Gallup Poll was used to consistently downplay the opposition to the Vietnam War, by such as overstatement of some responses, understatement of other response, and question wording. Gary Morgan insists his firm only ever asks questions which will elicit a fair and accurate answer.

Goot and Tiffen concede that in at least one poll Morgan's gave a more accurate reading of public opinion about Vietnam than a poll designed by the well-known political scientist, Don Aitkin.

Aitkin asked a question providing four possible answers ("we should have troops in Vietnam including conscripts", "... only volunteers", "... no troops ... only civilian experts", "we should stay out altogether"). Morgan was more to the point: "Do you think we should continue in Vietnam or bring back the troops?" Between 1967 and 1969, Morgan charted an increase of 27 percent in the opposition to the Vietnam War, whereas Aitkin's more confusing poll, over the same period, registered a change of only seven percentage points.

"We ask simple questions which people can understand, to get accurate results," says Morgan. "Ask a confusing question and you'll get confused results." Aitkin's survey provided people with a middle-of-the-road cop-out position, which they took. Although academically scientific and justifiable, the result was, in simple terms, a gross misreading of the radical shift in public opinion against the Vietnam War.

In other cases, say his critics, it is the Morgan poll which "rigs" the answer by elaborate prefaces or using value words. Prior to the 1975 election the Morgan poll used words "likely to bring forth an approval-disapproval set" which would color the person's answer, according to Sydney University's Sample Survey Centre director, Dr Terry Beed.

Goot has also cited Malcolm Fraser, pointing out that a response can depend on the way the question is framed. The Prime Minister used as an example: "Are you in favor of exporting uranium" and "Are you in favor of mining and exporting uranium for peaceful purposes as Australia has done for the past 20 years?", which, says Goot, is similar to the way Morgan has at times framed the uranium question.

However, in this latter case the results "were not very different". Also, in the 1975 "rigging" case Dr Beed takes the view the way the question was framed explains the slightly lower Labor vote rating the poll obtained, whereas I just don't believe that at all, rather the opposite.

But who cares? It just shows polling, even the important art of questionnaire design, is no more a science than literary criticism.

The option is there, nevertheless, for a

“
We ask
simple questions
which people can
understand, to
get accurate
results.
”

client to use a pliant pollster to "rig" a public opinion reading. Morgan, the one thought most likely to do it — by Labor supporters — and ANOP — the one thought most likely to do it by Government supporters — both vehemently deny they would rig a questionnaire to elicit a response favorable to their client. Morgan adds that even if the client set the questions (which isn't often) he would qualify the reports if he thought the question was unfair.

But Morgan says a lot of things. He's renowned for it. He calls the other pollsters "beginners". Ian McNair says the McNair-Anderson prediction for the 1980 election was "just within the range of sampling error". Morgan says "if they have that big a margin they might as well give up".

With his flamboyant manner of talking about the superiority of his polls and the inferiority of his rivals, and his almost anarchistic independence, the surprise is not so much how many enemies he has made but that they are so few.

But this is probably a factor of his personality, which is mercurial, even crazy,

but usually likeable. Even within the hallowed halls of his arch rivals, the McNair-Anderson organisation, you'll find people grudgingly admitting to actually liking the bloke, even as he flays them in whatever outlet he can get.

Last year the Roy Morgan Research Centre Pty Ltd, to give it its full name, resigned from both polling professional groups, the Market Research Society and the Association of Market Research Organisations. This follows criticism of the Morgan Gallup Poll by the NSW Privacy Committee.

The committee suggested the Morgan way of secretly coding the filled-in questionnaires was an intrusion of privacy. This followed complaints about both Morgan and McNair using the Gallup Poll name.

Both companies use a little ballot box technique to take voting intentions. It is supposed to simulate the real thing; an attempt at verisimilitude. Now half the idea of the poll is to relate the respondent's voting intention with the demographic and other data contained on the rest of the questionnaire. So as soon as the interview is over the interviewer must go back to her car and open the ballot box to match up the voting intention with the rest of the data — or something like that. What they do is simply mark one of a series of printed numbers on the top of the questionnaire which matches up with the ballot paper, which goes into the ballot box.

While McNair's coding technique is allegedly obvious to the respondent, the Morgan code is not at all obvious. The MRS asked Morgan to change the system. He said it didn't matter, but the society, backed up by the Privacy Committee, insisted. Morgan then launched into his usual style of attack, accusing the Privacy Committee of infringing the United Nations Charter of Human Rights (!) and in one of his early press releases on the matter even concluded with a passage from Shakespeare's *Henry VIII* and a comparison of his own organisation with none other than Sir Thomas More! Can you believe it?

Eventually, he accused the MRS of persecuting him — its chairman is an employee of McNair — and resigned. His rivals say this makes him an outlaw, no longer bound by the ethics of the society. Morgan's reply is to the point, but not fully printable in a magazine that sells in Queensland.

"My father started the society. They can't tell us about ethics! We started market research in this country. They can't tell us how to run our surveys.

"It's nothing. Nobody cares about the society. My clients hardly even know it exists."

As Berocca is to bread, Morgan is to McNair, although they are both the sons of the founders of their respective empires. But while Roy Morgan came from Sir Keith Murdoch's school of journalism, McNair

Snr was an adman who got into research via the commercial radio ratings game.

In 1972, McNair amalgamated with Andersons, another media rating organisation which had its genesis in the Macquarie Broadcasting group. The next year *The Herald and Weekly Times*, which had given Roy Morgan his start back in 1941, gave the Morgan organisation the boot for reasons still not spoken about, and appointed McNair-Anderson, which at that time was inexperienced in national opinion poll sampling.

That deprived Morgan of one third of his business, but as opinion polls are more image-building than profitable exercise and Morgan soon swung a contract with the *Bulletin*, it wasn't too bad. However, it did not endear the McNair organisation to Morgan, and what Morgan has to say about McNair-Anderson doesn't exactly win him any friends among the hierarchy at McNair's.

Last year, when Audits of Great Britain made a takeover offer to McNair-Anderson (which was accepted), Morgan took the matter before the Foreign Investment Review Board. All part of the hurly-burly of the business.

McNair shuns such boisterous competition. Basically a quiet man, McNair is more likely to be in his office taking the square root of the quotient of P times 100 minus P and N than out in the marketplace excoriating his rival's figures.

The first election after Morgan lost the *Melbourne Herald* contract was held in 1974, and the Morgan Gallup Poll "slaughtered" the McNair Gallup Poll, being bang on for every percentage point for each major party — and even the inevitable "other parties" — for the House of Reps, whereas McNair was three percentage points out for both Labor and Liberal-Country Party votes. But in the 1975 and 1977 elections, McNair's predictions were closer than Morgan's. The results of the 1980 elections place these two great rivals at 2-2.

The base of the McNair-Anderson business is the rating game. They conduct both the television and the radio ratings, under contract to the organisations representing the commercial channels and stations.

There are some suggestions that this control by the commercial broadcasters is perhaps why the ABC never rates highly in the ratings, but grumblings about the accuracy of the ratings always emanate from the low-raters, never from the stations on top.

But there are grounds for criticism. The method used for one: every week some 400 homes in each major capital are given a diary to fill in the details of every quarter hour of television watching — an onerous task, but not impossible. Some critics claim this leads to a natural bias: a bias towards people dumb enough to fill in diaries.

To get around this bias and to take the business, Morgan installed electronic meters on about 400 TV sets in Melbourne and began monitoring what the TV sets were turned on to. He came up with vastly different results for what were the top channels. However this meter method is also full of traps, and also has an inbuilt bias — towards people prepared to be wired up to a computer — real big brother stuff.

But what did the TV and radio executives say when the McNair poll was so quantifiably wrong in predicting how people would vote? Nothing. As one expert in the media surveying field said: "They're stupid."

And here we come once again to the message and the medium problem; McNair-Anderson can only tell their clients so often that the figures are, at best, only estimates. They cannot dictate how to use them.

“
Morgan
installed electronic
meters on about
400 TV sets in
Melbourne and began
monitoring them.
”

If advertisers want to make thousand-dollar decisions on weekly radio polls, which even the survey companies will admit to being as reliable as your Aunt Fanny's arthritis, that's their lookout.

Indeed, this is the ultimate escape clause, but it is a valid one. The surveyors collect the information because they are asked for it. And although they will often give guidelines on its use, they have no control over it.

The TV and radio ratings in the hands of some of the goons who run those shows is like a bag of lollies and a baby — you can tell 'em not to eat 'em all at once, but don't turn your back.

It's the same with journalists and public opinion polls.

As long as editors prefer full-on predictions to the carefully hedged each-way bets of the pollsters, and journalists fail to take into account sample error, or fail to write out the actual questions in their stories, the pollsters say, the public will be misled into thinking things are much more certain than they are.

Which is precisely what happened with the ANOP Poll last election, although

ANOP's Rod Cameron is not prepared to heap all the blame on to *The Financial Review* journalists. The ANOP Poll surveyed 15 of the 25 seats most likely to fall if Labor would win.

Obviously, it was on these marginal seats that the party concentrated much of its effort; these seats were therefore not representative of the electorate as a whole. In the story this was made fairly clear, and even when the journalist extrapolated from the figures the saving clause "if the same relativities hold true nationally" was included. Still, the headline read "Fraser's Hopes Fade".

ANOP's figures did not hold up nationally — they were way off. But they were a pretty good fit on the 15 seats they were meant for.

Obviously, the sub-editors at the *Financial Review* are just the same as subs anywhere else in newspapers.

Cameron, who runs ANOP, is of the new school of pollsters. Only 32, he joined the fledgling ANOP as an Honors graduate in psychology when Rupert Murdoch was setting it up to counter the Morgan monopoly of polling in 1971.

Financially not successful, Murdoch cut it loose in 1974 and Cameron bought it. Founded when Rupert was backing Gough Whitlam, ANOP became the ALP pollsters, doing much of the sophisticated research work that backed the brilliantly successful 1972 Labor campaign. Rupert has left Labor in the lurch, but ANOP hasn't. Indeed Cameron has become a key member of Labor's campaign strategy committee.

In between elections, ANOP concentrates on the most sophisticated sort of research which attracts clients like foreign governments and giant oil companies. This is the opposite end of the market research spectrum from the Morgan or McNair "number-crunching" approach.

When McNair may be doing an analysis of dog food buying by sex and age, the most respected of the so-called qualitative market researchers could be preparing a report on who's who in the News Ltd empire, for the Japanese Government, or looking for common ground in Government and Opposition policies for a multinational aluminium company.

The target here is not so much your purse, as your mind. The corporate image of a multinational — "goodwill" on the account books of your corner grocer — is worth many millions of dollars — even the whole shebang, if someone decides to nationalise it.

Twenty or 30 grand spent on monitoring that reputation is cheap insurance on a couple of billion dollars.

If a company has a poor public image it may find itself attracting only second-rate engineers, having to pitch above market rate for its debentures, or even missing out on lucrative contracts or mining leases.

Knowing just who to lobby and what sort of material to give the targetted persons, is another sort of question the qualitative researchers can answer.

Irving Saulwick, who organises *The Age* Poll, is another in this rarefied field of quantifying intangibles such as corporate image and decision-maker attitudes. He recently completed a study, for the Textile Council of Australia, of 40 MPs and their attitudes to economic development, free trade, long-term/short-term structural change and so on.

An economist by training, Saulwick came into the polling business from management consulting. He worked originally for Australian Sales Research Bureau, a subsidiary of the British P.E. Consulting Group.

After P.E. packed up and went back home Morgan bought ASRB's clients, but not Saulwick.

ASRB had developed an opinion poll for *The Age* and *Sydney Morning Herald* in 1971, and Saulwick kept that contract, farming out the expensive fieldwork to Unilever's research arm, Beacon. (Since the 1980 debacle you will notice Beacon is not mentioned so often as being involved in the poll.)

In his first poll, in 1972, using the 25 marginal seat method, Saulwick was almost bang on with every prediction, and has made the right prediction in all subsequent Federal elections until the latest one, when he overestimated the Labor vote by 4½ points, and underestimated the Government vote by 5½ — enough for him to predict a Labor win.

There are people who blame his earlier polls, which showed an even greater ALP lead, for the Labor loss. By showing clearly that Labor could win, he alerted those prepared to register a protest vote against the Government but not prepared to see a Labor prime minister.

Along with the other polls showing a Labor lead, Saulwick's apparently energised the Government into getting back into dirty campaigning, especially in New South Wales.

Without going overboard on *post hoc propter hoc* analysis, the swing to Labor was far less in NSW than predicted by all polls.

The reason, suggests Saulwick, was the virulent fear campaign the Liberals launched there, the Labor-capital-gains-property-tax line, which was the subject of court cases over its allegedly misleading character.

Misleading or not, the figures show it worked.

But whether there really was a big swing back to the Government in the final week of the campaign can never really be known.

The election is the only test of the polls, and that they were all over-estimating Labor's support is not irrefutable evidence.

Regarded by the industry as more academically inclined than the other pollsters, Saulwick admits that while he has been spot-on in the past, this is more luck than good management. Basically an honest researcher, he is less inclined to hype his figures and predictions. He knows the limitations of the polls and makes them clear to his clients. He's been lucky in the past, he admits, and he was unlucky in 1980.

Saulwick's *Age* Poll was distinguished by being the most wrong. Which is ironic, as his reputation is probably the least assailed, his fieldworkers employed by the indubitably uncontroversial Beacon company, his sample a virtual "Rolls-Royce", and his client Australia's most respected newspaper, *The Age*.

But just as the laws of statistics mean that 19 times out of 20 the polls should be no more than two percentage points out, one time in 20 it should be out by more

“
It is
estimated that
more than 800,000
Australians
are polled every
year.
”

than two percent. Perhaps in 1980 Saulwick's number was up.

Surveying voting intentions is not the only political work the pollsters do. Since 1972, when Gough Whitlam's Labor Party brought Kennedy-style electioneering to Australia, the major parties have, when they could afford to, sampled the public's opinion on everything from the color of their leader's hair to various sections of the party platform. Last year Fraser's opening campaign speech was carefully pre-tested on various groups to weed out the boring and relatively unattractive promises. The advertisements and slogans were also pre-tested. The Liberal Party employs a full-time research director to run polls and keep records of the published opinion polls — keeping a finger on the pulse of the population.

A survey of rural areas for the Country Party found that farmers liked a man who kept those fancy-talking city-slickers in line and who could match them on their own terms; the result: more of the arrogant blustering Doug Anthony we all know and love.

Sometimes polls are used by one sec-

tion of the party against another. Leadership popularity polls are an example. Sometimes the results of such polls are shredded by the clients before too many people see them.

A private poll showing Andrew Peacock as commanding more swing votes than Fraser would be an example, if Mal was the client. It would be leaked if Peacock was the client.

But political polls only account for perhaps one percent of the total market research industry, worth somewhere between 25 and 50 million dollars a year. You name it, and odds are someone's doing a survey about it.

It is estimated more than 800,000 Australians are polled every year. Every weekend both McNair and Morgan have interviewers in the field, each asking about 1000 people not just what they think of Fraser or Hayden, but about vital matters like cigarette smoking, dog food, petrol, hamburgers, baked beans, soap powders, what magazines you read, etc etc.

The battle for your money is never ending. There are people checking your garbage bins and noting your reactions as you pass certain supermarket shelves; one company wires people up and then shows them television ads; other companies give you three kinds of cheese dip and then want to know which one you liked best. Some of these companies are straight, some are not.

Some are just straight-out conmen, pretending to do surveys but really trying to sell you encyclopaedias, wall-cladding, or some bullshit religion. Sometimes the methodology is as perfect as money will allow, other times as shonky as they can get away with. There's even one company now in the public opinion poll field that gets you to pay for the chance to have your opinion included. The validity of that sample group is nil — unless you want a sample of what suckers are thinking — which, come to think of, a lot of advertisers would be interested in.

Sometimes the research is as Machiavellian as Vance Packard and the conspiracy theorists would suggest, but more often than not it's just a rough and ready attempt to find out what color tin is best for dog food.

The McDonald's hamburger people buy more market research than the Uranium Producers' Forum.

There are some quite horrifying trends towards mind manipulation evinced by some of the activities of the more sophisticated marketers who use market research as a tool to make you buy the things you don't want or need. The politicians are not alone in that field. But lest you get overawed by the fact that there's a couple of thousand people in Australia earning their money by reading your mind, re-read the stories in the beginning of this article. Remember, an army is only as good as its intelligence. ☛

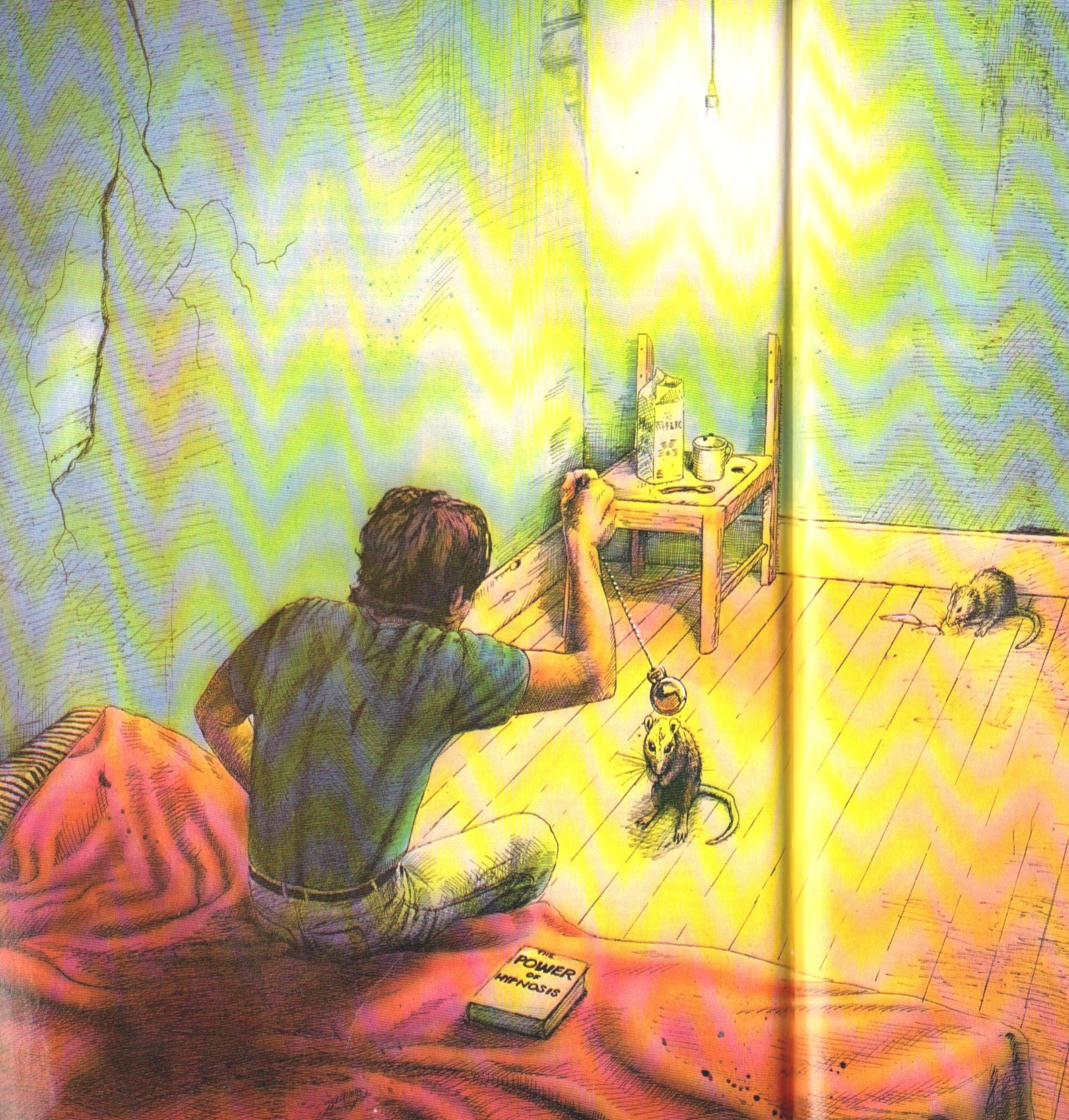


Illustration by Mark Salowski / Imewarp

How Colin "Ratso" Talbot
discovered the meaning of meaning
and turned the tables on . . .

WRITER'S BLOCK

BY COLIN TALBOT

I guess I first became interested in hypnotism when I was a child growing up in the Fifties in a small country town. I saw my grandfather put a chook into a trance by holding its head down and drawing a white chalk line on the grey concrete, straight out from its beak. The chicken stopped struggling and lay there docile and catatonic, hypnotised by the line. Later I tried this technique on myself and a couple of young friends yet none of us ever went into a trance, well, not so as we would notice. However this is not to say the chook technique does not work on human beings. Maybe it just doesn't work on small humans.

I think it is no accident that chickens are much associated with jokes about roads and that on most roads all around the world, there is a white line, running right down the middle or thereabouts. Long distance truck drivers have much folk lore about the hypnotic effect of this painted divider which they call "white line fever", putting lonely travellers into visionary states which usually end with them wrapping their machines around telegraph poles. And white lines are very much the mode these days at "those" parties. You see fashionable people with their nose down to a white line, say on a mirror on a table, trying desperately to hypnotise themselves. Sometimes, like magic, the line disappears, their noses twitch, and a few minutes later they appear to be in some kind of trance.

Personally, apart from taking interest in hypnotism as an entertainment on stage or the television, I never tried it again. Not until recently when owing to circumstances which occasionally arise in the lives of those who make a living by writing — that is to say, poverty — I began to seriously cast around for

possibilities which might ward off the oncoming starvation.

Recently fallen on hard times, I was down to the last Sao, with scarcely enough dripping left to form a layer over the biscuit. The windows of the garrett I owed rent on needed more plastic to keep out the bitter winds. Things were so bad that the only thing left for the rats to eat was me. Why couldn't they just jump ship like normal rats do when the going gets tough?

Finally we reached an agreement to forage in separate corners of the "apartment". I drew a white chalk line down the middle or thereabouts and sat on my side and watched the rats as they watched me. I was thinking "what do they know about art? Nothing!" and they were thinking "What does he know about survival? Nothing!" Things had to change. I needed money. I'd sell my soul for it, only I'd already done that. But I was a writer, I just had to write to earn money.

Aha! Sounds deceptively simple yet there's one thing, call it neurosis, call it affliction, call it not writing, call it what you will, that strikes terror in the hearts of writers.

This is called writer's block. It sounds such a grandiose term for not writing. Sometimes it lasts for hours, sometimes weeks, sometimes years, sometimes until rigor mortis sets in, if the writer being blocked is dependant on the trade for food and shelter. This is the experience I was sharing with the rats in the Fitzroy garret. No ideas, no page written that didn't have to be screwed up and thrown away.

Reminds me of a Barry Humphries character, Craig Steppenwolf, who had a bad case of it, but mostly of a character in Camus' *The Plague* who only ever wrote the same first sentence of a novel, with minor variations, over and over, day after day, year after year until he caught plague and died. When they came to his room, they found millions of versions of the one sentence. This is a combination of writers block and perfectionism. Or idealism.

I did come up with one theory however which I call Universal Writer's Block. This hypothesis says everybody is a latent writer (because only writers know how easy it really is to write) and the reason why everybody isn't writing is that everybody's got writer's block (because only a writer with a block knows how impossible it is to write).

The exceptions to this are people who start writing. Writers in other words. They get smug for a few articles or books until they get delayed writers block. Then they're like non-writers. Simple huh? Also I didn't feel so bad when I realised everybody had it.

But I knew something had to be done because the rats and I couldn't live like this. And then there were the cockroaches. They'd gone to the Night Kitchen aeons ago. Life's little mysteries were passing me by.

Then I remembered hypnotism. Like, I knew this girl who smoked like a trooper. Or maybe she stormed like a trooper and smoked like a train. Anyway tobacco company executives were taking extensive holidays in the ski lodges of the world owing to her sixty-a-day penchant.

I was down lining up at the soup kitchen one fine afternoon, she appeared (she was shopping for a new terrace house in a fashionably run down inner urban environment) and we fell, as is the wont of acquaintances, into a lengthy conversation. It turned out that this woman, Martha, had given up cigarettes a couple of months before, and she'd done it through hypnotism. She said it worked fine. No regrets, no tears goodbye, no desire. Once at a party she'd lit one up and the taste had nearly made her gag (and she's normally not a funny girl).

I was fascinated that a hypnotist could get an addict to stop doing, when the ad-

Things
were so bad
that the only
thing left for
the rats to eat
was me.

dict could try unsuccessfully for years. Maybe it could be the answer to Writer's Block. I visualised my success. Going to the hypnotherapist, hypnotised out of writer's block, and then my first piece of writing would naturally enough be about that experience. Martha promised to lend me a book on the matter, and with a bit of diligent scrounging I managed to come up with a few more.

I like to know what I'm getting into. Some of the books were about auto-suggestion, some were about esoteric concentration techniques, some about clinical practice of hypnotherapy and some about the history of hypnosis and the rationale for its workability.

It was funny. Nowhere could any commentator describe what happens, successfully, or why. After thousands of years the meaning behind the process of hypnotism is still obscure. Yet it works. It was all a matter of belief, relaxation, concentration, suggestion. I decided to have a go. After all there's nothing to fear but fear itself. Of course that's why it's so scary.

Interestingly enough in nearly every book I read, the authors quoted the re-

nowned auto-suggestion therapist, Emile Coue (*How to practise Suggestion and Autosuggestion*, American Library Service, 1923) and his maxim "everyday, in every way, I'm getting better and better". A line John Lennon used for a song titled Beautiful Boy on his last album. You might ask what autosuggestion did for John Lennon and I might answer that everybody has got to die sometime, martyrs to a cause being no exception.

The case for how to choose your hypnotist is interesting. In Australia hypnotism as a lay trade is a dying art. Only in New South Wales may a person train in hypnotherapy without official academic training in matters of the psyche. And it's also the only State where stage hypnotism is still flourishing.

Although laws to do with the psychological practices act seem to vary from State to State, there is no way maverick hypnotists can study or set up shop legitimately outside of New South Wales. The age of popular mesmerising is dead. However there are clauses which protect existing lay hypnotherapists in Australia from being retrenched, and they are doing good business.

In Melbourne much of the professional hypnotism is conducted along the office blocks of St Kilda Road and in the one block you can come across hypnotists from both sides of the academic fence. Initially, because of the limitations of the health insurance schemes, I sought to consult a medical practitioner who also practised hypnotherapy. By ringing the Psychiatric Department of the Royal Melbourne Hospital, I obtained a list of doctors, dentists and shrinks who practised hypnotism (officially titled the Australian Society for Clinical and Experimental Hypnotherapy) and chose one that was spitting distance, as it were, from the artist's garrett which I happily infest. I made an appointment as I was told I would have to carry a referral note from a proper doctor, so this was arranged.

On the appointed day, at the appointed hour, I was still miles away. I'm the kind of guy who'd be late for his own funeral. Or at least I'd like to think so. I was already experiencing the probable rejection by my therapist for arriving late when I finally hit the waiting room, the main feature of which were piles of *Women's Weekly* magazines, and assorted motor magazines. But it didn't seem to matter.

I was led into the surgery, if that's the appropriate description of a hypnotist's room, and told to take a seat. I took the wrong one. I was told to take another one. Hey! Relax!

The hypnotherapist looked a bit like a doctor. There were no spinning disks, strobe lights, incense or shamanistic paraphernalia. A desk, some books, chairs, a couch and some tape recording equipment. After a few preliminaries, he asked me what I wished to be hypnotised for.

"I want to get rid of my writer's block," I told him.

"I'm supposed to be a writer yet I don't write anything. I'm starving. I don't have ideas or motivation. I haven't written very much for, maybe three years now."

Even as I was going through these motions, I felt that silliness from seeing I was assuming the "problem" of writing was out of my control because I was handing over the controls of my life to someone else to see if they could do a better job.

I decided as I was talking that if I could arrange an appointment, and sit in a strange room with a stranger and his equipment and ask him to do magic on me, and go through with it — even a few minutes late — that it was probably going to be a whole lot easier just to write something, instead of talking to somebody about it, and having them suggest you do it. *But I don't have anything to write about*, I thought. "Who has?" a little voice in me asked. "Write about this!" So I thought, *Okay, I'll write about this*.

I started chatting freely (ish) to the hypnotherapist about what I thought about life, and what things meant to me, and this and that sort of thing which had happened to me. Every so often, he would put in a directing comment, and I found myself wondering if in fact I was already in a light trance, as I was talking very easily. There have been cases reported of patients being so suggestible that they go into a light trance merely entering the hypnotist's den. Also the new hypnotherapists are a sneaky bunch in that they use lines of communication that some of us are not really conscious of.

Well, in fact that is precisely how the hypnotic trance is induced; yet they can build subconscious suggestion in a person while engaging the conscious mind in discussion, using substratum language. Words in a sentence that have a different tonal inflection, mannerisms, silence; hints that bypass the "ego" and go deeper into your mind.

In fact beyond hypnotherapy there is a new branch of personal training which has just commenced in Australia called Neuro-Linguistic Programming based on the "behavioral and phenomenological humanist tradition" and drawn from the work of Americans Milton Ericson and Fritz Perls, who have had great success in changing people's lives — for the better we must assume.

In other words, I wondered whether my therapist was inducing my loose tongue with some sort of semantic strategy, while I thought the show hadn't begun. It didn't matter.

There was really little point in resisting. It would be a waste of two tram fares, there and back.

I talked for a while and then he announced that he thought hypnotherapy might be unsuitable for me.

"Have you thought of seeing a psychia-

trist instead?" he asked. *What!* A shrink?

"No thanks," I said. "Those guys don't know what they're doing. They just love to ram drugs into people."

"You have an objection to the use of drugs in therapy?"

"I certainly do. None the least being the side effects," I said. We bantered around for a while. Then he said: "Well, I'm a psychiatrist."

"What! You mean I've been telling a psychiatrist my secrets for half an hour?" I couldn't believe it. But of course it was obvious. He had to be either a psychiatrist or some kind of psychologist because he was a proper doctor. I'd consciously "overlooked" this fact. I told him I wanted to be hypnotised and not analysed; I wanted to write to earn money, not sit around chewing the fat with a professional listener.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I believe everybody's born,

I'm supposed
to be a writer
yet I don't write
anything. I'm starving.
I don't have ideas
or motivation.

by and large a *tabula rasa*. A clean slate. You know, everybody's nothing at heart. Our behavior depends on our environment, random events, habits form, and sooner or later you are a person who believes this or that. Well if part of the neuro program I picked up is stopping me from earning a living writing, then I want to be hypnotised so that I can have that bit reprogrammed."

He said we couldn't do business. I think my fertile imagination bothered him. I told him we couldn't do business either. Woody Allen has been in analysis for 20 years and all it's done for him is made him (a) a millionaire (b) scared to death of death (c) even more fixated on himself than the promise of his earlier films ever could suggest.

I left feeling good, and decided to go see another hypnotist. This time a real one. And this time I would go out of interest — a writer writing a story about hypnotherapy because it was getting more intriguing as the subject for a fearless critic such as myself.

When I say a "real" hypnotist, I mean one who has not been fed on Freud or

Jung, or Adler, or B.F. Skinner and someone who wasn't going to act as a mere agent for the narcotic companies.

Not that all doctors like to prescribe at the drop of a hat, by any means. Sometimes it takes two drops of the hat. A doctor I once attended told me that people used to complain when he prescribed Valium to them, because they'd read about Valium's tendencies in the newspapers.

"I just gave 'em Valium under another trademark," he said. "They never knew the difference."

However, just in case my private doctor is flicking through the magazines in his own waiting room, and comes across this *Penthouse*, let me say that if you choose wisely, there are doctors around who don't see their job as the mere suppression of symptoms, and natural systems.

Anyway. A little voice in my head — at least I think it was in my head — said . . . "let your fingers do the walking" so I reached for the yellow pages of the phone book (my copy of the phone book is so old that even the white pages are yellow) and looked up the Australian Hypnotherapists' Association — the opposition — the body which houses the last of the dying breed of non-academics. I arranged an appointment with the public relations officer, Lee Saxon, who is a practising hypnotherapist.

His secretary told me that bookings were intense. There had recently been a show on ABC television where mass hypnosis was staged during the *Michael Parkinson Show*.

Parkinson, that most respectable English interviewer had, by hosting this phenomenon, lent credence to hypnotism (actually I sometimes think Parkinson is a little insipid; but if your guest is Malcolm Muggeridge who could blame you?) and bookings had doubled, trebled, quadrupled. Lee Saxon was booked out more than six weeks in advance. But it was okay.

Before I went to this appointment, I read more about the matter. An Austrian doctor, Anton Mesmer, is generally credited with reviving the art of hypnotism in the Western World. From him we get the word "mesmerise". By the time Mesmer died, in 1815, his name was mud, and his theories about animal magnetism and magnetic fluids fell into disrepute, despite the fact that he'd effected some remarkable "cures" with his techniques.

Unfortunately Mesmer didn't know enough about his own techniques. He had mesmerised himself with his own science. I said he revived the art because, of course, human beings, since the beginning of recorded history, all over the world, have known that consciousness is susceptible to outside suggestion. The powers of the tribal shamans, witch-doctors, priests, medicine men, magicians and so on, were derived from this knowledge that there were ways to

influence people beyond the normal waking experience.

The ancient Egyptians built "sleep temples" where the sick were put to sleep (relax you animal lovers, it's not a euphemism) and told they would be healed — which is classic hypnotic suggestion (I read this in *Superpsych* by Timothy Hall and Guy Grant, Abacus Books). The sleep temples of 3000 years ago spread across to Greece and by 400BC there were hundreds, dedicated to the Greek god of medicine, Asclepius. Later it spread to Rome. Later still Christianity, which did so much to stamp out opposing belief systems like Gnosticism and Hermeticism, repressed the use of hypnosis. Christians called hypnosis the devil's work, and it was left to survive in black and white magic circles of the underground religions until revived as a therapy by Mesmer.

In the 19th Century, the word "hypnosis" replaced "mesmerism" as the vogue word — a slight misnomer because it derives from "sleep" in Greek, and being hypnotised is not being asleep. You'll find that many hypnotists have a tendency to avoid the words "sleep" and "awake" in their trance inductions, so as not to put you into a doze. If this happens however, it doesn't matter. A holiday is as good as a change after all.

In the Eastern countries, hypnotism has been practised for just as long, through the meditation and indoctrination techniques of the esoteric religious doctrines. From the book, *Yoga Philosophy and Oriental Occultism* by Yogi Ramacharaka (L.N. Fowler, London) we read that:

"Mesmerism has its uses in the hands of the advanced occultist who understands its laws, but in the hands of those ignorant of its proper use it is a thing to be avoided. Be careful about allowing yourself to be hypnotised by the ignorant pretender. Assert your own power and you may accomplish for yourself all that anyone else can on the same plane." In other words, bad company breeds bad habits. Common sense, huh?

By the 19th Century hypnotism was widespread and Freud in his early practice used it and approved of it. However the legend goes that one time a female woke from a trance and threw her arms around Freud, relating amorously to him out of some dream — and at that instant someone walked in and sprung Freud. He was embarrassed, and never practised it again, until late in his career when he once again suggested that hypnotism would be valuable in therapy. Also after he'd formulated his plan of repressed sexuality, figuring the rest of the world had to be as uptight as he was. Boy! Was he ever wrong, huh? Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar, Sigmund.

For a long time the use of hypnotism was avoided and frowned on by the dictators of public taste. They couldn't under-

stand it, and what's more, anyone could turn it into a parlor game — it seemed so frightening and unprofessional. Nothing at all like electro-shock treatment and lobotomies which they favored, as well as tranquillisers and rubber rooms.

Finally the professional psychotherapists began following the example of a few pioneers, like the American Milton Erickson, who had been a Freudian but had gone his own way with hypnotherapy, having great success, even though it was just one of many schools of therapy practised in America. The varieties of head analysis are as varied as the varieties of religious belief — many of them just as dumb.

All these facts. I remember as a boy in my small country town heading down to the annual horticultural show (that means pigs and fairy floss) where the boxing tents and sideshows and knock-em-downs, and merry-go-rounds and half-man-half-lady used to entertain us for money.

For a long
time the use
of hypnotism was
avoided and frowned
on by the dictators
of public taste.

Usually there'd be a hypnotist (I kept wanting to say "an hypnotist" on some obscure point of grammar, so I've now satisfied that urge.)

You'd walk into a colorful tent, take your seat and watch the hypnotist go through his act. The same one he went through town after town, year after year. But that's not the sort of thing that was on our minds. We wanted to see people getting hypnotised.

The hypnotist would have, sometimes, a lady assistant, who always wore a frock that was too short for her, and the kind of stockings on that you don't see on normal girls walking around country towns in the Fifties.

Up on stage they'd practise a few guessing games, which were never that much fun because you couldn't really tell if what they were doing was on the up and up or not. But then the best bit came when he'd pull a few volunteers out of the audience. You always get a few willing people in the audience. Showpeople call them marks or rubes — suckers or show offs. Yet it doesn't matter because without them there's no show.

As Lee Saxon was to tell me later on, stage hypnotism is the only profession where the performers pay to get in.

A few people would get up and the hypnotist, probably in black cloak, would pick the most susceptible — and after a while on the road they can pick a mark a mile off — and whip them into a trance. Maybe they'd stick pins in their arms and it wouldn't hurt, maybe they'd get them to eat soap.

One hypnotist got a cousin of mine to eat soap (plain Velvet soap actually, not even something a little more ritzy) and then brought him out of the trance halfway through eating it, so my poor cousin choked on the soap. It was a bit of a rotten trick but my cousin had been quite adamant that he couldn't possibly be hypnotised and that the show was a load of bull. So you could say he had to wash his mouth out after that fox paw.

Back to the present though. I arrive on time at the St Kilda Road offices of hypnotherapist Lee Saxon. Like all the hypnotism offices I've seen so far (two) the waiting room here is full of *Women's Weekly* and motoring magazines, along with a pile of *Mad* magazines — just to introduce that different perspective on reality I suppose.

Then I'm ushered (House of Ushered?) in to see Mr Saxon. He's a tall thin man, alert and at 51, looking fit. There's something like a dentist's chair here along with the desk, customary books on the topic of suggestion, and a bank of tape recording equipment. We talk about the art of hypnosis.

He's the federal secretary and public relations officer of the Australian Hypnotherapists Association, and he's been in the business 25 years. As we said before, hypnotherapy, like physiotherapy, has been taken under the wing of the academies. Soon too, probably acupuncture and naturopathy.

"The old days of the stage hypnotist are gone," says Lee. He's talking about the Psychological Practices Art variations.

"There are some very excellent practitioners in NSW, and there are a number of not excellent ones. The ones who are not, I think, are very much battlers."

I ask him what kind of work he does as a therapist.

"The biggest part of my practice these days is smoking cases — which is enormously successful — hardly ever have any failures — practically never do if the person wants to stop smoking ... let's see, compulsive eating, overweight cases.

"I'm getting a little wary of treating them, I don't mind but I have so many. But I like treating cases of, say, nervous tension, lack of confidence, ah, fear cases — such as all the phobias — I love those."

"Why? Does it give you a chance to get into deeper analysis?"

"No. It's just that I've got a very good

technique for treating fear. It's got to do with knocking out the fear of the fear.

And when you can do that, you can teach people to really relax and control the fear they have at the time. You teach them a technique whereby they can experience fear and not become afraid of it. Do you understand?"

"Well, that sounds like a nice thing to say," I note warily.

"You can use hypnosis to do this. You can use conditioning techniques under hypnosis."

"When you use conditioning techniques, do you make certain positive suggestions?" I ask.

"You can simulate situations. And they see themselves in it, and they see themselves reacting to it.

"Actually another area which is very interesting now, and which interests me very much, is the growing interest in sport psychology. I did two years with North Melbourne Football Club. I was employed by Ron Barassi. We won a grand final. From there Tom Hafey approached me from Collingwood (Football Club) and I stayed there for three years. In fact I only recently resigned. I wanted to do more than what I've been doing."

I ask Lee whether Ron Barassi had taken an assertion training course under hypnosis, but he says Barassi has no need. He's already fantastically motivated.

"I can see the day," says Lee, "when I can become, if I wish to, an almost full-time sport hypnotherapist. I'm much more interested in sport like golf and tennis, much more than the physical body contact sports, because I like a game where you beat yourself. And to beat yourself in a game of golf you have to overcome your ego, your self pity, the whole of your negative box and dice. So the guy who beats himself on the golf course, is also going to beat himself in everyday living on the playing field of life."

He picks up a copy of a book lying on the desk. It's called *Inner Tennis: Playing the Game*, by Timothy Gallwey (Random House). He offers to lend it to me, and I accept. The horse's mouth is never a place I look to.

Lee hands me the book and tells me about it.

"The principles of this," he suggests, "are right along my lines of thinking. This is where I operate from as principles of hypnotherapy.

"You see, I believe that everyone has got far more ability, far more intelligence — in a nutshell, far more potential, than they realise. So you can go to these courses that teach positive thinking — all these pie-in-the-sky notions, but it still leaves the person thinking [here he mimes a guy] ... 'aha ... prove it!' So you can read Maxwell Maltz's *Psycho-Cybernetics* which is an excellent book to read. He says one's potential is out here [indicates

point outside of himself] yet we all carry with us in our subconscious minds a blueprint of the way we see ourselves. So your potential might be this big [indicating] but your self image might be only this big."

[The hand gestures like the two versions of the fisherman's one-that-got-away story.]

"If you can encourage a person to have a go, the person can slowly but surely expand their self image. This untapped potential. It's easy to show. You can hypnotise a person in a few minutes. It's simple. If you want me to do it I'll do it for you."

"Okay," I say. "I agree. I'll do it."

"You want to?"

"Sure. Yeah."

"Okay, sit in this chair."

I settle back into the dentist's chair with my hands lying limp by my sides. I'm trying to relax, in so far as I understand the word "relax" and also trying not to "try". You know how it is.

I believe
that everyone has
got far more ability,
far more intelligence
— potential — than
they realise.

Lee offers to look after the cassette machine, which has been recording this dialogue, so that I won't have to suffer any anxiety wondering if the cassette needs to be turned over. He tells me he would normally spend a bit of time with his patient explaining hypnotherapy, the idea of relaxation, so he asks me to trust as much as I can. I say that I'm prepared to believe anything (once, anyway) and we proceed.

He steps around to my side, near my right hand. He tells me I won't be doing anything; he'll just be demonstrating the power of my mind over my matter, pleasantly and positively. Most people have the idea that hypnotism is one strong mind over another. Not so, says Lee. In the days of stage hypnotism authoritative, dominating confusing techniques, but not in therapy. I try to engender trust and sincerity in myself, to assist.

"The object is to get suggestions through to your subconscious mind. So it's you and I working together."

He instructs me to relax and concentrate *uncritically*, to push aside sceptical thoughts, that I can get up and walk out if I don't like it, there's no reason to worry or

fear and so on. Late afternoon light impinges on my uncritical closed eyelids.

"Now push aside your analytical mind. You may be thinking *I've got to write this up for a story later*, but don't worry. It's all on tape, you don't have to remember it, you can get it later."

He picks up my arm and drops it. Then he manoeuvres two of my fingers together, asks if I'm comfortable, presses his thumb on my forehead. He tells me to arch my eyebrows.

"Try to look up try to look up ... and your eyelids suddenly start to feel very stiff and heavy ... your eyelids are stiff and heavy and suddenly you find your eyelids won't open anyway."

I notice that my eyelids have started rapidly fluttering. I get the impression that if I really wanted to I could open my eyes, even though I am trying without success. It's that thin line between apathy and doing something.

"You try to look up, your mind begins to grow sleepier, sleepier, your eyelids become very fluttery as hypnosis starts to take effect ... the relaxation begins to move right back over your mind, soothing, soothing, soothing, relaxing. Soothing, relaxing."

He takes hold of my right hand.

"I take hold of your right hand. Now don't let it sink, leave it there, don't let it sink. I touch your hand lightly, and one, your hand begins to grow lighter, two, your hand is floating up, the pressure of your fingers is growing lighter on the chair."

I notice I am observing my hand through touch. I keep wondering about the success of the experiment. *Is it happening?*

"You feel a slight tremor in your hand as your subconscious makes contact with your hand and your hand is gradually floating up."

Here rather than contravene the Psychological Practices Act by a public demonstration of hypnotism in this magazine, I will summarise the next few minutes. My hand levitates after the count of 10. I don't bother to wonder much whether it is my ego, or my subconscious, whether I am "helping" consciously, or whether this uncertainty is part of the hypnotic process. Lee Saxon continues to issue suggestions of floating and relaxing. I continue to notice my internal dialogue, finding that I can seem to examine my criticisms of the process without getting in the way of the demonstration. It seems easier to hold the analysis in abeyance.

Now he issues suggestions for my crossed fingers to become strong, then numb, then tight. Then he gets me to squeeze my eyes tight, eyelids tightly together.

"Eyes stuck ... fingers stuck ... eyes stuck ... fingers stuck ..."

So saying he is moving the pressure of his hand from my fingers to my forehead and after a while I can't tell if he is even in sync with his verbal suggestions. I guess

this confusion is one of the things which puts the waking mind into limbo.

"Relaxation begins to deepen . . . relaxation begins to move down through your body, spreading, spreading. And now you still hear my voice for I want you to. I'm going to suggest now that I would like your subconscious mind to cause your arm to grow numb so that even if I were to pinch your arm you'd find you couldn't feel it."

He gets me to nod my head if I wish to proceed with an experiment in pain and not-pain, and I nod my head. After all, there's nothing to fear but fear itself. A couple of minutes of relaxation suggestions follow, and then minor touchings with a pin on my arm. I feel no displeasure.

"Your body begins to release a chemical called endorphin — the body's own painkiller but I'll explain later." [Actually he doesn't have to because I'd done a modicum of research for another matter on endorphins — body morphines.]

Lee counts towards 10, suggesting deepening numbing of my arm. Then he says he is pushing a sterilised needle into my arm, but I don't feel anything. Further experiments on my fingers and arm where I notice a range of feeling according to what suggestions have been made about that part of the arm. Then he asks me to open my eyes and look at my arm. There is the plastic top of a needle in my forearm, buried to the hilt.

Now he de-hypnotises me, and wipes out all the suggestions thoroughly. This is a very important part. You can't let someone walk around without cleaning the slate — unless it's part of the therapy.

Now I'm awake again. Lee gets me to pull the pin out and I do, noticing it hurts a little bit on the home run. It's about two centimetres long, and went in vertically. I am mildly surprised and pleased. I want more power! More! Lee explains that to have any kind of real success, we need more time.

The mark of a good hypnotic subject is the degree of suggestibility and the ability to fix attention without discriminating. Post-hypnotic suggestions are harder to effect because in trance the patient is relaxed, whereas later on, in normal life, the suggestion may have to be carried out (or un-carried out) in a state of partial (apparent) siege, when the ego is battling for control.

We talk about self-hypnosis and whether it's dangerous.

"You see a stage show, well, for everybody that goes up to be hypnotised, three quarters of them will be sent back. The hypnotist is after the most suggestible," says Lee.

"The guy has a spinning disk and a little goatee beard. His concentration is one of fascination rather than one of controlled, deliberately applied effort.

"In your case I had to ask for your co-operation. And you obviously have good self-control because it worked very

quickly." (I liked this bit, so I have reported it fully.)

We discuss how much volition I think I had when in the light trance, and decide there is that twilight zone between control and freedom from the necessity. Well, I decide it, anyway.

"What's your opinion of people using self-hypnosis," I ask.

"I can see no danger in it," he replies.

"The only thing that's dangerous is that someone might learn pain control and start switching off symptoms (of serious illness). That would be dangerous."

(For those interested in self-hypnosis, two books of many on the market are: *How To Stop Smoking Through Self-Hypnosis* by Leslie M. LeCron, Wiltshire Book Company, and *Hypnosis With Friends and Lovers* by Freda Morris, Harper & Rowe.)

"Let's say one smokes," I suggest "because of some deeper problem, and smoking is a functional substitution. If you

I suggested
when I opened
my eyes my
garret would
be a beautiful
castle.

hypnotise the person into not smoking, would that be dangerous in not allowing an outlet for the emotion?"

"I would wonder very much how often that situation would exist. That the person would have some sort of infantile fixation and that he uses smoking like that . . . more likely he would suck his thumb."

"For a start, I would wonder very much how often that situation would exist. That the person would have some sort of infantile fixation and that he uses smoking like that . . . more likely he would suck his thumb."

finger nails. I very much doubt whether it would give any release of tension. On the contrary, I think it would become a vicious circle. One of the girls I treated for that this week asked me was she likely to substitute some other habit. Was it not a nervous habit? And I said, yes, people tend to bite their finger nails when they're nervous. But it's probably not a nervous habit, just a habit, and I doubt whether it gives much release of tension. Everybody I've treated says . . . hey look it's *great*. I don't bite my fingers anymore. And with smoking, the physical damage far outweighs the

possibility they have removed some tension release."

There is great debate about just who is hypnotisable and who is not. Some experts say that not everybody is able to be put into a trance. My own opinion is summed up by what the Buddhists say — everybody's half asleep most of the time anyway, so who's kidding whom.

People who like to think of themselves as being strong-willed, like to think they could *not* be hypnotised. But it's all a question of belief.

In other words as soon as you have allowed the belief that hypnotism works for some people, you have allowed that hypnotism works. It's just a step away to accepting that it is a matter of belief, and therefore if you believe it can work for you, it *can* work for you.

The stories are legion about intensely resistant subjects in hypnotherapy being tricked by confusion techniques into trances, coming out of them, and refusing to believe, still, that they could be hypnotised, having amnesia of the trance.

Says Lee: "Some people are more suggestible, some people more resistible as much as they may be defensive, others may be very analytical, but if you work with them, you can hypnotise *all*, to some degree. Some of us are so conditioned sometimes you can get very automatic — in a way like being half-hypnotised all the time for some of us (he laughs).

"Being analytical and critical is the opposite of being hypnotised, by the way."

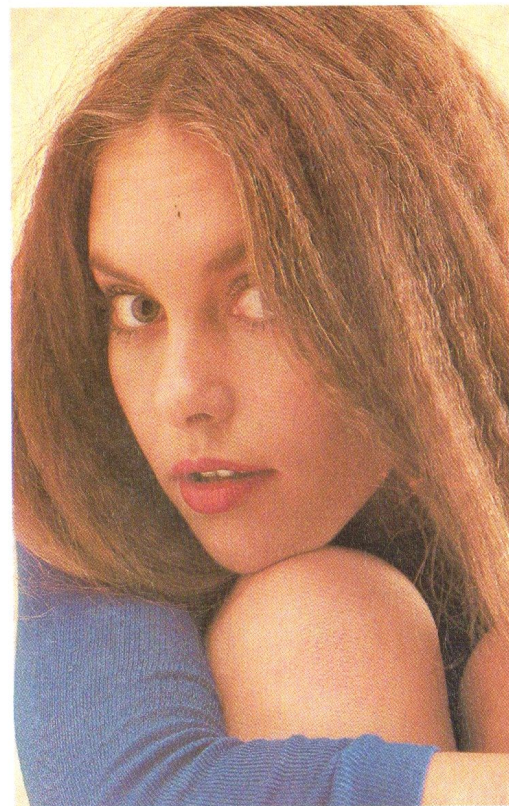
We talked further about the use of hypnotism in surgery and dentistry, more about its use in sport, and about the *Parkinson* show (Lee says only a few were *really* hypnotised on that program, and the rest were probably fulfilled exhibitionists).

Then I went back to the garret and suggested to myself I write this. I suggested to the rats they should piss off. I suggested when I opened my eyes my garret would be a beautiful castle. I opened my eyes. Obviously I hadn't concentrated and visualised correctly. But enough is enough. Here I will leave you with a message, from a friend who told me of an experience in parlor hypnosis (you know, party tricks).

A few years ago he and a bunch of friends got into hypnosis a little, to give themselves something to do at university. The usual stuff, you know. *Hey! Everybody's got red hair, or hey! I suggest you won't recognise Tommy when you wake up.* On the last occasion they ever played the game, the hypnotiser suggested to a girl that the boy sitting next to her was her boyfriend. She began to kiss and cuddle him. Then the real boyfriend just happened to walk into the room. She went into hysterics and it took an hour to bring her around. She was de-hypnotised and the group gave up suggestion games. In other words, don't play on the road in a dark overcoat. ○+■

Dark-eyed Julie Lambert came to Australia from the icy heart of New Zealand's snow country, so she knows how to keep the cold at bay. Our 20-year-old Pet of the Month says her favorite way of staying warm through the winter nights is by generating friction — and she's not talking about rubbing two sticks together. "There's nothing better for keeping warm than an open fire on a winter's evening," says Julie. "But if I really want to get hot, I'd rather wrap myself around my favorite man."

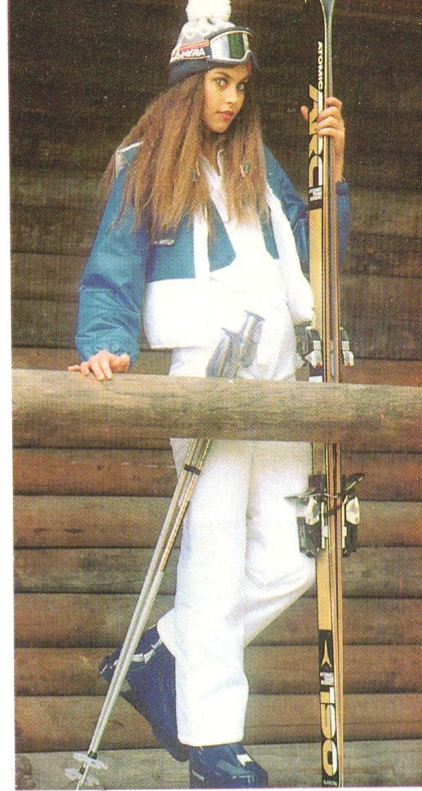
JULIE



SNOW/BIRD

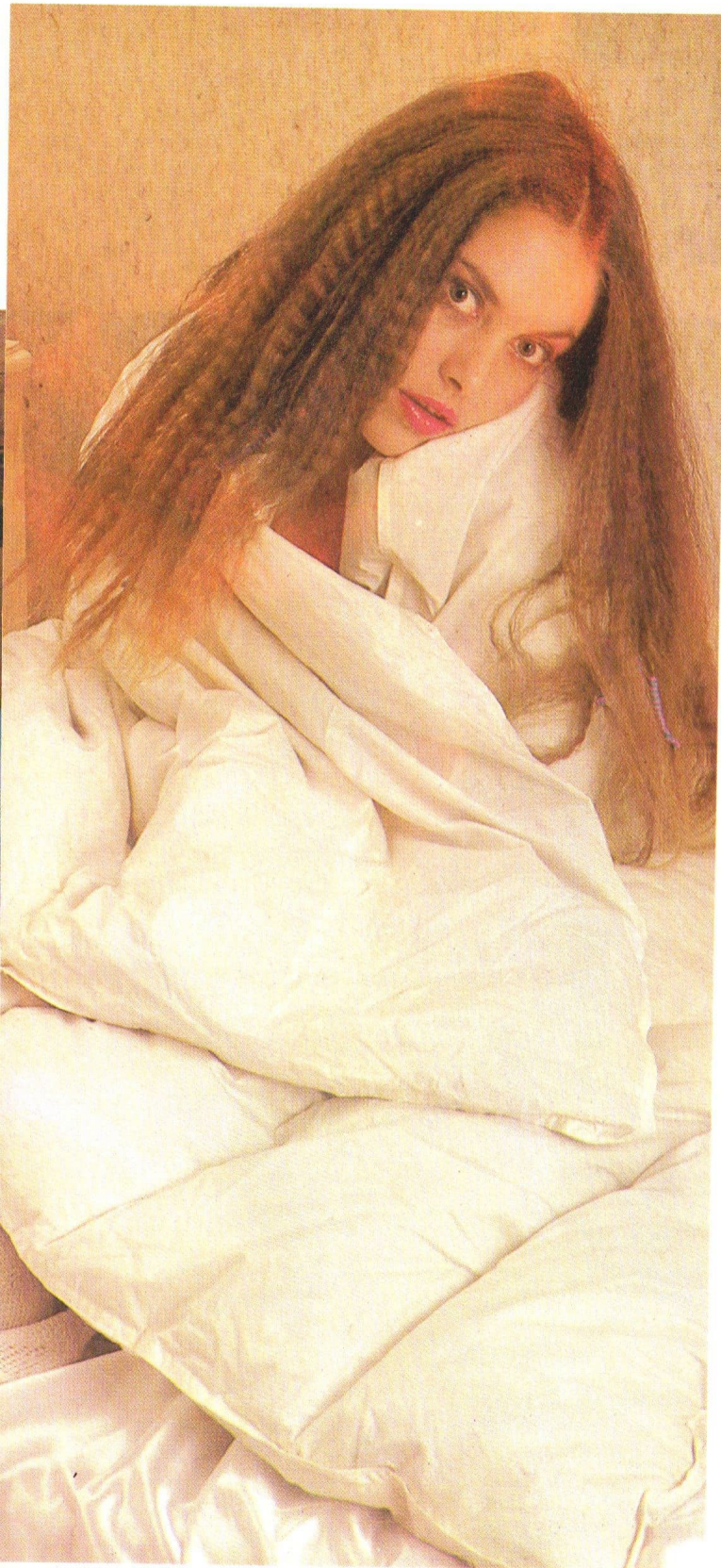
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICO METTBACH

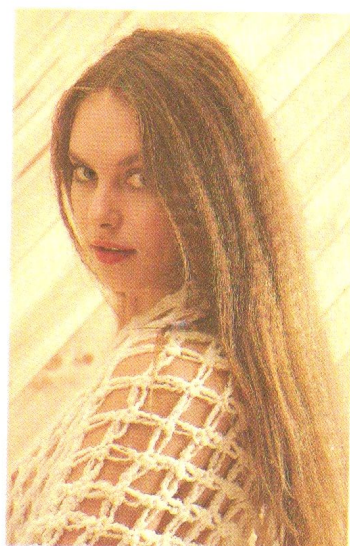
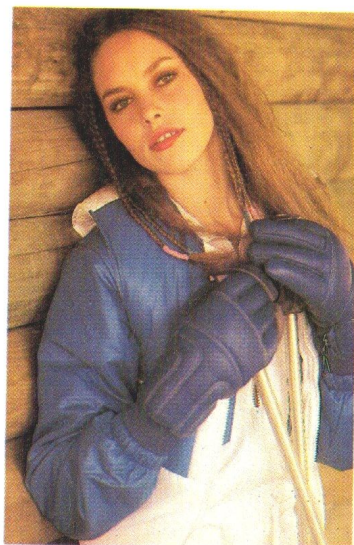
Julie has been a busy girl since she moved to Australia two years ago. She's had a variety of jobs, but says she has her sights set on modelling. One look at this young lady's stunning 35-24-36 figure shows that she has all the eye catching attributes for success. While she's building a career, Julie spends plenty of time with a new member of her household, a german shepherd-labrador cross pup.



When she's not working, or playing with her pet, Julie can often be found with her head in a book — invariably a romantic novel. And what sort

of a man lights our Pet's fire? "Well, he's got to be tall," says Julie who touches the six foot mark when she puts on her high heels.





"And looks do count,
as well as a guy's
personality. I'm still young,
so I don't really
know what I'm looking for
in a man yet".





Carpet, Tasman Cowell; satin sheets, Estelle Lingerie; location, Bush Haven Homes. Furniture, FIR; Doona, Kimpton Feather Industries; ski equipment, Inski.



Julie knows what she wants when it comes to romance. "I'm a romantic at heart," says our Pet. "I like to be taken to the beach, and I love dancing and swimming and candlelit dinners in restaurants. But there is a stage in the night when it's time to stop being subtle."



"When two people get together and the chemistry's right, there's no point in beating around bush. I like dominant guys. I like a man who knows what he wants."





MISS JULIE LAMBERT/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

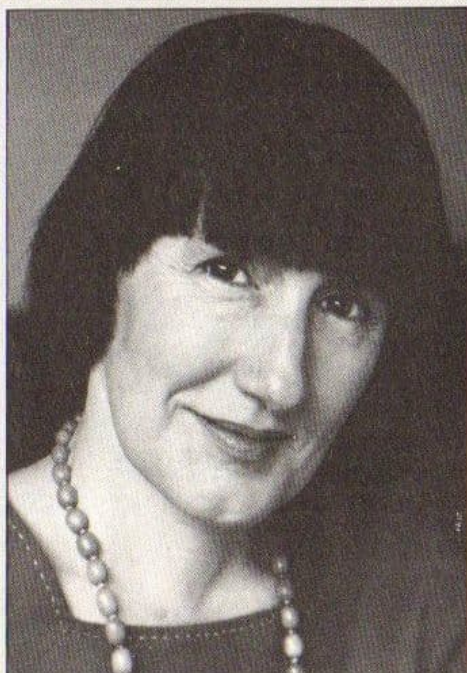


Photo by Tara Heinemann

BY BEATRICE FAUST

The writer is author of *Women, Sex and Pornography* (Penguin) and has written many articles and academic papers. Ms Faust has been involved in many social reform organisations. She completed a BA(Hons) from Melbourne University in 1963, and completed her Master's thesis in hospital after the birth of her son in 1965.

THE FEMINIST VIEW OF SEX

I could claim to enjoy *Penthouse* because it is a good read. That would be true — but not the whole truth. I enjoy the magazine — and others like it — because the pictures turn me on. This admission will give my detractors in the Women's Liberation Movement and among the haemophilic liberals a stick to beat me with.

Many feminists and feminist fellow-travellers condemn magazines that feature the female body as the core of their content, relating the exploitation of young, attractive models to the exploitation of women in the education system, the workforce and the home.

These critics see *Penthouse* Pets as professional sex objects who encourage men in general to treat women in general as similar (if less perfect) objects.

I fully understand this belief and sympathise with attempts to give women a fair go. However, I cannot support an argument that casts men as the aggressors and women as victims in a sex war.

Men do not treat women as sex-objects in order to gain political or economic advantages. Objectification is an important part of male sexuality, arising from the biological program for maleness. Culture can house-train men and domesticate male sexuality, but the biological tendency can never be completely erased.

Masters and Johnson found that both men and women are capable of enjoying the same sexual response cycle, which develops from arousal to a plateau level of excitement, reaches a climax and then winds down in a resolution phase. Shere Hite and other feminist sex-researchers find that only about one woman in three regularly experiences the full response cycle during coitus, one third of women almost never does and the remainder are somewhere between.

Why are so many women failing to develop their full potential for coital delight?

Kinsey supplied the answer a full decade before the question was seriously asked. Men and woman share almost identical sexual anatomy and physiology but different arousal mechanisms. In other words, the male and female engines are similar but their starter-motors are different. These differences are so great that men and women develop complementary and sometimes incompatible sexual styles.

Lovers who ignore the differences are likely to suffer from impoverished eroticism. Male-female differences are more profound than it is fashionable to admit. There is more to maleness and femaleness than whether we stand or sit to pee, how we throw a cricket ball or carry a heavy basket, where we

lay down fatty tissue and what we contribute to the manufacture of babies.

Sex differences are not just artificial roles imposed by cultural pressures via families, schools, churches, and magazines such as *Penthouse* and *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

Biology provides a genetic foundation for sex differences and culture builds on that foundation. This interaction produces contrasts so great that men and women have difficulty appreciating each other's sexuality. This is why randy males who make a quick grab for tits or twat often find that women are insulted, hurt, angered or just turned off.

Gay men and women often enjoy their love lives more than straights: men understand the erotic needs of their own sex better than they understand women's and women understand female needs better than male.

Men's sexuality is usually athletic, competitive, very genital, and intellectual while women's is nurturant, co-operative, and involves the whole body in a diffuse way. Women want sex with emotion. Bitches are turned on by what they see — sheilas are turned on by touch and verbal courtship. Dave is performance-oriented but Mabel is process-oriented.

Don't quote me — yet!

Averages tell us about men and women in the mass, they cannot tell us whether the next guy or gal we proposition will be an average example of his or her sex. Both biology and culture are flexible so that human beings often depart from the average. We are not identical, like clones or blow-up adult toys.

Kinsey found that almost all men are turned on by what they see, what they remember and what they hope for. Only about one woman in three turns on like this and then she responds less strongly and less often than the majority of men.

I am a non-average woman. My sexual style is usually performance-oriented and masculine. I am one of the scant three percent of women, discovered by Kinsey, who are definitely or frequently turned on by the sight of other women — including *Penthouse* Pets. At the same time, I belong with the 17 percent of Kinsey's women who definitely or often respond when looking at a luscious specimen of the opposite sex.

If you want a measure of His and Her differences, seven percent of men respond to seeing other men and 32 percent respond to looking at women.

My experience and fantasies have been predominantly heterosexual. I can adopt a feminine erotic style when it suits me. I have also enjoyed the female experiences of pregnancy and birth that contribute so much to the nurturant process-orientation of female sexuality.

●The trouble with the sex war is that no one wins. What we need is conciliation — not confrontation.●

If you have never thought of childbearing as part of women's sexuality, then spare a moment to consider the idea. For most men, this may seem unfamiliar — even bizarre, but obstetricians, sexologists and — most important of all — women themselves, are beginning to see the validity of the idea. *Penthouse* readers should catch up with the avant garde.

By now, some of you readers will have seen why adherents of the Women's Liberation Movement are hostile to stagazines, striptease, skinflicks and sex shows. It is not because feminists are frigid, ugly, or lesbian, but because they have a female erotic style. In this, they are not butch but typically feminine. Visual stimulation, objectification, competitiveness and performance-orientation are incompatible with sexuality as they know it.

Penthouse, and other masculine media, aim to entertain by catering to men's fantasies, just as Barbara Cartland meets teenage fantasies and Susan Brownmiller panders to Women's Liberation fantasies.

There is no harm in fantasy — except when it undermines our grip on reality. The masculine media present Pets, Playmates and screwing partners as men imagine women to be — not as we really are. The trouble with masculine media is not that they keep women down by presenting us as sex-objects, but that they aggravate erotic misunderstanding by presenting women as imitation men with masculine starter-motors and a performance-orientation in their erotic style.

This can lead to frustration and hostility when the pantyhose are down and the condom is on.

The sex war is hotting up.

With women turning to vibrators, lesbian partnerships, and radical celibacy, and with AID replacing coitus as a way of achieving motherhood, men need to take stock.

So far, Western culture has aggravated biologically-based sex differences instead of reconciling them. Culture has damaged women by artificially separating birth, suckling, and loving from feminine sexuality. It has damaged men by encouraging a variety of sexual neuroses — as well as sexual violence, and by isolating genital sexuality from eroticism as a total experience.

The trouble with the sex war — from ancient Rome to modern New York, from Medieval London to present-day Sydney — is that no one wins.

What we need is conciliation — not confrontation; conciliation starts with an understanding of sex differences and a tolerance for unfamiliar erotic styles. That is why I wrote *Women, Sex, and Pornography*. ○+■

Some of the places you won't find in
the tourist brochures.

A BUSINESSMAN'S GUIDE TO Tokyo

BY ANN NAKANO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL HOLLOWAY

Ko Sengoku is a 40-year-old PR man for a small American-owned firm in the Shibuya ward of Tokyo. He's an old friend, married with two children of high school age so I picked him as Mr Average *Sarariman* (salaried worker) for this article on the seamier side of Tokyo.

"Hey, where are we going?" he protested one night when I dug him out of his usual *nomiya* (drinking place) and led him by the arm into the streets of Shinjuku. Sengoku is hardly Japan's answer to Robert Redford, but he never misses a chance to boast about how popular he is with the ladies, how much the *geisha* love him, how the hostesses in the sleazy bars behind the Ginza flick coins for the chance to serve him. "I'm writing an article on the seamier side of Tokyo," I told him cheerfully, "so I need somebody seamy. You're always saying how good you are, so here's your chance."

"Me?" he shrieked. "No, please, my wife..."

"Your wife?" I snarled. "Ah yes, your wife..." I switched to dulcet tones. "Since I have your home number, there was that time you..."

"All right, I'll do it," agreed Sengoku sulkily. "But I don't have so much cash."

"No problem," I interrupted. "Tonight, I'm paying." He cheered up considerably and even let out a whoop.

This evening, I explained, he would imagine I was one of the boys and take me around on a typical night out. Now, wasn't that simple? "No," he replied seriously. Usually he would use the expense account, he wasn't sure he could justify it in this case, and I couldn't possibly fork out what a night like that would normally cost. Damn, I was back in his pocket. But he came up with a solution. We would drink

from the bottles of whisky the company had already paid for (I'll get into that later) and I would pay for any extras.

The first place we hit was a low class bar about the size of an Australian kitchen in Shinjuku's *Kabuki-cho* district. It was run by two middle-aged spinsters, both in their late forties, who put their savings together a few years back to invest in the lucrative night scene of Tokyo.

The elder of the two, a slim, diminutive, bespectacled motherly type was standing behind the counter topping up a glass of *mizuwari* (whisky-water) for a young salaried worker who was perched on the bar stool, his hand supporting his chin as he related in slurred, little-boy speech the trials and tribulations of his day.

The other, a large, big-breasted woman whom the customers, mostly regulars, have dubbed Takamiyama after a famous sumo wrestler, was sitting behind us on the couch, temporarily extricating herself from the groping fingers of an elderly man with his hand down her bra to light Sengoku's cigarette. Sengoku leant forward to accept the light, and chuckling loudly, impishly tweaked the lady's unoccupied nipple. I shuddered. "You call this fun?" I asked, a bit put out. "Yaaaaa!"

He swallowed a burp and explained the system. On a typical night out he and the boys will first hit a bar like this one to engage in erotic talk with the *Mama san* (Bar Mothers) for stimulation.

After the erotic talk, someone in the group will suggest they move on to a pink cabaret, or feeling bar "as you foreigners might call it." I suggested we go. "You must be kidding," he protested. "They won't let you in; you're a woman, a foreigner." I reminded him of our deal.

He sighed, emptied the dregs of his



Photos taken in Sydney using a professional model.



whisky, picked up his briefcase and gave Takamiyama's nipple one last tweak.

Up the steps and into a world of flashing neon lights, posters of naked girls, porn shops, *happi*-coated barkers trying to drag drunken revellers into the "Caverns of Pleasure", taxis loudly, angrily honking their horns, finely dressed hostesses tripping off to work, massage parlors, Turkish baths, love hotels, cuddling coffee shops; all of which make up the average *sarariman*'s favorite stomping ground.

Just two doors down was a feeling bar. They wouldn't let me in. Sengoku looked relieved, but I handed him the money and pushed him towards the door like a mother sending off her small son to an amusement park.

I eyed the barker and thumped my arms together for warmth. "*Samui, desu ne* (cold, isn't it?)" he said sheepishly. Seconds later I was ushered inside the bar, promising faithfully not to cause a disturbance. I hid behind a rubber plant. Everyone was busy so I was not noticed. I spotted the back of Sengoku's head in a corner near the entrance. He had a girl on the far side of him.

The room was dark, with just enough pink lighting to enable the waitress to nimbly pick up untouched beers and recirculate them to the latest guests. The tables and bench-like chairs were set up so discreetly it was impossible to perv. The girls were young, not particularly pretty, but heavily made up and wearing skin-tight dresses. The customer is permitted to put his arm round her but can't touch anywhere else unless he's willing to pay for "extras", meaning two-way participation.

This particular "extra" apparently is not so popular. The girl unzips the customer's fly and has 45 minutes to give him a handjob, 60 for a blowjob, and 90 minutes if she "goes all the way" in a sitting position. The fee for the first is 8000 yen, plus drinks and a plateful of tidbits. A blowjob costs 12,000 yen, full penetration is not price-listed — it's up to the girl and the customer to work it out. When the time is up the customer will be wiped down with a steaming hot hand towel provided by the management.

I heard Sengoku's throaty cackle and hopped out before he spied me. He emerged flushed, but beaming. Okay, I teased, what's next?

Another bar. Most *sararimen* have five or six regular haunts where each will keep a bottle of whisky with his name written on it. He pays only for table and ice and any extras he might order.

Most of these nights out on the town are paid for by company expense accounts, and obliging staff will provide him with receipts even for the handjobs; the establishment, of course, will be written up as a bar or a trading company, and the fee for any kind of sex computed as whiskies for five or six persons.

This bar was no bigger than the last, but the *Mama san* was younger, better

dressed, and boasted a wider range of drinks. I ordered a wine; she lit my cigarette. In the second bar, Sengoku explained, he and the "boys" will discuss their experiences in the pink cabaret. I asked how it went, an unfortunate choice of words because in Japanese you don't come, you "go". He chuckled loudly at the unintended pun but didn't say, preferring to roll his eyes and emit a satisfied "Ah."

"Well, did you enjoy it? Was she pretty?" He smiled, coughed on his cigarette. "How much was it?"

Ten thousand yen he replied. Curious. He covered the silence by chatting up the *Mama san*, relating hairy tales of hapless foreigners being lucklessly turned away from the "places of action". Foreigners, he explained, can't get in on their own but need an introduction from a regular Japanese client.

"Like yourself?" I asked sarcastically, although I was trying to be open-minded. So far the fun was all his; after all, the night scene is not for women. He laughed and adjusted his spectacles. "It's true," he said more seriously. "*Ne, Mama san?*" *Mama san* agreed.

He told his favorite story about the mayor of an American city who sneaked out in the night when his wife was sleeping to join Sengoku and the rest of his delegation on a tour of the Turkish baths. As his wife snored on, the mayor, Sengoku and the group hit bar after bar, ending up in the Turkish bath area of Shinjuku.

What they hadn't realised was that in their rush to sneak off, they'd forgotten to take the city flags off the official government limousines. And not only that, when they came out of the baths they found parking stickers on the cars. The mayor did manage to tiptoe into his room before his wife woke up, but then she couldn't understand why she couldn't rouse him in the morning.

The next place we stopped at was my idea. Sengoku told me he usually hits a strip show after the second bar, so I suggested a place in Shibuya where I'd interviewed a stripper. The strip show is always a success with my foreign friends because what happens there is the complete antithesis of their preconceived images of the shy, retiring Japanese worker. Even Sengoku was incredulous: "A live sex show?" he gasped. "What? Here? In Tokyo?"

We arrived just in time to catch a Japanese girl lying naked beneath softened blue lighting on the bulbous wooden stage. The customers, made up of students, businessmen in dark suits, and elderly gentlemen, were leaning forward in hushed silence like a group of gynaecologists. I had a word with my friend the manager and he had let us in free. Usually it costs 3000 yen for as long as you like.

There are four shows a day with around 10 acts per show. It starts at 11 in the morning and ends just after midnight:



The music
 stopped and off she
 went, this time
 to return in a transparent
 bedjacket and carrying
 a small basket of
 towels and condoms

who performed a sexy rhumba without much feeling for the music. She clapped her hands and disappeared backstage. The spotlight shone on an empty stage for what seemed like many minutes. There were murmurs in the audience. She suddenly reappeared, quite naked and discolored along the stage. She was tall, well-built, with large breasts that bobbed up and down as she danced; her pubic region looked like the Amazon jungle. Sengoku's tongue drooped saliva.

The music stopped again and off she went, this time to return in a flimsy, transparent bedjacket and carrying a small, straw basket containing tissues, towels and condoms. She glided to the front of the stage and squatted down like a Balinese orange seller displaying her wares. She looked around the audience with contemptuous, pursed lips and said *Hai, Dozo* ("Okay, come on").

An abominous laborer leapt up to the stage and furiously undressed, leaving a trail of clothing along the catwalk. The crowd applauded nervously and surged forward, forcing those in front to rest their elbows within inches of the girl. The stripper slid off the man's white baggy underpants and Sengoku let out a whoop. There were nervous titters and some heads looked round.

The stripper attempted to excite him. No luck yet. Bolder members of the audience began a slow handclap, but the laborer folded his arms behind his neck, as yet unnerved. The first record stopped and he still wasn't hard. The laborer lent a hand. The audience sniggered. The girl winked at the audience. On to action two. She rolled on top of him, rotating her hips against him, the audience groaned. This time it worked. Applause. The stripper then rode him like a horse while an open-mouthed sceptic in the front row checked to see if it was really happening.

The record finished. "Okay, time's up," said the stripper impassively in English, and pushed the man away. She stood up, gathered her things, and romped off with her cheeks wobbling. The audience moaned again. The spotlight followed the laborer as he forlornly gathered his clothes. He sneaked out of the auditorium still buttoning up his shirt, past the spotlight man in his cubicle who was reading a pornographic comic book.

Next we had a lesbian act, with one girl buried in a bundle of feathers at the back of the stage slowly backward crab-walking towards her partner, who meanwhile had been inspecting her breasts like a pre-pubescent girl who checks every day to see if they are growing; the second girl suddenly looked up, spied this pile of feathers creeping towards her, and came to life. She parted the feathers to show the girl's pussy, helped the girl masturbate for a few minutes, then licked her. This act didn't go down too well. "We don't like anything kinky," said Sengoku.

Next, another foreign girl did fancy things with flashlights. When she offered herself to the audience three businessmen jumped on stage and two eliminated themselves with the Japanese version of eeny, meeny, miney, mo. As it happened, she accommodated two of them because the first came before he'd even entered her. The show finished with a South American couple making love to each other, though the man was jeered because despite his large size he couldn't get it up for at least 10 minutes. Most members of the audience probably didn't realise it was his fourth show of the day.

I dragged Sengoku out of the small, smokey theatre and we hit yet another bar. By now he had regained his chirpiness and proceeded to criticise the performance of the unfortunate laborer.

Two more whiskies and we were both quite tipsy. A group of salaried workers sitting behind us made cracks about the foreign girl with the big tits. Sengoku smothered a laugh. A red-faced, drunken, middle-aged lout sitting next to me lunged towards me and fingered my breasts. "Aa, *Hon mono da!* (Hey, they're real!)" he said in mock amazement between burps. A roar of laughter greeted his remark and he turned to acknowledge the applause.

I launched into another of my tirades. "See!" I snarled at Sengoku. "You're all tit men!" Sengoku hiccuped and prepared himself. By now the other men in the bar had transferred their attention to the *Mama san* and some sleazy hostesses.

Sengoku became annoyed. "It's because you're a foreigner," he said for the umpteenth time. "Japanese women have flat chests, so big-breasted foreign women are an object of interest."

The Japanese man, I raged, is a self-conscious participant in the joy of sex, is hung up on his mother, guilt ridden, with a complex about what he believes to be his underendowment on an international scale — all of which make me wonder about the lucrative night life geared specifically to him and about foreign men who have long been extolling the expertise of the Japanese *geisha* (a frightful misnomer) who could send them to heaven with a flick of a *kimonoed* wrist.

The Japanese scene is full of frustrated mother-types who make millions a year as stand-ins for what the Japanese man doesn't — through lack of space, or interest, or attention — get at home; it is full of lies and deceit, which is what makes it seamy, but never quite decadent, at least not in the style of Paris, London, Hamburg or even Sydney.

Japan is full of promises the men can't keep, it is not seductive, falls short of erotic; the bars, the *geisha*, the hostesses, the massage girls, the *Mama sans*, all exist as yet another successful Japanese money-making venture, to prolong and intensify the incapability of Japanese men to give pleasure in sex — a world the





itinerant foreign man stumbles into without understanding and emerges reeling, clutching his crotch, fantasising about women who bring out the incestuous son in him, and condemning as "broad" his own fellow countrywomen who thereon-after he looks on as butch.

"Guilt-ridden?" asked Sengoku. "Cash on delivery? What are you talking about?" I provide him with an example.

A few months ago I was sitting in the bar of an hotel in Tokyo interviewing a famous Japanese baseball player . . .

"Hey, I know him!" exclaimed Sengoku.

. . . who kept asking to borrow my comb. We knew each other fairly well so when the conversation turned to sex he was surprisingly open, trusting. I was not the sort of journalist who would splash his candid comments across the sports section of our newspaper. Unknown to the Japanese press, he said, he had recently divorced. This meant that whereas before, when he was married, it was quite all right for him to frequent love hotels and Turkish baths, now he had to be careful because if he were seen even talking to a Japanese girl her name would soon be linked with his. For this reason, he went on, he had decided he would be safer with foreign girls who either didn't know who he was or wouldn't be taken seriously by any Japanese reporters who happened to spot him (meaning, it later dawned on me, that a large percentage of us foreign women were considered "professional").

Perhaps it was the wine, or perhaps it was because I'd had a crush on this handsome 39-year-old since I'd first seen him swing his bat, or maybe a bit of both that made me quickly agree to go upstairs to his office when he suggested the bar was becoming too noisy to talk. I should also add, in case you think me too naive, that it is not unusual for Japanese people to have an additional office in a hotel room.

He paid for the bill and we went upstairs. I used the elevator, he used the stairs. "I might be recognised," he said, "and people would misunderstand." Or perhaps they would understand, for within seconds of closing the door he grabbed me and began kissing and necking in a surge of frenzied passion.

I paused to swig some whisky. "Go on, go on," urged Sengoku, his slanted eyes wide in lecherous wonder.

I suppose I should have been shocked, I continued, but I was pleasantly surprised. Usually with Japanese men it is left to me to take the lead, which is totally against my nature so I am invariably left reading a book in my small house in Kamakura (a few miles out of Tokyo).

. . . so I was as hungry as he was. One thing led to another and before I knew it we were cavorting on the bed like two crazy cockroaches in the last throes of life. So far so good. But step by step his attitude changed. Suddenly it was do this, do that,

say this dirty word, louder, LOUDER. He had me do everything but a fan dance and as the clock ticked on I slowly realised it was me doing all the work, we were living out his fantasies, the hell with mine. Well, all right, I thought, each to his own. Thankfully I was spared the role of whipping girl. When he was about to come he made me scream at the top of my lungs *Iku, iku* (I'm coming, I'm coming — which I damn well wasn't), until I was pounding on the walls in a frenzied fit. When he came the world stood still for a moment and I was now the mother, comforting, consoling, saying "there, there, dear, everything's gonna be all right." Five minutes passed, then he leapt to his feet, hurriedly dressed, to my horror stuffed 30,000 yen in my bag, and rushed off into the night.

"A home run!" yelled Sengoku.

Sengoku looked thoughtful. "What does that prove?" he asked. "Wasn't it enough?" I bashed him on the head. Don't you see, you fool. He could get me to do anything he liked because he knew he was going to pay me. Shit, I'm not a prostitute. I liked the man! I knew him! And it's the same with every Japanese man I've had a relationship with."

But it was past midnight, I was tired. I told Sengoku it was time we headed home. "But we haven't been to the Turkish baths!" he grumbled. "God man!" I argued in despair. "What readers are going to believe you do all this in one night?"

"Pretty virile, aren't we," said Sengoku smugly. Then I realised all he'd had was a handjob. I hummed and ha-ed about following him to the Turkish baths as we strolled across a piece of parkland area on our way to one he knew well. Sengoku suddenly tried to hit his lips with his finger and pulled me to a clump of bushes.

"Ssssssh!" he hissed. "Look! Over there." I peered round the bushes and gulped. Just a few feet away from us three young couples were making love on the grass, totally unaware of each other.

"Sengoku! Stop perving," I whispered indignantly. He let out a noise like a hot air balloon. "It's not the couples I'm pointing to, but the people around them" he said, giggling. I peered round the bushes again. Sure enough the park was alive with glinting eyes behind bushes like mine. Businessmen with briefcases, laborers in their jockey grey trousers, students; it was almost as if the audience from the strip joint had made a beeline for here. I inched closer as far as the next bush to get a better look. I gulped again and waved Sengoku towards me. He almost tripped in his excitement for just around the corner were no fewer than three men standing over a half-dressed couple, not just watching but taking part.

I giggled in spite of myself. The girl was groaning in ecstasy, moaning "again, again; no, not there, just here," and she unwittingly guided the outstretched hand of a grinning observer towards her pink,



I peered round the bushes and gulped. Just a few feet away from us three young couples were making love on the grass.

glistening pussy while her man of the moment was still busy sucking and screwing her tit like an over-enthusiastic doctor checking a female patient for breast cancer. His other arm was behind her head, and he obviously had cramp from the pressure of the weight.

"Sengoku!" I whispered fiercely, clocking him on the head. "Take your hand out of my skirt!" Sengoku collapsed. "It's . . . nnot . . . mmmee," he managed to snort.

"Oh no!" I shrieked, and turned just in time to pack a wallop on the shoulder of a dark figure slipping furtively back through the bushes. Sengoku and I staggered out before we found ourselves in an elephant dance and crumpled on a bench, whooping with laughter.

We pulled ourselves together and I retouched my mascara. Sengoku was now clutching himself between the legs, begging to go to the baths. But I told him to hang on a bit longer, for nearby was the apartment of a friend of mine who would not only know the Turkish bath scene better than Sengoku but might even get him in free to one of the best houses in town.

Keiko Nanjo is small, pert, boyish with a short, trim haircut the color of burnt orange. When I first met her I mistook her for a dyke and kept my distance. But far from it. Beneath the one inch make-up lies a motherly heart of gold.

It was one in the morning, but I knew she wouldn't be in bed before three.

She was pleasant enough and fussed around us preparing tea, offering cigarettes, producing a plateful of cookies she didn't touch herself. We sat cross-legged in the one room that serves as a bedroom and living room, cramped under a Japanese knee-warmer because her huge double bed took up half the space.

We talked about her business at the sex clinic, where she now works and where



+he bathgirl
will give the customer
a handjob or
blowjob, and then they'll
manoeuvre themselves
in the tiny bath for
intercourse.

response was so overwhelming the police had to close the place down. Nanjo was out of work, but not for long. She was offered a job by one of Japan's foremost sexologists, who hired her as a therapist, and Japan's answer to Masters and Johnson was born.

Through her I got an insight into the world of Turkish baths, the modern day equivalent of the red light district which closed down before the Tokyo Olympics.

The lobby is always crowded, like a doctor's waiting room filled with all kinds of customers, the clientele depending very much on the price. Some Turkish baths are as cheap as 4000 yen, others charge up to 25,000 yen and boast a luxurious decor with all the trimmings. Nanjo's establishment was one of the cheaper ones at 10,000 yen.

The expectant visitor first pays at the desk and then waits in the lobby flicking absent-mindedly through newspapers or comic books strewn on the table. Usually he has a regular girl, but first timers take pot luck. The girls will be dressed in a variety of costumes: airline stewardesses, *geisha*, nurses, or the latest craze, high school girls (since a significant amount of school girls even from high class backgrounds have been recently earning extra money by allowing themselves to be picked up in coffee shops or on the street, a circle that gangsters are quickly closing in on). If Japan rearms, the joke goes, the new fashion will be military uniforms.

The rooms resemble hotel rooms, with a bath and stretcher-like bed (real beds are forbidden by law). The girl will strip to bra and pants and usher the customer into the bath, where he will soak up to his neck. He steps out and the bath girl soaps him down. In the old days she wouldn't touch his privates, but these days competition is so fierce so everything goes. A rinse, back in the bath for a soak, then a towel dry and on to the bed, naked, for a pummelling that must at least resemble a massage. Thirty minutes are up.

"Have we finished our meal (wink, wink)?" asks the girl. No! (or yes) replies the client and back they'll go in the bath — together.

The bathgirl will then give the customer a handjob or a blowjob and then somehow they'll manoeuvre themselves in the tiny bath for intercourse.

"It's a bit hard with foreigners," Nanjo said, "they take up too much room so we usually do it on the bed." The customer pays at the end of the course, usually twice the amount he paid for the massage. The girl keeps the money.

The girls, said Nanjo, are not keen on foreigners. It's rumored their cocks are twice the size of Japanese men's and could stretch their vaginas. They lose their Japanese clientele if a local man hears she has had sex with a foreigner, believing her vagina will now be so large he'll feel no sensation when he penetrates.

Does Nanjo feel the same way?

"Saaaa!" she slurps. "I much prefer foreigners, they are more tenderhearted, more gentle."

"A woman in the business looks for money," she went on. "The night life of Tokyo can be divided up into classes. The upper class businessman, the aristocrats and the wealthy go to high class hostess bars or secret member clubs where they will be entertained by *geisha*. Foreigners get mixed up about *geisha*, who are highly skilled entertainers and musicians who rarely sleep with the clients. Most of them these days are over 40 because the *geisha* are dying out."

"These days things are changing, business is slow. The younger men tend to sleep with girls in the office who are not expected to be virgins on marriage anymore. If she later marries into a conservative family she'll get her hymen restitched, which is a thriving trade within the field of plastic surgery. We do it at the clinic."

"Some bath girls come in regularly because the illusion of a virgin is still a big draw."

I was amazed. How much does that cost? "About 50,000 yen," she said.

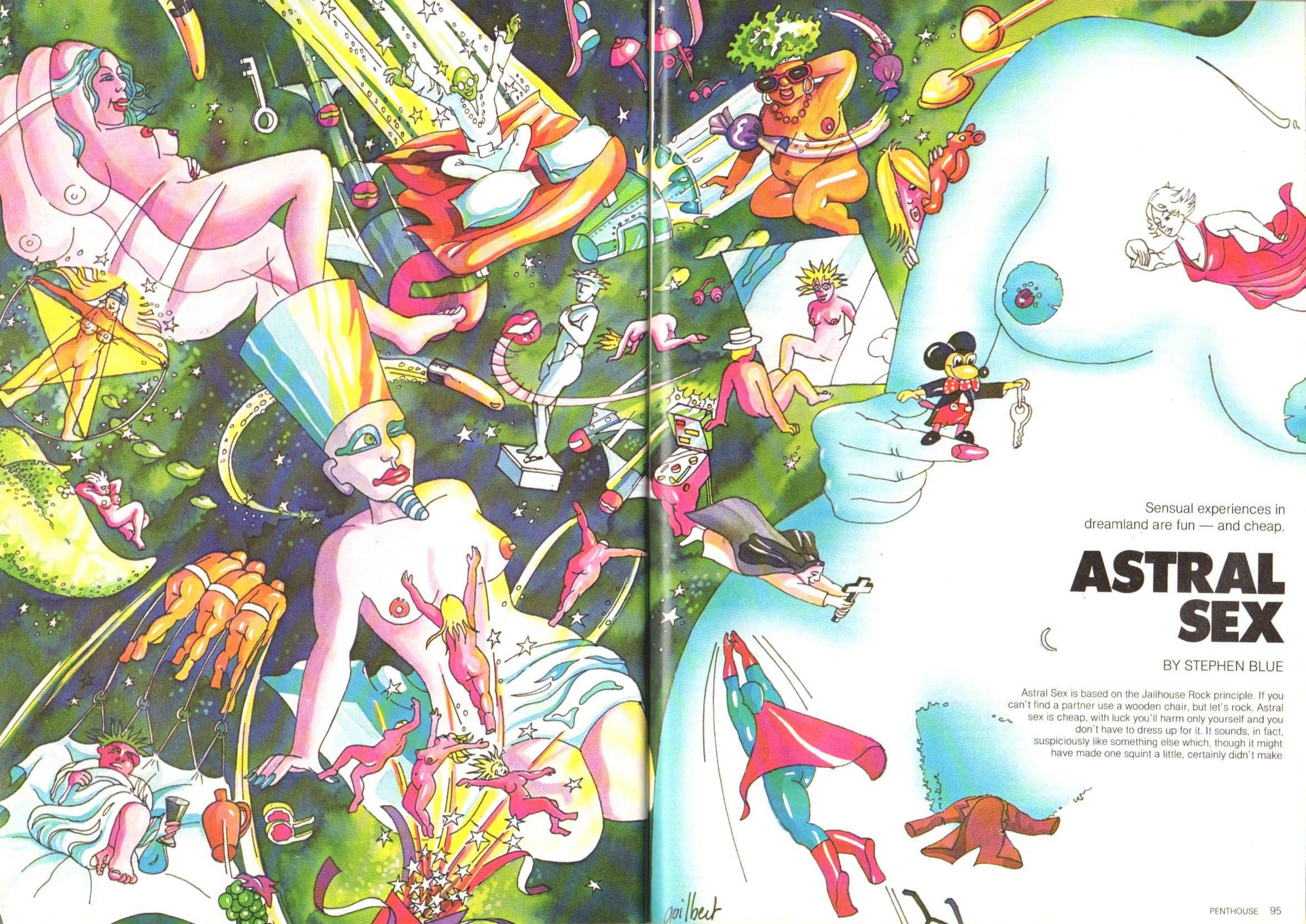
By now Sengoku had had the wind taken out of his sails and had temporarily forgotten his desire to go to the Turkish baths. He and I walked along the streets of Shinjuku at three in the morning. The city was still alive, throbbing with drunken chatter, slapped faces, a few obscenities, the sweet talk of hostesses, the lonely voice of a would-be singer trying out his talents on a special echo microphone in the corner of some dimly-lit drinking place.

We walked on and on; past the massage parlors, the *turkos*, the porn shops; past Shinjuku *ni-chome*, the gay centre, where Sengoku was propositioned by a transvestite wearing a flimsy dress and shivering on his stool; past street girls anxiously keeping an eye out for the police; past the *geisha* restaurants from which we can hear the mournful strain of the *shamisen* (Japanese guitar); past cuddling coffee shops, and discos, and hostess bars, and lesbian and host bars where hostesses will head for their turn for a bit of attention after a hard night's work fussing around men; and into a lane that leads to the Ginza, now geared to the rich, the famous, the elite. We stopped and paused for breath. In front of us was a love hotel, its purple glowing light illuminating the otherwise dimly-lit street.

"What do you think?" Sengoku asked, grinning as some of his confidence returned. "I'll show you we're not all dopes."

But I shook my head. Sengoku turned and walked back towards the evening's twinkling lights, his hands hunched in his pockets, heading for a better class of bath. I felt a twinge of disappointment, even, I suppose, of longing. But I knew I just couldn't compete with what lay waiting ahead of him. 





Sensual experiences in
dreamland are fun — and cheap.

ASTRAL SEX

BY STEPHEN BLUE

Astral Sex is based on the Jailhouse Rock principle. If you can't find a partner use a wooden chair, but let's rock. Astral sex is cheap, with luck you'll harm only yourself and you don't have to dress up for it. It sounds, in fact, suspiciously like something else which, though it might have made one squint a little, certainly didn't make

one blind. Of course, everybody knows I'm talking about staring at the eclipse through smoked glass while sitting on a wooden chair.

Perhaps there should be an explanation of what astral sex is. Quite simply it is sexual encounter on the astral plane — a sensual experience in dreamland.

For thousands of years humans have believed that the personality can escape the body, and through the utilisation of some subtle kinds of energy, which have so far not been proven scientifically, travel while the body lies inert.

Whether this is merely a play of consciousness and what seems to be travelling is just a variation on the dreaming process internally, or whether consciousness can free itself temporarily of the body and travel, is the sort of question which modern mystics and hip scientists debate around the world at healing and centring conferences.

If you believe in real astral projection outside the body (what the professionals call Out Of Body Experiences, or OOBES for short), then you are likely to believe in all sorts of related things, such as the soul surviving the body after death, and reincarnation and the second coming. Most certainly you would believe in telepathy. I have friends who have had striking experiences which they say were astral projection, and some of the stories involving Eastern mystics appearing in two places at once are fascinating enough to suggest that one should keep a mind open enough to account for any possibility, any exception which might prove the rule.

Those who like a scientific belief and who wish to entertain the possibility of astral travelling talk about the possibility of some kind of projection of an electromagnetic field over very short distances, for a brief duration, which would require a living body as a source of energy.

Some sceptics even deny people's belief that *something* happened to them — an experience which seemed to be like travelling in a body while their physical body was somewhere else, allowing them to cover great distances, to fly, pass through walls, communicate with other personalities, as it were, in their astral plane.

If you are this sceptical, you may never enjoy astral sex.

There's another possibility, which is that astral travelling is an illusion, and that something else is happening. That astral travellers in their astral bodies are inside their heads travelling through inner space in something very much like a lucid dream. (A lucid dream is one in which the dreamer comes to consciousness in the dream without waking, realises it is a dream, and allows it to continue, accepting the dream.)

There is a Malaysian tribe, the Senoi, who look upon the control of dreams as a way to overcome problems in waking life.

Far from conducting much analysis of the symbols and objects found in their dreams, these people merely distinguish pleasurable dreams from fear-inducing dreams.

Children old enough to conduct conversations about their dreams are encouraged by Senoi parents to recall and relate dreams.

If they experienced something frightening — being chased by a wild beast for instance — they are told that the dream beast is not the same as a real beast and cannot harm anybody. Their folks suggest to them to face the monster in sleep and force it into submission, then demand a gift. This way they learn to overcome inner fears. Similarly they are taught to approach pleasurable objects.

If the child is old enough (let's face it, who isn't?) and the dream is of a sexual nature, the child is taught to approach and engage. This means right through heavy

I have friends who have had striking experiences which they say were astral projection.

petting and into orgasm. No one tells these children that wet dreams are bad for their circulations.

Incidentally, on all the tests done to sleeping victims by behavioral psychologists all around the world, there has been, apparently, no recording of a wet dream, suggesting that the dreaming consciousness prefers to keep some of its little joys unobserved.

Lucid dreams aren't the domain of this Malaysian tribe — they are not uncommon phenomenon and books have been written about normal people, maybe like you and even me, who have experienced coming awake in a dream and being able to take control (*Lucid Dreams*, by Celia Green), and change the nature of the dream.

The experience can be pretty frightening, and many people wake up before they accept they are in control. It sure beats keeping a logbook of your dreams, I reckon.

Actually, I remember somebody, some great sardonic wit, who said you can tell the most boring people at parties because they're the ones who corner you

and tell you about their dreams. I was at a party telling him about one of my dreams at the time.

Anyway, once you have the dream controlled to the extent where you can direct its form and content and how you act within it — and it takes some practice — then you are a free consciousness inside a sleeping body with access to all the bits and pieces of your life stored as memory or fantasy, or symbolic stories, or whatever else. You can invent parallel universes, make yourself a hero in a dream story, learn a bit about yourself, have fun. You are roaming around the same internal territory that deep hypnosis or deep meditation or astral projection can take you to.

In all of these states you have stopped relating in a direct knowing way with your physical self. There may be qualitative differences in that you may have accentuated certain kinds of your beliefs in your alter-personality.

For instance, you have given the keys to your belief system to your hypnotist in hypnotism, and in deep meditation you probably are quite tranquil and unperturbed by much of your day-to-day problems... however usually people who get into these states find that the mind has a lot of corridors with doors leading into very peculiar rooms, so they too have to face taking control of their dream-state.

With astral travelling and lucid dreams you could expect some kind of detachment.

So, for the purposes of instructions in zen and the art of astral sex, we'll say that astral travelling is another way of lucid dreaming, which is another way of experiencing normally unreachable inner states by meditation techniques.

These include auto-suggestion, visualising, mantras, the art of relaxation, quieting the mind, and the use of icons and objects as an aid to visualisation and concentration and if you want to conduct yourself in the matters of astral love, you can use one or all of these ways, or any other similar way.

Astral sex takes place inside the head — yet not in the normal sense of having conscious thoughts and fantasies, which have a fairly low intensity compared with real life.

Astral love takes place in the astral world, and the astral world is nothing to sniff about.

As you know from some of the dreams you have, the dream world can have such lucidity that you don't even question, most of the time, that it is *really* a dream — even when weird things happen. You just, kind of, accept its reality.

But the intensity of those normal dreams lacks the presence of the astral world. While you are in it, it is the only thing that is real. The world of your sleeping or resting body is safe, but it is not part of your astral consciousness. You have the



"I swear it, I'm not having it off with the milkman!"

choice to invent any world you like in the astral land, so a person would be wasting a good time to create a mediocre universe.

If your dream you can be one of the gods, so you may as well get used to it. Forget the guilt and order the best wine. If you're in a frisky mood, then a dabble in the subconscious haystack might well be called for. You are at liberty to pick the partner of your choice, age is no barrier.

But I wouldn't be me, and I am, if I didn't suggest that probably the more positive kinds of images and emotions you can generate in the astral and lucid dreams states the better. While I don't think there's any harm (snigger!) in having a good time with yourself in a dream state, I wouldn't advise the generating of negative emotions — such as the desire to have power over a co-operative dream pleasure image, or to want submission or to submit, or to be brutish.

After all, all the bits of the dream are yourself, and even if you like to give someone a good kicking in real life, in your own dreams, it's you (disguised as another, a partner in pleasure) that you are wanting control over; so it's easier and more beneficial to take it easy. Who knows what evil lurks, etcetera?

Also in astral sex, you can experiment with forms of sexual excitement and kinds of partners that you might not do in waking, physical sexuality, but might have an interest in exploring. Here in your astral world there's no one to censure you but yourself, and why bother?

Astral sex is not always a longed-for pleasure. Sometimes it happens to a person who is really after another goal. Take the case of religious devotees of all persuasions, and occult dabblers, which is pretty much the same thing. The ecstasy that St Theresa experienced in summoning up the articles of her Christian faith was this: here she had chosen a religious figure to devote her attention to, and in the nether world, in the land of the other, sexual energy is only within spitting distance of becoming "spiritual power" and vice versa.

People who practise occult worship, like Kabbalists and black and white magicians and witches, and the yoga practitioners of India, as well as the substances of the myths of ancient Egypt and Greece and others, are full of reference to gods having intercourse with mortals, and gods chasing the old sexual carrot like there was no tomorrow. These gods are the dream figures in the head — well, that's as good a description as any.

The dedicated practitioners of occult traditions often make mention of the temptations of the meditative world. Their aim is to go for the Big One, the clear light, as it were — to be the great being with magical powers, or to have great knowledge, or to find eternal peace, or whatever else the booklet for the course says is in store for the successful devotee.

They aren't interested in a little light dabbling with the spirits on the side. In fact they go to all sorts of lengths to waylay their lusty sensations lest the soiling leads from the way of delivery.

The Tarot texts of the Western magical traditions make wonderful reading on this score. Here, when deep in meditation and contemplation of magical symbols, the neophyte comes across psychic forces which are just there to lure the unsuspecting from the Path.

Many of these belief systems assume the apparitions or forces as being external, rather than the product of an over-fertile imagination. A parallel is the poltergeist phenomenon — those mysterious and scary forces which have been known to throw cups around the kitchen, like an invasion from the spirit world.

Not so strangely enough, a major number of poltergeists are reported in the vicinity of young girls and boys entering

“
If you're
in a frisky mood,
then a dabble in the
subconscious haystack
might well be
called for.
”

puberty. So if the sexual force unleashed at puberty can chuck cups around, maybe we should forget oil and solar energy and make power stations out of our young citizens who are going through their sexual changes.

Suffice to say, for the non-magician, all the funny forces being discussed here can be explained well enough without resorting to the existence of gnomes and fairies. But not so the occult worshipper. They are urged to use colors, odors, symbols and assorted paraphernalia — even to the extent of making ceremonial swords to wave around themselves — to dispel unfriendly or dirty spirits which may be hanging in your aura.

In Dion Fortune's book (she was a member of the British turn-of-the-century magic group, The Order of the Golden Dawn, with such figures as Aleister Crowley and W.B. Yeats) *Psychic Self Defence*, she warns against the coming of "The Obscene Ones" while a student is deep inside on the magical trail.

However, these pathetic little trials will not arise if one is not schooled in the obsessive mysteries of Tarot and such. If

you have a go at astral sex, and have a bit of luck, and if you summon up an entity that starts giving your dream self a bit of trouble, just remember you are doing it to yourself.

It reminds me of a scene in the Stanley Kubrick horror movie, *The Shining*, where mad Jack Nicholson confronts a beautiful female poltergeist. When he attempts some of his grotty tongue kisses, she changes into a repulsive old crone. Pretty awful, huh?

Well, you might find the opposite happening in your dream, if you have the misfortune to start with something not so desirable, then maybe use the dream control method of approaching and subduing the image into a likeable one.

In summary, in the astral zones which you can reach in sleep or deep relaxation, or even deep concentration, you may come across dream landscapes and figures and personalities, but you are the boss of the universe and you have put them there. If they are no good, you take them away, merely using the weapon of belief. You know that you are in control, and there's nothing to fear but fear itself.

Now if you are hell bent on having an astral love adventure, you should know that you can invent as a partner a totally new person, which you can create from your experiences of all the people you've ever met or dreamed about or heard about. This is just the same process you use for waking fantasies anyway, for those who have ever dreamed out aloud.

On the other hand, you can use as your partner, or partners, some idol you might have from films, stage, music, sport or whatever. Maybe for the boys, a picture of someone you thought might be a "nice person". You can find them in various magazines on sale, much like this one. On the other hand, if you are of a devotional bent, you can imagine sexual union with gods or devils. Why not? It was good enough for the Nuns at Loudon a couple of centuries ago according to Ken Russell and Aldous Huxley, as presented in that repulsive film of a few years back *The Devils*. Or, if you are of a mythical bent, it can be one of the numerable gods and goddesses of ancient Egypt, Greece, Babylon (in fact, there are many today who still "call upon" these "entities" for salvation or, in this case, fun) and the current range of Indian deities from the Hindu Pantheon.

Aleister Crowley was a bit of a wag when it came to magic and sexual practice, and he wasn't above using the ideas of the gods and goddesses to escalate his sexual meditations along with drugs and anything else — much to the concern of the "serious occultists". Crowley is well known for formulating some lasting one-liners such as "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law. Love is the Law" and "Everybody is a star".

These may as well be the maxims of

astral sex. By the way, if you're gonna have sex with a god in astral planes, you may as well take the part of a goddess (or vice versa) because gods and the like are reputed to get more pleasure. Why be a god otherwise?

One thing so far should be clear. If you can't meet that special person on the earthly plane — or any person — or not enough persons — then you arrange to meet them in the astral world.

As the American rock 'n' roller Jonathon Richman noted in his recent song, Astral Plane: "the astral plane, the astral plane. Gonna meet you on the astral plane, or I'll go insane." Once again rock 'n' roll has succinctly stated the case. However I feel bound to say that given choice, I prefer the material world. Concrete poetry.

There is another theory which I may as well introduce here. It needs the belief that astral travelling *really* involves projection outside the body and that there is a common astral world that astral travellers can share. You might recall I rejected this line of argument. However, if your belief will stretch this far, then good for you, because there is an added bonus; this being that when you construct astral sex with your favorite movie star, it can be with their actual astral body, if their actual astral body felt like a bit of a romp between the astral sheets.

Maybe there's an astral single's bar somewhere in the heavens where all the available astral swingers get together to exchange subtle emanations and magnetic fluid by way of astral love.

Or if you wish to confine your relationships in the astral world to close friends, relatives or immediate family, then fine! It makes for an interesting way to examine the incest taboo.

So now we know what it is and where it is, the next step is how to get there. I will restrict the number of routes to: kundalini yoga, lucid dreaming, and astral projection.

Lucid Dreaming. For this to work you need to become aware while you are dreaming, *that* you are dreaming. Occasionally it happens and the result is, almost invariably, that one would wake up. Yet if you do not panic at the idea, nor become overexcited, there's no reason to wake up. Then you set about changing the landscape to whatever you desire. In this case an engaging sexual adventure. It's clean, it's private and it doesn't give you acne.

One way to arrange to become aware you are dreaming is to set up a signal which you will recognise in your dream, and which will tell you that it is a dream. For instance, before you go to sleep, gaze at your hand for as long as you can before great boredom sets in, with the idea that if you see your hand in your dream, you will realise what's up.

You can give yourself the suggestion that when you see your dream hand you

can make the dream lucid and take control. If you don't want to use your hand for adventure (as it were), then any other object you desire can be used as a trigger. Make it something simple that you are liable to come across in a dream, like your hand, or seeing yourself in a mirror.

If you're one of these people who think they don't dream, then you confound the whole world of science and common sense, because dreaming is a process totally natural and necessary to consciousness. It just means you haven't had sufficient practise in recalling dreams. In the morning, as soon as you wake up, is a good time to try recalling dreams. We dream a few times each night.

If you watch someone entering their dream state, you may see their eyelids flutter. This is Rapid Eye Moment (REM) and you can find it in people entering hypnotic trances or meditative states, too. It's normal. You can also find it entering the astral "world" from the physical world.

So practise at dream recall and a method of alerting yourself while in dream. Don't panic, change the scene to your desire. Fun, huh!

Astral Travelling. Just like lucid dreams, only you enter it awake, as it were. Quite a lot of people experience this phenomenon as they go from wakefulness into what would have been sleep. Instead, they enter astral space. Perhaps you are lying on a bed, ready for sleep. Instead of think-

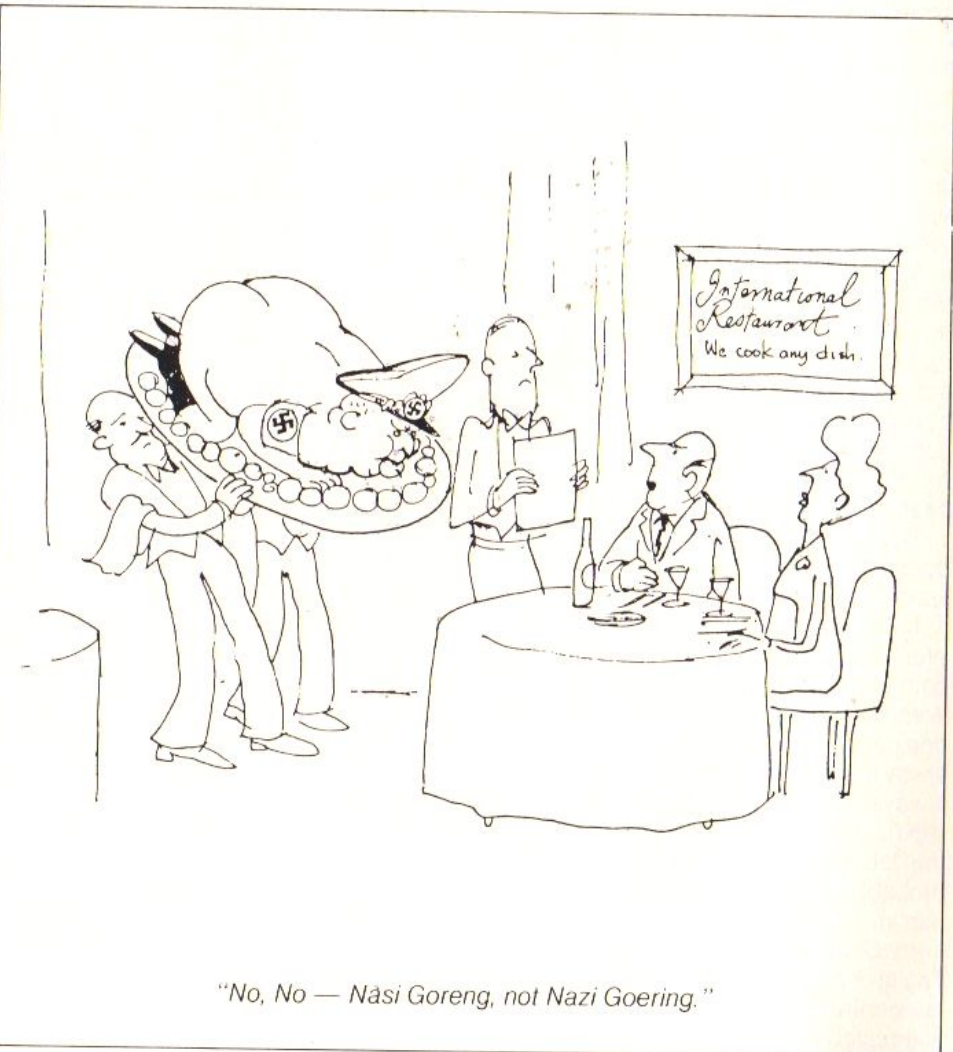
ing sleep, relax. This is harder than it sounds. Experience the sensation of the body floating. Don't think anything.

The eyelids may give a slight flutter, you're in that half-sleep-half-awake state where your thoughts and your dreams seem to intermingle.

As Van Morrison said, many years ago on *Astral Weeks*: "you breath in you breath out and you're high on your high flying cloud. Ecstasy surrounds you." I bet I misquoted, but who cares. The secret with astral travelling is: if you're still experiencing your body in bed, you are just awake. If you fall asleep and begin dreaming you're asleep. Astral land is Catch-22. Midland between them, just as one door opens and another closes. Just there. If you feel you are rising out of your body and you can see yourself lying in bed from somewhere else in the room, this is astral space. Don't panic. Head for the astral party. Well, I suppose that could wait for a few goes until you get your wings.

Some people who make a habit of attempting astral travel keep their hands stuck in the air, so if they fall asleep their dropping hand wakes them up, and they try again.

There is a variation on this solo flight method described in a recent book titled *Windows of the Mind*, where you have a partner who massages your head and feet while you imagine yourself to be growing and shrinking in your body. Then, as if on a



guided tour, your friend asks you to visualise a door in your mind. You step through it. Bang! You're in the astral world.

Physical/mental discipline: This would mean some kind of yoga. Yoga is just Indian calisthenics and posture coupled with meditation (which is just relaxation and concentration techniques). The physical and mental postures developed together over a few thousand years in India as practitioners of the holy trail discovered, like in trance, that the body had a mind of its own and would often, if left to organise itself by a relaxed mind that wasn't worried about control, put itself into positions which stimulated the autonomous nervous system (which without much of your volitional control looks after lungs, heartbeat, and the actions of the endocrine gland system, and so on) which produced greater fitness and ability to concentrate and relax. Feedback system.

Here you need to assume one of the stationary positions — either lotus position (with the two legs crossed and feet tucked into thighs), or half lotus (one foot tucked in), or simply crossed legs and comfortable, or if that is too hard (and it is for most in the West, especially men, as we don't exercise the hip area much these days — for instance, we sit down to shit instead of squatting like they do in the East) then lying in the corpse position (on your back, flat out) will do. A straight back is necessary because yoga postulates that you can transmute sexual energy, which is housed theoretically in the groin (with homage to the brain), into the body and mind for that old All-Is-One feeling, and that this happens by the energy travelling up the straight back. This is called raising kundalini. In China they call the energy "chi" and postulate it is beneath the navel.

A quiet mind is what you need, and a relaxed body. Relaxation can be achieved by listening to nice rhythmic music, or not listening to anything, or listening to a voice or tape of someone saying in mellow tones how you can achieve progressive relaxation by tightening and loosening muscles from your toes to your crown. Then stay calm and think nothing.

This kind of astral sex isn't strictly astral because you are in the body, and with luck, and how!

In Tibet they call this Tantric Yoga. As in Western Ritual Magic, there is a left-hand path and a right-hand path, and as in Western magic, the left-hand path is the one concerned with really getting down as a way to all-is-oneness. You notice that it's always the left hand that gets the bad reputation — if the right hand knew what the left hand was really doing, it would probably drop its pious pretensions and join in.

In China, this practise is covered in Taoist Yoga. Here semen retention by concentration and muscular control is suggested as a way to preserve "chi" and

to live hundreds of years. Semen retention is also practised in Tantra and in Indian Yoga. I don't know what the equivalent trick is for the ladies — maybe they don't have the same problem of such loss of essential bodily essences, as the mad general in *Dr Strangelove* termed it.

Here the story gets a little weird. All three seem to have a similar theory (and I don't want cards and letters from hoary experts on the subject giving more interpretations because these generalities are plenty enough for me) that by retaining semen at the point of orgasm, the retainer transmutes the semen in his groin into its composites — apparently very healthy stuff — and this stuff somehow (by way of bloodstream or however, or glandular message) arrives in your head and gives you a glowing feeling. Maybe there is some as yet undetected science in it.

The yoga philosophy has been validated many times by quantum science this cen-

“
If you feel a
great quietude coming
on, and the desire
to meditate sexually
seems to leave,
watch out!
”

tury (though if I read another book by some hippy Buddhist talking about quarters and the theory of relativity I think my electrons will go on strike), so who knows.

Maybe, though, this is a too literal interpretation of a metaphor. Maybe it just hardens the arteries — seeing as how doctors have discovered that men who've had rough vasectomies have been leaking semen into themselves, and it may have contributed to arteriosclerosis.

The Indians weren't the only ones who thought up this really wild idea, either. There's a 15th Century drawing by Leonardo Da Vinci of a human body with a tube, or something, going from the penis to the pineal gland — home of the Big Flash.

Freud and Jung and all their cronies have other ways of saying the same thing ... which is that the energy directed into sexual matters can be redirected into other areas by shifts in consciousness and that (well for Freud anyway) all energy is originally and basically sexual (sensual) energy. Well, all energy to do with attending to the world.

The yoga system says that this sexual energy resides at the base of the back-

bone, and it is represented by a serpent coiled three-and-a-half times. This is kundalini. On either side of the backbone running from the head down the spine are the Ida and Pingala — a positive, or masculine channel, and a negative, or feminine channel. The object of raising kundalini is to unite these two energies through meditation and transmutation of sexual energy, and detachment.

This sort of reasoning is just what Carl Jung reinterpreted for the Western world. In China these energy opposites are called yin and yang.

Now seeing as the meditators are dealing with sexual energy, and trying to control it and channel it into a "higher" calling, you can plainly see that they will run into a spot of bother.

As they fool around trying to activate the region where this energy is said to be (some schools of thought say it is to do with the muscle between the anus and the scrotum), which is given the name Mooladahr, they occasionally excite themselves. They have visions of beautiful goddesses. In fact, one of the leading gurus to the West tells this story to his disciples in an effort to get them to loosen up a bit about themselves. He said that during meditation he was confronted by visions of beautiful flesh, and that it worried him. Then he thought how dumb that was, so he gave in to it. Sound advice for all you who long for more carnal delights.

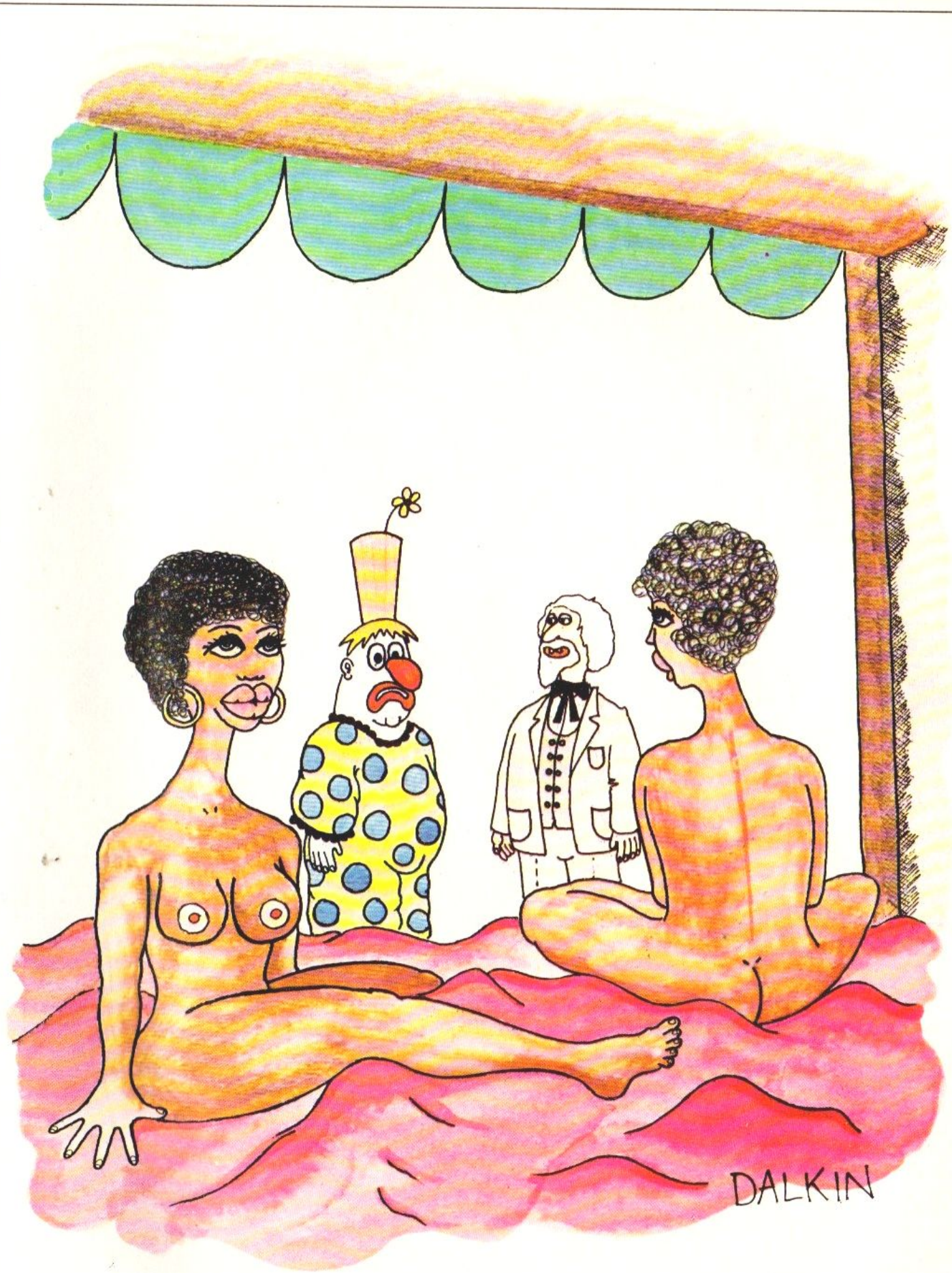
So whereas the aspiring guru, through the various yoga techniques, tries to unite his male and female side on the spiritual level, culminating in the flashing lights section of the brain (the two forces are called Shakti and Shiva I believe), and avoid the perils of the metaphorical, astral, dream sex, the astral sex practitioner does the opposite.

Using relaxation techniques, you can practise the muscular concentration at the Mooladarh, while fixating on your image of a sexual partner, real or imagined, god or goddess (and you can use external symbolic aids, such as a picture of your favorite hotstuff deity, or a pinup I guess (and go for the uniting of your positive and negative principles very much in the earthly domain).

Those who achieve sufficient control and success talk of orgasms that spontaneously occur, even repeat, and which do not localise in the dark mysterious triangle, but which charge the whole body.

A word of warning. If during your sexual yoga magic practice you begin to feel a great quietude coming on, and the desire to meditate sexually seems to leave, watch out! You are a prime candidate for a transcendental experience.

Notice the signs and turn back before it's too late, otherwise you'll experience that inner moment of peace and truth they promise, and you'll cease to be a desiring beast. That wouldn't be strictly human, after all. ☯



"Y'all have one hell of a lot t' learn about pleasurin' the wenches, Gaylord."

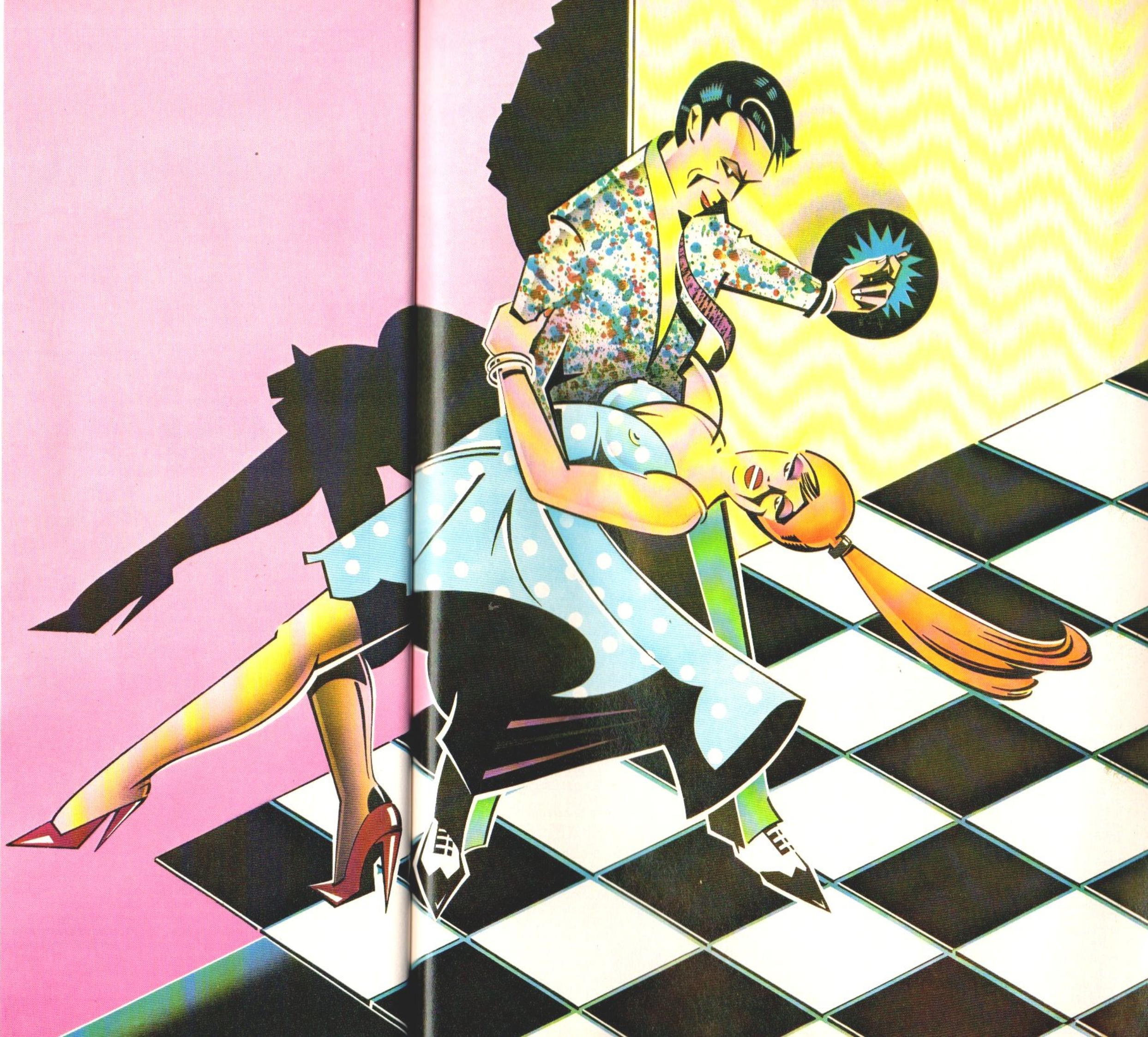
An unashamedly biased pick
of the pops.

25

GREAT SONGS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

BY CRAIG MCGREGOR

They don't write songs like they used to — or so they say. The Twenties and Thirties are fondly remembered as the heyday of the pop song: you know, classics by Jerome Kern, Cole Porter, George Gershwin, Irving Berlin, and the rest of that Tin Pan Alley shower. Well, maybe we're lucky they don't write those sort of songs any more. Because, for all their sophistication, they were nearly all sentimental love songs: slick, lightweight, utterly apart from the real world. The pop song was, by definition, trivial. Rock changed all that. It exploded the pop song into the everyday world, liberated its lyrics, infused it with sex, dope, cars, worries, fears, in fact the culture of an entire generation — and in the hands of songwriters like Bob Dylan and the Beatles it turned into a rich, and sometimes profound, art. As critic Edgar Waters once said of Dylan, "he turned pop serious". For myself, I think the best rock songs of the last 25 years have been just as good as, and perhaps better than, the classics of yesteryear. We're just not used to thinking of rock lyrics in those terms; but as Richard Goldstein set out to prove in *The Poetry of Rock*, it's in today's pop songs that most of today's poetry appears. Sure, it's often a simple, direct poetry of the streets: AWROPBOPALOODQPAROPBAMBOOM! shouts Little Richard, and we know just what he means. But it can also be the shifting, introspective insights of a Joni Mitchell, who I've come to regard



as a brilliant contemporary poet/songwriter, or the apocalyptic visions of Bob Dylan, or the funky humor of Stevie Wonder.

Rock is 25 years old this year — sort of. It depends which date you use for its birth: 1955, when Bill Haley's Rock Around The Clock exploded out of a B-grade movie called *Blackboard Jungle*? Or 1956, when an unknown Southern blues imitator had a massive hit with *Heartbreak Hotel* (yeah, Elvis)? Or earlier in the Fifties, when black musicians like Fats Domino and Chuck Berry were playing rhythm-and-blues to white kids who only later came to call it rock 'n' roll?

Anyway, to celebrate these first 25 years, here is my list of *The 25 Great Songs of Rock*. It's not, repeat not, a list of the best rock records: that would have to include a lot of performances and numbers with no lyrics at all.

Instead, I've selected 25 songs whose words stand up even when (as they should never be) they are written down without the music. To hear them properly you should buy the records, don the ear-phones, and forget about Cole Porter!

One word of warning: this is a personal selection, and you mightn't agree with it.

I have restricted myself to one song from each writer, to give a better idea of the range of lyrics. Now listen on:

BOB DYLAN: *All Along the Watchtower*

Bob Dylan is probably the finest popular songwriter the world has ever known; he's been through a lot of changes since he began as a folk/protest singer in Greenwich Village, and at each stage he's created memorable music. I could have chosen, for instance, an early number like Mr Tambourine Man; or one of his mid-period songs, such as Like A Rolling Stone; or one of the songs he's written since he became a born-again Christian. I've chosen All Along the Watchtower, from the first album he made after his breakdown. It's a masterpiece: brooding, philosophic, a highly condensed ballad-in-reverse in which the last verse is really the first:

There must be some way outa here / Said the Joker to the Thief / There's too much confusion / I can't get no relief. Businessmen they drink my wine / Ploughmen dig my earth / None of them along the line / Know what any of it is worth.

THE BEATLES: *Penny Lane*

John Lennon and Paul McCartney have been called the greatest songwriters since Schubert, and give or take a Dylan or Gershwin that's probably right. Lennon and McCartney had some sort of creative tension between them which enabled them to spin off brilliant songs; once they broke up neither of them, individually, wrote as well as they had together. But when they were together! — from their early love songs, through the high spirits of *Sergeant Pepper*, to the astonishing,

melodic inventiveness of *Abbey Road*, they proved they were not only the most popular songwriting team in the rock world, they were the best. Penny Lane is a marvellous, moving recreation of a boyhood; it used to bring tears to my eyes, and sometimes it still does:

In Penny Lane there is a fireman with an hour glass / And in his pocket is a portrait of the Queen / He likes to keep his fire engine clean / It's a clean machine.

JONI MITCHELL: *Woodstock*

Joni Mitchell is a marvel. She's so damned self-concerned, so wrapped up in analysing her own feelings, that you'd expect her songs to be insufferably introverted. Like, say, Laura Nyro's, or some of Janis Ian's less successful efforts. But somehow she manages to transcend that, turning the personal into the general. If I had to name a perfectly composed modern song, I would nominate Amelia from her *Hejira* album. But the one

“
If I
had to name
a perfectly composed
modern song, I
would nominate
Amelia.”

everyone knows her by, apart from Both Sides Now (which was a big hit for Judy Collins but not for Joni), is *Woodstock*. Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young made it the anthem of a generation:

By the time we got to Woodstock / We were half a million strong / And everywhere there was song and celebration.

LITTLE RICHARD: *Long Tall Sally*

The first time I saw Richard Penniman was at the old Sydney Stadium (now torn down for the Eastern Suburbs railway and other such symbols of progress). He started off at full blast and just got heavier and heavier; when he ran out of songs to scream he jumped on to the piano and started doing a strip tease; got down to his underpants, he did. He had (and still has) the shoutingest, rockingest voice I ever heard, and his songs were pure rock 'n' roll: fierce, direct, sexual. Lucille, Tutti Frutti, Slippin' and Slidin', and of course Long Tall Sally . . . they exploded into the Fifties like a sustained shout of joy:

Gonna tell Aunt Mary / 'Bout Uncle John / He says he has the miseries / But he has a lot of fun

Oh baby / Yeah-h-h baby / Woo-o-o-o baby / Gonna have some fun tonight. Long Tall Sally / She's built for speed / She's got everythin' / Uncle John need.

LEONARD COHEN: *Suzanne*

Rock doesn't usually take too kindly to a literary approach. Lines which look great on paper can sound terrible when sung. Leonard Cohen began as a poet, and only switched to songwriting later in his career, his quiet, introspective songpoems still betray a literary artifice, and I don't like most of them. But Suzanne is different, despite a melody which is little more than a drone; it's ambiguous, voluptuous, death behind the flowers. It always reminds me of Lillian Roxon:

Suzanne takes your hand / And she leads you to the river / She is wearing rags and feathers / From Salvation Army counters.

ROLLING STONES: *Jumpin' Jack Flash*

Mick Jagger and Keith Richard have never been as good a songwriting duo as Lennon/McCartney, but they've created consistently good songs over the years including, amazingly enough, some quite gentle love lyrics: Wild Horses, Ruby Tuesday, Angie, and so on. Their more typical songs are raunchy rockers. The one I prefer is Jumpin' Jack Flash; it's crammed with high-tension energy, it's free of Jagger's phony devilry, and it's not a bad description of Flash Mick himself:

I was born in a crossfire hurricane / I was raised by a toothless bearded hag / I was drowned, I was washed up and left for dead / And I howled at my mama in the driving rain.

JAMES TAYLOR: *Fire and Rain*

Although his later songs have meandered off into varieties of self-indulgence, James Taylor wrote some quite beautiful lyrics in the early days — including the words of Sweet Baby James, title track of his first album. Fire and Rain has passed into the repertoire of singers everywhere. It's a fine song: compressed, lyrical, yet with a sombre directness which conveys the depth of his emotion. Taylor has never written so well since:

Just yesterday morning they let me know you were gone / Suzanne, the plans they made put an end to you. / I walked out this morning and wrote down this song / I just can't remember who to send it to.

STEVIE WONDER: *Superstition*

He's a phenomenon, a one-man music direction, the child prodigy who grew up to become the finest black singer, and then the finest black songwriter, of his generation. He writes funky soul songs and sophisticated ballads which simply ignore the fashions of the time. Stevie played harmonica with Ray Charles at the age of 14, billed as Little Stevie; became a Motown hit-machine singer; and didn't break free with his own songs until he made his first self-produced album *Music of My Mind*. Since then he's written some brilliant

songs; he won the coveted US Songwriter's Award with You Are The Sunshine Of My Life, but I prefer songs like Wish, and Superwoman, with its blatant juxtaposition of love and cruelty, and Superstition, a political song about white manipulation and black gullibility:

Very superstitious, wash your face and hands, / Rid me of the problem, do all that you can, / Keep me in a daydream, keep me goin' strong / You don't wanna save me, sad is my song.

ELVIS COSTELLO: *Watchin' the Detectives*

He's the standout among the New Wave songwriters: some ugly songs, some cruel songs, some funny songs, and some good ones. Oliver's Army was a hit, but my songwriting mate Don Henderson isn't sure what it's about (Ireland?) and if he isn't sure, I'm sure not. Watching the Detectives is similarly double-edged, a spoof of TV gumshoe serials in which you start off laughing at what's happening and suddenly find you're in it; very smart, very worrying. Like a lot of New Wave numbers, the rhythm is punk/reggae:

I don't know how much more of this / I can take / She's filing her nails while they're / Dragging the lake. She is watching the detectives / Oooh it's so cute / Watching the detectives / And it's shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot / They beat it up till the teardrops start / But it can't be wounded 'cos it's got no heart.

JANIS IAN: *Society's Child*

Long before she was writing hits like Fly Too High and At Seventeen, Janis Ian was proving herself a precocious teenage songwriter whose lyrics ranged far beyond the standard boy/girl adolescent fare. At the age of 16 she wrote this song, and it's bitter-sweet lyrics about interracial love had it banned on some US radio stations; I first heard it sung by Jeannie Lewis and it knocked me right out:

She says I can't see you any more, baby / Can't see you any more / No, I don't want to see you any more, baby. / One of these days I'm gonna raise up my glistening wings, and fly. But that day will have to wait for awhile / Baby, I'm only society's child / When we're older things may change / But for now this is the way they must remain.

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON: *Me and Bobby McGhee*

I suppose you could call Kristofferson a country songwriter rather than a rock one, but Janis Joplin recorded a rock version of this (it was her last hit before she OD'd) and it's now become a standard. Before he became a movie star and got caught up with the likes of Barbra Streisand, Kristofferson was the best of the new wave of Nashville cats. An ex-Rhodes Scholar, he's more intellectual than most, and once told me he'd been influenced by Dylan, Tony Joe White — and William Blake, the 19th Century visionary poet. He's fond of

the sort of wordgame which occurs in the chorus of this song:

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose / Nothin' ain't worth nothin', but it's free / Feelin' good was easy boys, when Bobby sang the blues / And feelin' good was good enough for me / Good enough for me and Bobby McGhee.

LEO SAYER: *Moonlighting*

He used to be programmed as a Felliniesque clown, but Leo Sayer quickly broke out of that disguise and revealed himself as a songwriter of real talent. His work is incredibly varied; he's an eclectic, a bower-bird who picks up bits and pieces from everywhere and doesn't bother to disguise his borrowings:

His blue Morris van is parked in an alley / Just by Montague Street / His friend Eddie did the respray / So he couldn't drive it all last week / And it cost most of the money that he had saved up / To

“
Chuck's
guitar break
in Johnny B Goode
has become a
rock 'n' roll
classic.”

pay Eddie's receipt / But he figures it's worth it 'cos the disguise is a must / When they go missing they're gonna look for the van first. Moonlighting / They're leaving everything / Moonlighting / They're losing all their friends.

CHUCK BERRY: *Johnny B Goode*

This song has been covered by just about everyone; Chuck's original guitar break has become a rock 'n' roll classic; and a few modern songwriters, such as Bob Seger, have unabashedly ripped it off to form the basis of songs of their own. Chuck Berry, Joe Turner, Fats Domino, Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis — they freed us all, sang about rockin' (black slang for making love) instead of romance, and filled the jukeboxes of the world with a bawdy, raucous, irresistible poetry of the everyday. Chuck Berry wrote about cars (Maybelline), chicks (Sweet Little Sixteen), surfing (Surfin' USA), rock 'n' roll (Roll Over Beethoven) and, as here, kids with guitars setting out to blast the world's ears open:

Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans / Way back up in the woods

among the evergreens / There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood / Where lived a country boy named Johnny B Goode / Who never learned to read or write so well / But he could play a guitar just like ringin' a bell. Go go, Johnny go / Go go, Johnny go / Go, Johnny B Goode.

VAN MORRISON: *Cyprus Avenue*

I never have picked up all the words of this song from the *Astral Weeks* album; Van's one of rock's virtuoso singers, and so stretches and strains his lyrics until they become almost indecipherable. In structure it's a 12-bar blues, right down to the repeated first line of each verse, but it's been transformed into something utterly personal and intuitive:

Well, I'm caught one more time upon Cyprus Avenue / I'm caught one more time upon Cyprus Avenue / Well, I'm conquered and I can't see nothing that I can do.

LEIBER & STOLLER: *Yakety Yak*

Rock is basically a young people's music, and not surprisingly many of its lyrics are about youthful diemmas. This can lead to a lot of junk, but it can also look at some emotional traumas from, for a change, the kids' side. Yakety Yak, which was a great hit for the Coasters, was written by Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, one of the more enduring Tin Pan Alley songwriting teams. They've had an uncanny ability to tune in to their mass audience without condescending to them. This song turned the Coasters into spokesmen for an entire generation of kids who were always being told *don't talk back*:

Take out the papers and the trash / Or you don't get no spending cash / If you don't scrub that kitchen floor / You ain't gonna rock and roll no more. Yakety-yak / Don't talk back.

SIMON & GARFUNKEL: *The 59th Street Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovy)*

Like Lennon and McCartney, Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel wrote better songs together than apart. I've always thought Mrs Robinson a very good song: witty, compassionate, and with an unexpected uptempo rhythm which somehow enhances rather than detracts from the lyrics. Some of their other joint efforts are a little too vague and unfocused, with an element of self-pity: comfortable, middle-class New York kids pretending to be loners. This song is a bit sloppy at the edges too, but it has a direct innocence which finally makes it endearing:

Slow down, / You move too fast. / You got to make the morning last. / Just kickin' down the cobblestones, / Lookin' for fun and feelin' groovy.

THE EAGLES: *Hotel California*

It's not often that you get a modern pop song which works successfully as an allegory all the way through, but Don Henley, Glenn Frey and Don Felder have managed to do just that with Hotel California. Using a hotel as a symbol for the West

Coast, and for the entire Californian culture, is a neat idea to start with; as the song progresses it acquires more and more overtones, puns, local references, etc. without losing its narrative drive. It's a modern classic:

Mirrors on the ceiling / The pink champagne on ice / And she said "We are all just prisoners here / Of our own device." / And in the master's chambers / They gathered for the feast / They stab it with their steely knives / But they just can't kill the beast. Welcome to the Hotel California / Such a lovely place . . .

PETE TOWNSHEND: *See Me, Feel Me*

Nearly all of Townshend's heroes have been damaged in some way. Tommy, the star of rock's first authentic opera, was deaf, dumb and blind. Before he wrote *Tommy* Townshend had written a tough, song about a kid who stuttered, but could still talk about My Generation:

Things they do look awful cold. / Hope I die before I get old. / This is my generation, baby. / Why don't you all f-f-fade away.

Tommy has so many good songs in it, it seems pointless to pick one out. But if there's a moment in the opera when the emotion suddenly breaks out of the stage, it's the Go To The Mirror, Boy sequence when Roger Daltry suddenly cries:

Listening to you, I get the music / Gazing at you, I get the heat / Following you, I climb the mountain / I get excitement at your feet.

BOB SEGER: *Katmandu*

Another stutterer! This is the quintessential heavy rock rave, and that reiterated K-K-K-Katmandu gives every rock shouter a chance to bare his tonsils. Simple lyrics, a bit like the ones Joe Turner used to shout out at Kansas City, but that's one of rock's virtues — simplicity:

K-K-K-Katmandu / I think that's where I'm really going to / And if I ever get out of here / That's what I'm going to do. I know I'm gonna miss the USA / I guess I'll miss it every single day / But no one loves me here anyway / I know my plane is due.

MATT TAYLOR: *I Remember When I Was Young*

Just for the hell of it, I've included one Australian Song. Unlike the Bee Gees, the Easybeats, Max Merritt, Air Supply, etc., Matt Taylor has never broken through overseas. But this is a better song than any of those that have:

I remember when I was young / I had a sometime love / Who never knew it. / I'd do tricks for her on my bike / But it never turned out right / I always blew it. / On the day we had to part / I had a broken heart / But couldn't let on / So I spent my holidays / Just thinkin' of ways / I must've gone wrong.

CAT STEVENS: *Where Do the Children Play*

He's a very uneven songwriter, and

every album has a lot of junk on it; but, just occasionally, Cat Stevens manages to come out with a song which makes you put up with all the rest. Peace Train and Father And Son were simple songs; so is this one, as befits a children's song (sort of):

Well, I think that it's fine building jumbo planes / I'm taking a ride on a cosmic train / Switch on summer from a slot machine / Yes, get what you want to if you want, 'cause you can get anything. I know we've come a long way / We're changing day to day / But tell me, where do the children play?

BOBBIE GENTRY: *Ode to Billie Joe*

Not many songs get made into a film; this one did. Not many songs about suicide become hits; this one did. Not many songs take the white Southern bayou-blues genre and turn it into a mysterious William Faulkner tale of white trash morality: this one did. Bobbie Gentry looks more like a dumb starlet than a million-selling song-

“
Not
many songs
get made into a
film. Not many
songs about suicide
become hits.
”

writer, but she's not just a pretty face. She unfolds this story of Delta family life and passion as surely as a 19th Century novelist, withholding information, revealing details so that the listener seems to know more than the singer does — and at the end the solution is only hinted at, not spelt out:

It was the third of June / Another sleepy, dusty Delta day / I was out choppin' cotton / And my brother was balin' hay / And at dinner time we stopped / And walked back to the house to eat / And Mama hollered out the back door / Y'all remember to wipe your feet / And then she said: 'I got some news this morning / From Choktaw Ridge / Today Billie Joe McAllister jumped off the Tallahatchie Bridge.

B.B. KING: *That's Why I Sing The Blues*

The blues run like a dark, shining thread through rock as well as jazz. The Rolling Stones and a hundred other rock groups are basically blues bands. It's only in the last few years that black singers like B.B. King, who is probably the greatest contemporary blues singer-guitarist, have broken into the charts. He did it with The

Thrill Is Gone, a straight 12-bar blues which went to the top of the America hit parade, and That's Why I Sing The Blues, which combines harsh personal lyrics with a soul/rock, optimistic rhythm:

My kid's gonna grow up / Gonna grow up to be a fool / For there ain't no room / Ain't no room for him in school / Yeah, I got the blues.

DIRE STRAITS: *Sultans of Swing*

Maybe it's too soon to put this down in the list, but I've got a feeling that Mark Knopfler is going to be around as a songwriter for a long time to come. He's very, very original and writes songs about the most unexpected subjects; on that first album I really liked In The Gallery, about Harry the unknown sculptor. The second album was disappointing, and Knopfler's songs too sentimental; but *Making Movies* is up there again, and Juliet is a lovely light-hearted rerun of Shakespeare's play in mod terms. Sultans of Swing is a deft, low-key tribute to an oldtime jazz band on London's southside, and it's suffused with Mark Knopfler's affection for just about everything:

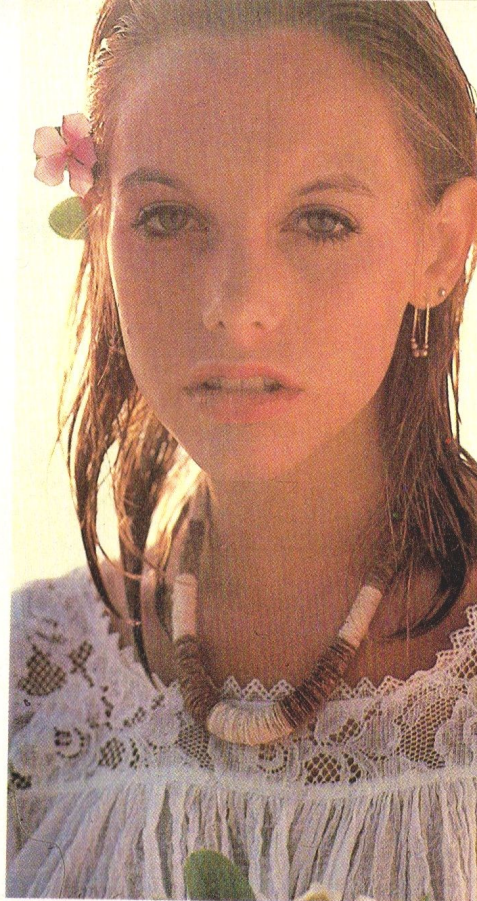
And Harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene / He's got a daytime job he's doing alright / He can play honky tonk just like anything / Saving it up for Friday night / With the Sultans / With the Sultans of Swing.

DON MCLEAN: *American Pie*

He's written some good songs since, including the much-underrated The More You Pay (The More It's Worth), with its subtle sexual symbolism; but he's never written anything quite as good as American Pie. The critics have had a great time interpreting the symbolism of its verses, unravelling the references to the King (Elvis) and the Jester (Dylan) and its mourning for the death of rock 'n' roll ("the day the music died"). That announcement proved premature, as McLean's own work shows, to say nothing of the songwriters who have emerged since:

But while the King was looking down / The Jester stole his thorny crown. And while Lennon read a book on Marx / The Quartet practised in the park / And we sand dirges in the dark / The day the music died. ☐—

Hotel California: © 1976, 77 Long Run Music, Fingers Music and WB Music Corp. Cyprus Avenue © 1968, 71 WB Music Corp. Caledonia Soul Music. Lyrics reprinted with permission from Warner Bros Music Australia. I Remember When I Was Young and Watching the Detectives lyrics reprinted with kind permission of Mushroom Music. Sultans of Swing lyrics reprinted with kind permission of Rondor Music Australia Pty Ltd. Katmandu lyrics reprinted with kind permission of Tumbleweed Music, Fire and Rain lyrics reprinted with kind permission of April Music Pty Ltd. Superstition and That's Why I Sing The Blues lyrics reprinted with kind permission of Castle Music Pty Ltd. Society's Child, The 59th Street Bridge Song and Ode To Billy Joe lyrics reprinted with kind permission of Jonathan Music (Australia) Pty Ltd. Penny Lane lyrics reprinted with kind permission of ATV Northern Songs Pty Ltd. All Along The Watchtower, American Pie, Long Tail Sally and Yakety Yack lyrics reprinted with kind permission of Chappell and Co. (Aust) Pty Ltd. Woodstock, Suzanne, Jumpin' Jack Flash and See Me, Feel Me lyrics reprinted with kind permission of Essex Music of Australia Pty Ltd. Me and Bobby McGhee, Moonlighting and Where Do The Children Play reprinted with kind permission of Festival Music. Johnny B Goode lyrics reprinted with kind permission of Jewel Music.



SHERRY

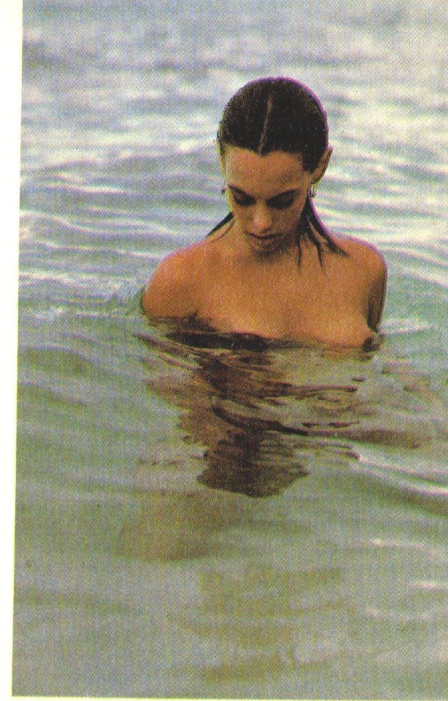
“Any man who wants
to control me
should know up front that
he'll have to put up
with all my playing around!”



NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH

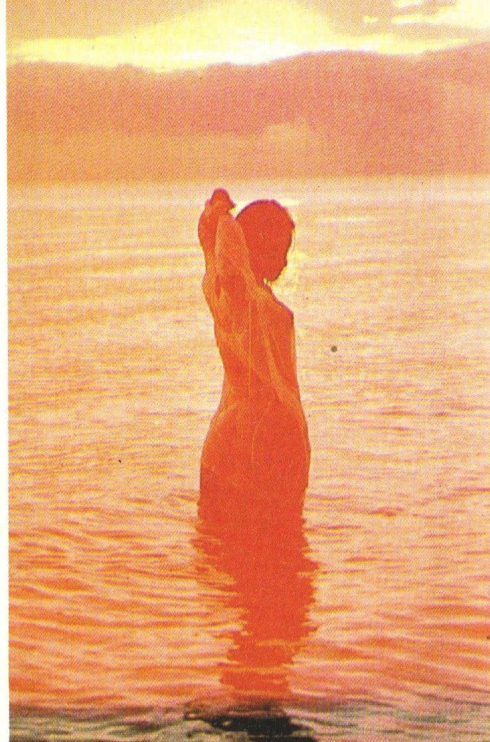
Looks aren't deceiving in my case," Sherry Moran declared when we observed, admiringly, that she had the heart-shaped face, elfin ears, and wide, sensuous mouth of a pixie. "I have a pretty mischievous disposition, too," she says, grinning. "I love to play tricks on people . . . mostly my friends, and I love to tease them, but never for any malicious reason . . . just out of fun." Sherry's naughty but nice. *Very nice . . .*



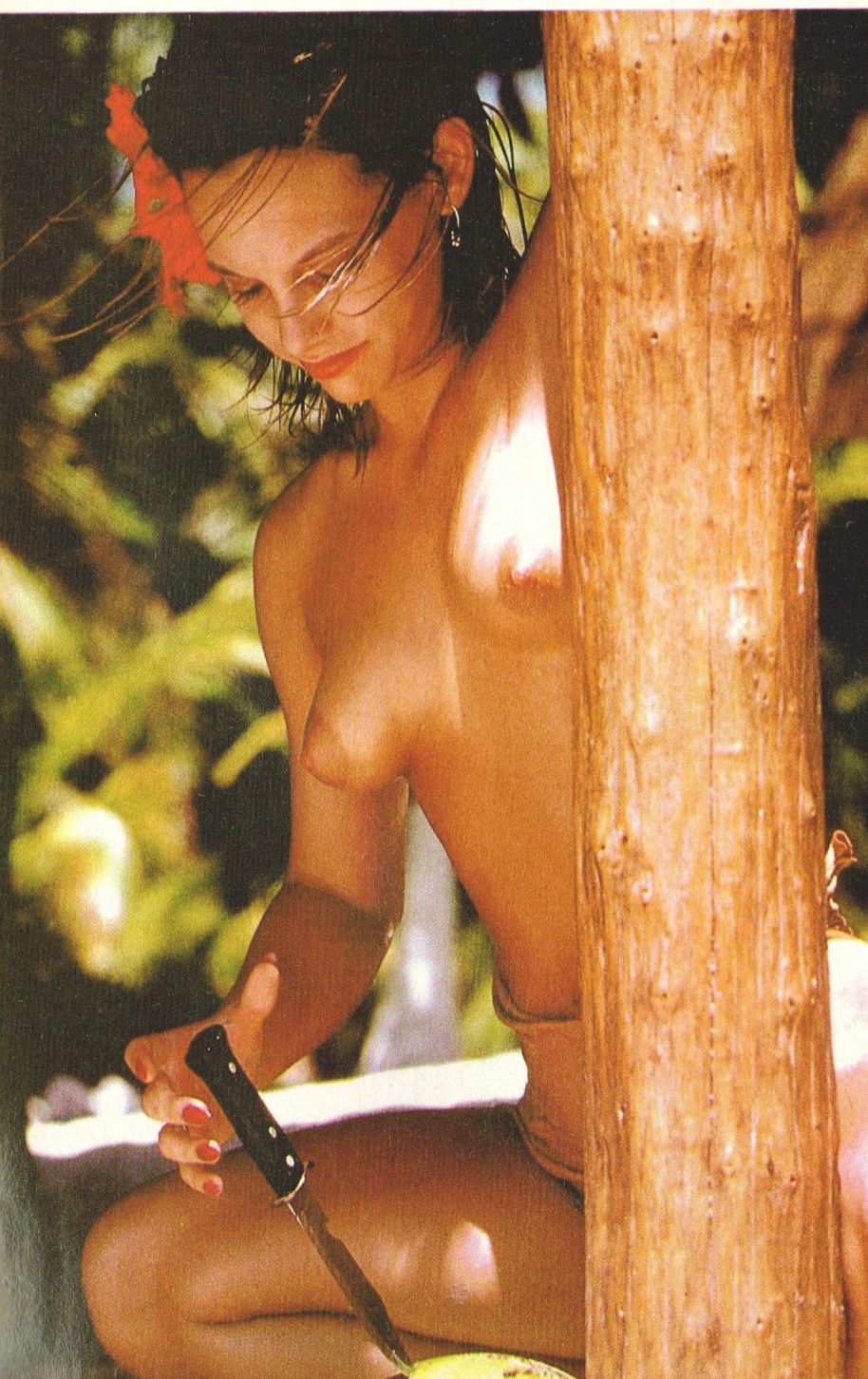


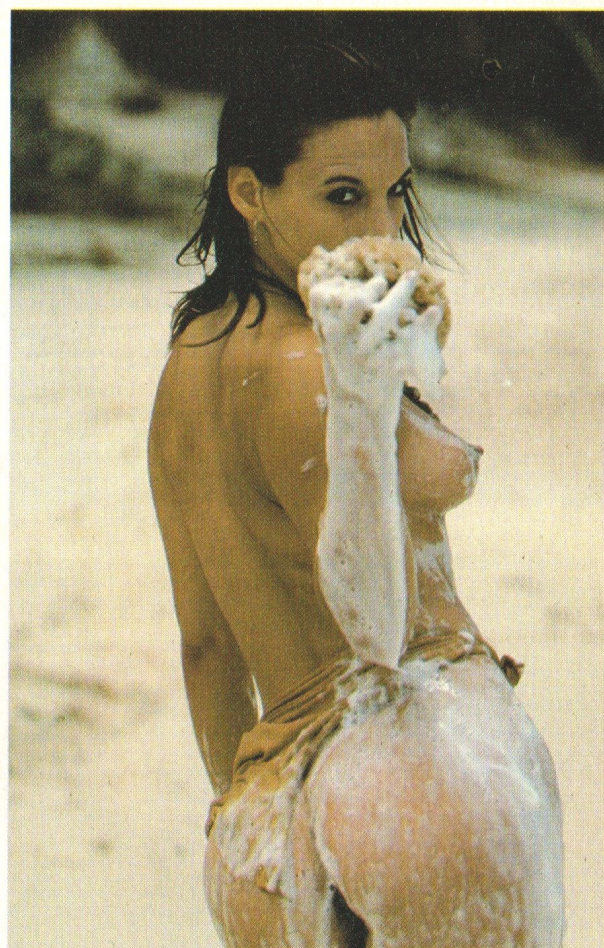
At the electric age of 19, high-spirited and unfettered, our adventurous Pet doesn't expect life to be any more predictable than she is. "Being discovered by *Penthouse* was a total surprise, but then I love surprises. I love taking spur-of-the-moment trips — jumping in at the deep end . . . you know, with my eyes wide open!"





"I have a great sense of adventure. I love discovering things . . . all kinds of things, and I love finding out about people . . . what makes them tick, what makes them think and feel the way they do. Once you know that, you have the key to their heads. I've always admired the girls in *Penthouse*. They're kind of sexy and aggressive and confident about themselves." Naturally, Sherry's bubbly spirit and beguiling beauty have caused her to be pursued by "as many men as there are stars in the sky."





"Luckily, though," she says, "I choose my own speed; this way most of the handsomer guys catch me, sooner or later . . . But any man who wants to control

me should know up front that he'll have to put up with all my playing around!" Maybe so, but sometimes half the game is better than none at all. ○✚





Photo by Robbi Newman

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

DICK SMITH

I've been in business for 12 years and I've never slipped a bloke a quid, not even a bottle of whisky. My ego wouldn't allow me to.

In little more than a decade Dick Smith has gone from "car radio nut" to "electronics wiz", from bespectacled Boy Scout leader to multi-media personality, from rags to, well, better fitting rags, from pauper to millionaire. His is the classic success story of the free enterprise society. Smith, now a boyish 35, heads a national business empire which is as improbable as it is successful. Specialising in high-turnover, low profit margin electronic paraphernalia, he has converted an original outlay of \$600 to a business with a \$22 million annual turnover in an age when most small businessmen have been gobbled up by the fiscal fiend or taken the corporate money and run. Smith says he owes it all to his own simplistic business maxim: copy, copy, copy, ask, ask, ask. But in truth the secret of his success is the most deceptively simple of all public relations campaigns.

For a decade Dick Smith has been ramming his own ordinariness down the purchasing public's throat. He rode a petrol-powered pogo stick over the Sydney Harbor Bridge, got his picture in the paper and never looked back: He's the bloke next door you know, the crazy one. Full of fun. Sells car radios and stuff. While his business contemporaries have expended fortunes keeping their products and companies in the public eye, Smith has simply let his Boy Scout penchant for pranks have its head and watched the publicity roll in.

To Smith we owe a vote of thanks for Antarctic joy

flights, the beer-powered radio and the concept of towing an iceberg to Sydney to solve the energy crisis. Smith mounted an expedition and found the remains of the plane that crashed while trying to find Kingsford Smith, he climbed to the top of a volcano in the Pacific (with a camera crew, of course) and claimed it for the State of New South Wales, he tried to jump the length of 16 motor cycles in a double-decker bus in a somewhat heavyhanded parody of stuntman Dale Guggins' feat. What sort of ratbagery is this? Well, it's the kind that makes Dick Smith a columnist's dream and one of the most sought-after talk show guests in the country. It's the sort of nonsense that drags customers into his shops. But it's also a pretty refreshing way for a millionaire businessman to carry on. An insecure and lonely child, Smith clearly revels in the attention his very visible eccentricity brings.

Married (to a former Girl Guide) with two young daughters, Smith commutes from his bushland home north of Sydney to his \$1.7 million office and warehouse and to his weekend farm on the NSW north coast in a \$220,000 Bell Jet Ranger helicopter. His chopper aside however, Smith cuts a suitably ordinary figure. He shuns executive lunches, taking sandwiches from home, neither smokes nor drinks and wears whatever Mrs Smith can find to fit in Grace Bros.

Penthouse Editor Phil Jarratt forced Smith to sit still for long enough to be interviewed between sojourns to

the Antarctic and the Kimberley ranges in West Australia.

Penthouse: The guesswork varies from "just a millionaire" to "multi-millionaire". How much are you worth and what does it mean to you?

Smith: Dick Smith Electronics — the total package — was worth well over \$12 million in June 1980. I own 40 percent of the business and Woolworths controls 60 percent. We expect to make well over \$4 million profit this year. It's a very healthy company, but every bit of profit goes either to company tax or back into company growth. This company has grown from an investment of about \$600 11 years ago to assets now of well over \$4 million — that's just the things we own, not counting goodwill or profit or anything like that.

Now you can only do that the way tax laws are in Australia by putting back every cent you make. So, while this company is a viable concern I'm worth a lot of money, but if it went broke tomorrow...

Penthouse: That \$600 figure you mentioned can't really be true. How does one start a business, even a decade ago, with that sort of capital?

Smith: Simple. I bought an old bomb boat and I painted it up and sold it. I was 23 and my wife, who was then my fiancée, was 19. We painted the boat and the old trailer and sold it for something around \$600. On the strength of that I borrowed some more money, but you must remember that the extent of my ambition then was to have a small business servicing two-way radios and installing car radios.

I was so naive I thought having two or three people working for me would mean the business was a success. It was a successful business. I got to this stage — and we now employ 250 people — by accident really. It was like catching a tiger by the tail. I've enjoyed building the business of course, but no more than I enjoy things like rock climbing. A bit of adventure. If I had to sit in an office all the time I'd be bored to death.

Penthouse: And yet, until recently you resisted all offers to take the money and run?

Smith: Yes, I recently sold a major share to Woolworths. The company started to get too big for me and I wanted to share the responsibility, so I made that 60/40 split with them. I had numerous offers before I made the decision to go with Woolworths. One firm was talking about \$20 million which I thought was unbelievable. But they wanted to control my life. They said I wouldn't be able to do aerobatics or rock climbing because they were investing in me.

I said, "Look, you might be able to buy Dick Smith's business for \$20 million but you're not going to get his life for that price."

The point that illustrated was that so many people think Dick Smith Electro-

tics is just Dick Smith, whereas in fact we have an exceedingly capable group of people who run this company.

Penthouse: Do you make a point of selecting your staff?

Smith: Oh yes, I personally choose the executive staff, although there have been some recent appointments made by Ike Bain, the managing director. That's going to happen more and more. It has to, I mean, consider this: Last year I was away climbing Balls Pyramid on Lord Howe Island, then I was straight off to America for three weeks to attend the helicopter convention, among other things. As soon as I returned I had to finish the television series I was making. I can't possibly do everything in this country.

Penthouse: Do you still get a kick out of being a businessman?

Smith: Yes, I do. Now this is going to sound ridiculous to the majority of *Penthouse* readers, but I'll say it anyway. I get

I was so
naive I thought
having two or three
people working for me
would mean the business
was a success.

most pleasure out of being with my family, my wife and two young daughters. The success of the business enables me to spend a lot of time with them. They come with me on most of my adventures. So you see the business is part of how I enjoy myself, but I'm not your typical company director who's devoted to management meetings all week and golf at the weekend. I can't stand management academics.

Penthouse: But you do seem to advocate a sort of Norman Vincent Peale approach to business.

Smith: What I advocate is just plain common sense. Running a business is the simplest thing in the world and if you have to read books to understand it you've lost the point of the whole thing.

I had lunch with the chairman of a big company the other day and he said, "Where did you learn your marketing?" I told him I learnt it all from reading the ads in the paper and copying the good ones. I've got two philosophies in business. One is to keep everything extremely simple, and the other is to copy everything that's successful. I don't mean you set up

a shop and copy the business next door, I mean you copy a good ad for a dress and apply it to electronics, or whatever. Most Australians won't do that.

Penthouse: Do you ever feel like a plagiarist?

Smith: I've never had that said. Most people are flattered to think that someone is copying them, and I'm always quite open about it. You have to be. How can you copy them properly without getting all the details?

Penthouse: Were you a prankster as a kid?

Smith: I was very much an individual. I was a bit different. I collected lizards and snakes, did everything by myself. I was a hopeless sportsman, in fact I was a dead loss at any group activity, which worried me. School kids can be pretty nasty if you're a bit different, and I think in those days I probably was a bit weird. Because of that I hated school.

Penthouse: You were a Boy Scout, weren't you?

Smith: Yes, I joined the Cubs when I was eight and I ended up leaving at 24 as a Rover Scout with a Baden Powell Award. It taught me a tremendous amount about organisation. I was always organising concerts, dances, bushwalks, things like that. I see people who go into business now making the mistakes I made when I was running a scout patrol. You learn from your mistakes and I was lucky enough to have made most of mine before I went into business. That saved me a lot of money.

Penthouse: Has the Baden Powell philosophy rubbed off in other ways?

Smith: No, I don't think so. I don't go round thinking about doing a good turn every day.

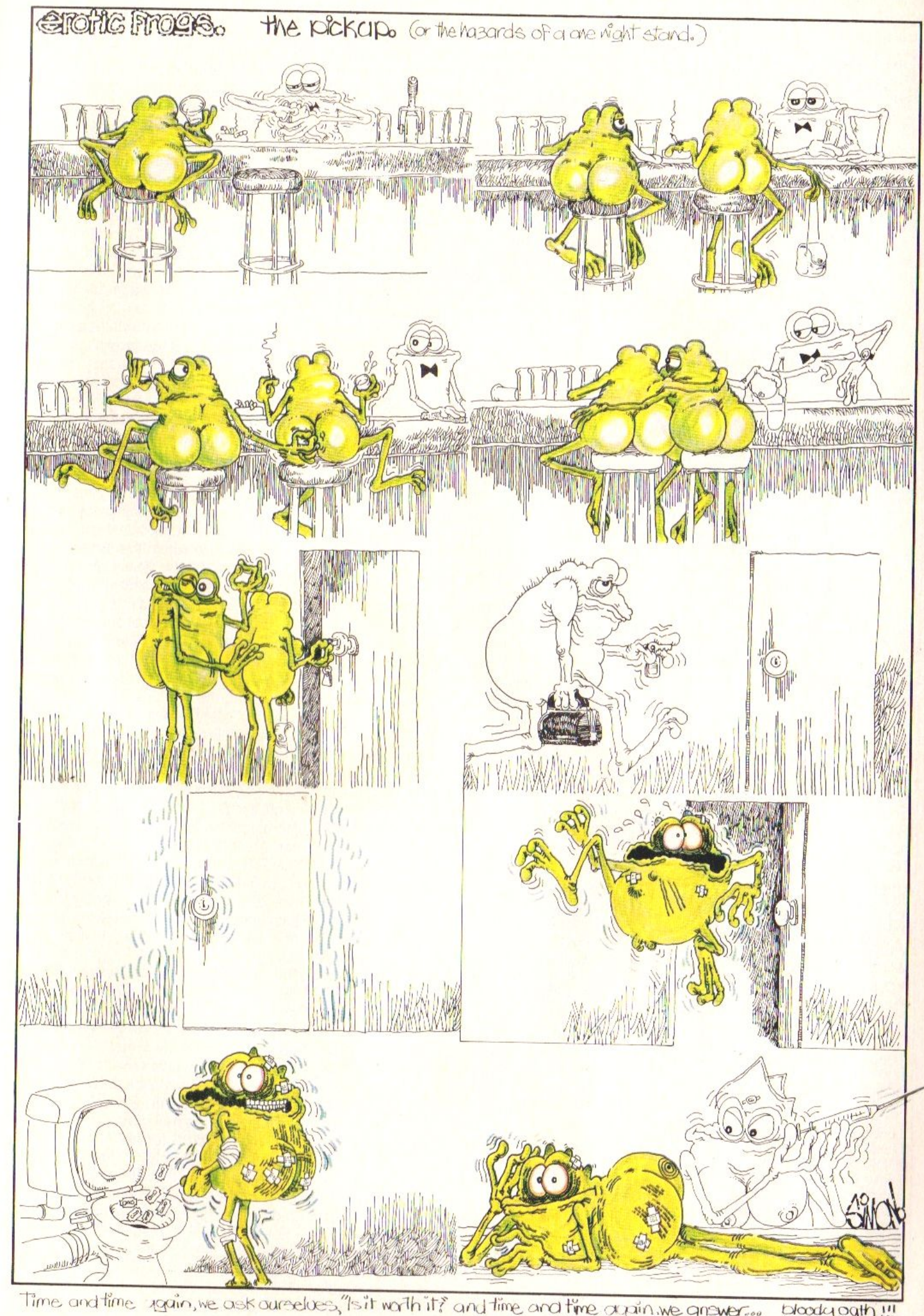
Penthouse: I was thinking more of your penchant for *Boys' Own*-style adventures.

Smith: Well, you might be right there. I've always had a spirit of fun and adventure. The thing that amazes me is there are so many businessmen around who are only interested in making money. As far as I'm concerned the business is just a tool to allow me to do fantastic things. I mean there's very little I can't do.

If I wanted to mount an expedition now to go to the South Pole I could do it. I have the money to do it. I have the resources to land a helicopter on top of Everest, if that's possible. These are exciting things that I think about all the time and about twice a year I actually do something like that. I suppose it's just because I have this highly developed sense of fun and adventure.

Penthouse: Did you come from a wealthy family?

Smith: No, quite the opposite. Middle class. My father was the manager of a book store in town. I have a sister who's two years older. We lived in East Roseville in a pretty ordinary house. My father



Time and time again, we ask ourselves, "Is it worth it?" and time and time again, we answer... bloody oath!!!

electric blue

World's Top-selling Adult Video Cassette Continues its Unchallenged Supremacy



005

HOSTESSED BY DESIREE COUSTEAU

FEATURING: JAYNE MANSFIELD

Scoop! Previously undiscovered NUDE footage!!

SUSAN GEORGE

Fully exposed in the shocking rape sequence from 'Straw Dogs'.

HANG-GLIDING ACTION

MARY-JANE & AMANDA

Sending you into the world of fantasy.

Today cut this order out and post to:—

ELECTRIC BLUE AUSTRALASIA

644 Victoria Street, North Melbourne 3051
P.O. Box 116 North Melbourne 3051.

Please send me:—

001 ☐ 002 ☐ 003 ☐ 004 ☐
005 ☐ All 5 ☐

Name

Address

I declare I am over 18 years old and enclose a cheque for \$
BANKCARD No.
I use a:— ☐ VHS ☐ Betamax ☐ Laserdisc

Signature

PRICE:—
001, 002, 003, 004, 005 2.95 ea. \$75.00 N.Z.
Any two \$25.00 \$135.00 N.Z.
Any three \$180.00 \$190.00 N.Z.
Any four \$235.00 \$245.00 N.Z.
All 5 \$290.00 \$300.00 N.Z.
New Zealand Bankcard also acceptable

attempted to start his own business in 1961 at the start of the credit squeeze. It was a printing business and it failed. I was in high school and it was a big thing for the whole family. We were all excited about the business starting then suddenly all the orders dried up. That worried me but it certainly didn't put me off business. I had no idea of course that I'd be going it on my own, even though at the time I was already going around fixing people's radios. I'd leave little cards in letterboxes saying, "Dick Smith will fix your radio." I really didn't have a clue. I'd spend a whole day doing what someone qualified could do in half an hour, and I'd charge them for half an hour anyway.

Penthouse: What were you like as a student?

Smith: Pretty hopeless. Up until third year I was a complete failure and I left school because I hated it so much. I got a job in a factory on a production line. It was completely boring, bashing rivets into something. It was supposed to be an apprenticeship but I could see they were going to use me on the production line for five years. So I went back to school, but my father was very strict and he said, look, you've left school and there's no way you're going back.

I managed to talk him into it and I immediately seemed to mature as a student and I didn't do too badly, even though I still hated it. The main thing I learnt at school was how to nick off. I was the expert at North Sydney Tech High on how to nick off from sport. I had it down to a fine art. I used to sell ideas on the subject for two bob each.

I remember one speech day we all had to go off to an old theatre near the Harbor Bridge. They used to seal the place off so you couldn't get out. I bought a couple of hundred feet of climbing rope and abseiled all the guys down the cutting. The only thing was someone from the *Sydney Morning Herald* saw us and it appeared in the *Granny* column the next day. The headmaster got up and said own up but of course no one did.

Anyway, I managed to matriculate and I was going to go to university. I enrolled at Sydney University, went to one lecture and realised there was no way I'd get through, so I gave up. Then I did about a year of a tech course and that was a dead loss so I gave that up too. And that's it. By then I was fixing car radios and two-way radios on a bench at home. I did that for a couple of years and then started selling them. I'd just got engaged and I thought it might be a good idea to start my own business. I'd been to a car radio place and the guys were so rude to me I figured business must be pretty good.

So I borrowed on the small amount I had and I opened up at the Big Bear shopping centre at Neutral Bay. Everyone had gone broke there. In fact the car radio business generally wasn't looking too

good. I remember ringing up AWA to get some stock. I said my name was Dick Smith (moan). I was opening up a car radio business (louder moan) at the Big Bear (shockingly loud moan).

To cut a long story short they wouldn't accept my cheques. I had to pay cash. The rent at the Big Bear was \$15 a week and I paid myself \$40. I had no money to advertise so I got my old car, which was worth about \$50, and I put a big sign on the roof and parked it at the bottom of the Spit Bridge or the top of Roseville Hill. I'd get in a couple of days before the police would be on to me to move it. That was my entire advertising campaign for the first six months.

Penthouse: I seem to recall single column portraits of you and words to the effect that you were a nut case.

Smith: Dick Smith, Car Radio Nut. That's right. After I'd been open for a while I was making a few bob and a bloke called in to get a car radio installed and he said he was an advertising agent. I told him what I wanted was an ad that would make me really famous and make everyone buy my radios without me spending any money. He came up with that ad which cost me \$100 a week to run in the paper. A total campaign of \$5000 a year. Chicken feed! And that ad made me known throughout Sydney and NSW. I told this guy, "Look, I don't mind making a fool of myself," and he came back with the little photo and this one-liner.

It was all about projecting the person rather than the product. I'll tell you an interesting story. I was going to call my business Alltronic, but I've always been one for asking for opinions and for copying people. I asked a guy who knew a bit about advertising and he said with a name like Dick Smith I just couldn't call it Alltronic. I was a bit sensitive about my name and I said: "Look if I had a Rolls Royce I certainly wouldn't take it to a bloke called Dick Smith." This guy said he would, so I took his advice and it was the best thing I ever did, because there's only one Dick Smith. It's a very personal business.

Penthouse: There must be some sort of reverse psychology in ramming such an ordinary name down people's throats.

Smith: It's funny. As I say I was very self-conscious about my name. When I was at school people would never believe me. I forgot my rail pass once and I got off the train and tried to run through the gates. The station master grabbed me by the collar and asked for my name. When I told him he went off his head. "I wasn't born yesterday," and all that sort of thing. So I made up a Polish name and he wrote it down and let me go. If I tried to book theatre tickets people wouldn't believe me, whereas now it's exactly the opposite.

Penthouse: When did you start your career as a prankster?

Smith: I was sitting in a doctor's surgery one day and I was looking at a magazine that had an article about the most useless thing — a petrol-powered pogo stick. I thought if I got hold of something silly like that I might be able to get some publicity.

So I got hold of the pogo stick for \$120 and rang up the *Sun-Herald* and said: "Look, I'm going to jump across the Harbor Bridge on this pogo stick and see how much they charge me at the toll gate." They sent a writer out and he did an article. Then the *Mike Walsh Show* rang me up and asked me to come on. This went on and on and I got tremendous publicity. In the end I sold the pogo stick for \$150, made a profit of \$30 plus thousands in publicity. I think this gave me a taste for stunts. I realised that you could quite easily get publicity without paying for it if you came up with something a bit different. So I kept it up.

There was the money iceberg I towed into Sydney Harbor, the Antarctic flights

... Actually the Antarctic flights have given us the greatest publicity all over the world and they came into being simply because I wanted to go to Antarctica. Lots of people thought Dick Smith was pretty bright to come up with that one, but that's rubbish. I just wanted to see the place and the only way I could hire a jet was to get other people to share. We finished up doing nine jumbo flights, I got to see Antarctica, we got unbelievable publicity around the world and we made a lot of money for charity.

Penthouse: Do you get a kick out of masterminding all these stunts?

Smith: No, not really. I find you have to have some sort of balance. Last August we attempted to get a doubledecker bus to jump over 16 motorcycles. Now people say: "Wow, Dick Smith, what an idiot. How dangerous." Not true. I'm the greatest coward in the world. We only jumped off a three foot ramp and that's the equivalent of an average pothole.

When we towed that iceberg in we got about 50 letters from people who said it was good to see someone with a healthy sense of fun. Good, harmless fun. There are so many things to worry about in the world, why not have a bit of fun? As long as it doesn't hurt or offend anyone. In fact I nearly scrapped the iceberg thing two days before we were supposed to do it, because I thought the guys in the media might get upset. See, they believed it, they really did. I sent out press releases and they believed every word of it. The beaut thing was that when it was exposed as an April Fools Day joke they all thought it was terrific. They'd been had but they weren't offended.

Penthouse: Have you ever had an adverse reaction from the media?

Smith: Not really. The only thing I can think of was when we sent out press releases about this television series I'm making. The advertising department put

them out, but *The Bulletin* got hold of it and completely twisted the words and made out I'd written it about myself. Some guy with an enormous chip on his shoulder wrote three scathing paragraphs. I rang *The Bulletin* and said I'd like to meet the writer to find out why he was so mediocre. They wouldn't even give me his name. This person was so insanely jealous that all he could get out of the press release was doesn't Dick Smith love himself. Obviously some mediocre journalist on about 20 grand who'd never got anywhere in life and the only enjoyment he could get out of life was to be nasty to people. But that's a minor thing.

Penthouse: Do you ever wonder when the bubble will burst? When they'll get sick of you?

Smith: I don't know that they'll get sick of me but Australians and the Australian media love to knock somebody down when he's on top. Look what happened to Harry M. Miller. They not only kicked him into the gutter, they pushed him down the drain. I've never met Miller but I was horrified by the way the media treated him. I couldn't see how a bloke they thought was great one moment could be so incredibly bad the next.

Penthouse: So you figure you're riding for a fall?

Smith: No, I don't think so because I make sure I never tread on people. If I'd had to tread on people to get where I am I wouldn't be here. I'm not that type of person. I always think that one day I could go broke and I'd like to be treated well. I think about that a lot. I don't have all that much confidence. I want to make sure there are people around who'll say Dick Smith did the right thing by us.

Penthouse: It's the old adage about being nice to the people on the way up because you're sure to meet them again on the way down.

Smith: Right, I think that's very true. I never take all this for granted and I thrive on the risk factor, knowing that I could go broke. I mean anything could happen. There could be a third world war followed by a shocking depression and people might not want to buy bits and pieces of electronic stuff from Dick Smith.

Penthouse: You keep going on about impending doom. Are you a fatalist?

Smith: No, I'm a realist. I don't walk around worrying about it but it's there. And I'm certainly not prepared for it. Everything I own is in the business. No shares, no gold, no bloody anything. All I've got is an old Timex watch. But it doesn't worry me. Because I'm successful now doesn't mean that I'll always be that way, and that makes it a beautiful challenge. I've got a helicopter now but I could go back to bushwalking and get just as much enjoyment.

Penthouse: Do you enjoy being in the spotlight?

Smith: I don't think I am in the spotlight all the time.

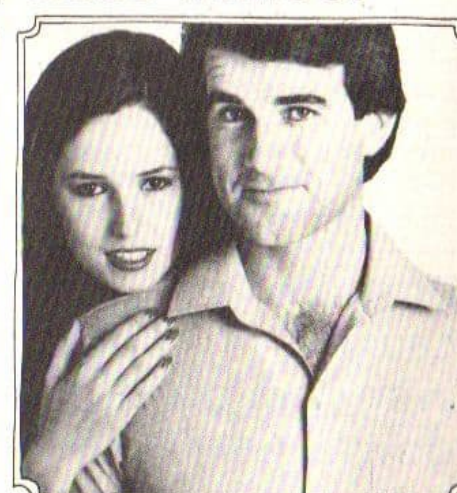
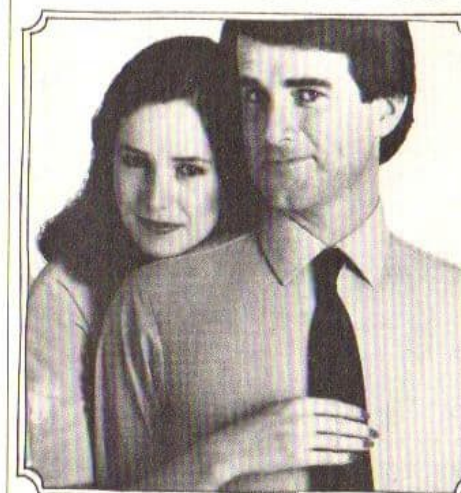
Penthouse: Well, it's rare that a week goes by and we don't hear about Dick Smith doing something.

Smith: Maybe that's because you're in the media. We had a survey done and it turns out only 52 percent of Australians know Dick Smith.

Penthouse: That's not a bad score.

Smith: Yeah, well ... it's only half. I reckon a lot more people would know Kerry Packer, probably 90 percent. Getting back to your question, I must admit

Looks as good with a tie as it does without



ALLROUNDER by PARAMOUNT
IT'S THE COLLAR THAT COUNTS

that I've been phoned by some daytime television people recently and whereas years ago I would have jumped at going on their programs, now I just say no. I say no quite a bit now, but it's not so much that I'm worried about exposure, it's just that I don't enjoy it as much now. And I think you're right, a lot of people are probably bored with me. The television stations certainly aren't. They keep ringing me up.

Penthouse: Frankly that's something I can't understand. Maybe you don't suffer from over-exposure because you haven't got any identifiable talents.

Smith: I think that's right. It's certainly an interesting point. But see a bloke like Mike Willesee has to worry about that sort of thing because he makes his money out of television. I don't and if I don't go on TV for six months it doesn't matter. I don't even get paid, except by the ABC. They give me thousands in publicity and then pay me as well. I think it's fantastic.

Penthouse: I read somewhere that you felt you had "shaped" your wife's development as a person. That's a rather sexist comment, isn't it?

Smith: Yeah, I think it is. I think you'd have to meet my wife to understand what I mean. When we met she was still a schoolgirl, I was five years older. The only reason I make that comment is that she says it, and I think she would know. I mean if I'd been 17 and married a girl five years older she probably would have shaped me.

Penthouse: Speaking of people being shaped by others, I also read somewhere that Arnold Glass was your hero in business.

Smith: Yes, and I've never even met the guy. What I really liked about him was the way he had \$5 million or so sitting in interest-bearing deposits and he was never tempted to get into anything else. I try to follow that example. We're a cash business and I have very large amounts of liquid cash floating around from time to time. People ring me up — I just got a call today, would I join in a casino, which is not really my image. I make sure I don't get involved in things I don't understand.

Can you imagine the pressure on

Arnold Glass? He was making a fortune out of cars. People must have been ringing him up and screaming get the Kentucky Chicken franchise, do this, do that. And he said no to all of them. Very astute. He was great at running a car business but he may not have been so good with fried chicken.

I can make money out of electronics but I'm not interested in trying other things. That's one of the reasons the money from the Antarctic flights went to charity — \$120,000 of it. It would have been against my principles to make money out of air charter, so I resisted the temptation.

Penthouse: Have you made any bad moves in business?

Smith: Not very many because I'm incredibly conservative. You might laugh at that but I'm the most conservative businessman around. Most of the things I've done are not very brilliant. I just copy people overseas. What sometimes frustrates me is the fact that I'm surrounded by people who try to do things they'll never be any good at. I once tried to play the saxophone and I wasn't getting anywhere. After a few weeks I asked my teacher if he thought I'd ever be any good. He said no, so I stopped. I know people who try to run businesses when they have no business ability, and that to me is stupidity. I have a go at most things but I never kid myself. If I find I can't do them I don't persevere.

Penthouse: What about CB radios? Did you get burnt there?

Smith: No, I made a fortune out of them.

Penthouse: And still are?

Smith: No.

Penthouse: Weren't you one of the first to suggest that the bottom was about to fall out of the CB market?

Smith: That's right, yes.

Penthouse: Obviously you weren't holding stock at that time.

Smith: Well, here's an example of how many idiots there are in the market place. We were making good money out of importing. There was a market of say 10,000 sets a month and 2000 were being imported. Suddenly there were 100 importers in the business importing 100,000 a month. They knew nothing about what they were doing. One company went broke with debts of nearly a million, they just went off one after the other. Incredible! All us taxpayers ended up paying for these blokes that went broke. What happened was they saw me making a few bob and thought they'd get in on it. So we had an incredible oversupply situation.

Now where we were lucky, we were in it first and we had about \$1 million worth of CB in stock. The way the supply situation went instead of being three months stock what we had looked like being two year's stock but we had the resources to just sit on it. It took us about 18 months to sell it and we're now importing them

again. We just sat on them and sold them all at a fair price. In fact I wish we'd had more because now I've gotta pay twice as much for them. I wish I could get hold of all the sets the idiots got rid of at half-price or less.

Penthouse: Given the fact that you were sitting on a lot of stock, wasn't it a rather odd move to come out in the press and say the bottom was falling out of the market?

Smith: Yes.

Penthouse: What was the strategy?

Smith: I could see that department stores were starting to look at importing electronics, and I figured if I had all this stock and knew where to sell it, it wouldn't be such a bad thing. I looked at the oversupply situation and the way the market was in America and realised that it was going to be exposed in about three months time. So I rang up the *Financial Review* and said, hey... We had a management discussion here and the other guys didn't think I should do it. I said number one it's the truth, number two we can afford to hang on to our stock and if we expose the thing it will destroy a lot of the companies who were going to go in three months time anyway.

Destroying these smaller companies wasn't the intention but if they'd hung around they would have gone worse. It was aimed at stopping further imports, but of course the moment we spoke up the banks foreclosed on a few of these companies and I got the blame for it. The situation was that the companies that went for a million would have otherwise gone for two million.

Penthouse: Are you a good boss?

Smith: I'm not tough. All this stuff about how you have to be a real tough bastard to be a successful businessman is not true. I've tended over the years to keep people on when they're not pulling their weight. They end up leaving anyway. I rarely fire people.

Penthouse: You mentioned your image before. What exactly is it?

Smith: Well, I don't see myself as the "electronics wiz" because for that you'd have to know a lot more about electronics than I do. I'm fortunate in that I've got entrepreneurial ability but my training has

been technical, fixing radios. I'm no engineer and I'm no genius but I have a very good practical knowledge of electronics. One of the things that frustrates me is people who say "that bloody capable guy, Dick Smith" when so little of this business is Dick Smith.

Take our video system, one of the best things we've ever done because it makes a large and far-flung staff one unit. Ike Bain, who's now managing director, thought of that. I thought it was a bloody stupid idea but Ike insisted. So *Sixty Minutes* came and did a thing on me and I told them it was Ike's idea, but no — when it went on TV it was my idea. They're convinced that I'm some sort of genius but I'm not.

Penthouse: Does that embarrass you?

Smith: When it's someone else's ability it does, certainly. I've got a very capable group of people here and they do a good job and it comes out like I've done the lot.

Penthouse: It's not uncommon for company figure-heads to be resented for that very reason. Does your staff resent you?

Smith: No. I don't mind grabbing the glory when it's my idea but so often it's not. Like towing the iceberg into Sydney Harbor was Gerry Nolan's idea, one of my guys. But it's like crying in the wilderness. I tell everyone it wasn't my idea, but you won't put that in this thing. You'll say it was Dick Smith.

Penthouse: There seems to be a clique of media-based wealth and power developing in Sydney...

Smith: Oh, I'm not involved in anything like that.

Penthouse: ... involving people of similar styles and ideals. An example involving you spring to mind. During the truckies blockade in 1979 you rang John Laws and offered your helicopter to help sort out the problem.

Smith: At the time I was worried about the thing. I vaguely remember Neville Wran ringing me up and asking me to organise a meeting. Look, to be honest with you I've only met John Laws and Mike Willesee once. As I said to John Singleton, I must be out of the group. I'm not involved in an FM station or a casino or Luna Park.

Penthouse: Do you see yourself as a powerful man?

Smith: No.

Penthouse: Do you cultivate friends in high places?

Smith: No, and this is a bit of a problem. My friends are still the same ones I had 12 years ago. I'm honestly not part of that group you're talking about.

Penthouse: Isn't Neville Wran a personal friend?

Smith: Yes, he is. Mainly through our interest in conservation. I went up to his office to gloat about climbing Ball's Pyramid. He gave me the flag, to claim it for NSW. I have a tremendous amount of respect for Neville. I think he's a capable

guy. I'm completely non-political. My attitude to political parties is that I don't understand how they run the country so well. I can't get over how well it runs. When Labor was in they pulled duty off everything and I was delighted, now the Libs are in our standard of living is pretty good. I run a business with over 200 employees and I understand about problems in communication.

Penthouse: So are you in favor of less government?

Smith: Certainly not. I reckon the system we've got works very well. I'm not one for *laissez-faire* capitalism. Capitalism has to be controlled because capitalists will exploit people, which is precisely what they should do. The government should allow the capitalist to exploit as much as he can, then knock the cream off the top for the benefit of everyone. Some people have the ability to be capitalists and others have the ability to paint beautiful pictures.

Penthouse: Bill Hayden talks about socialist capitalism, which seems to be a contradiction in terms. Is that more or less what you mean?

Smith: Well, I'll tell you now that if everyone was like Dick Smith and John Singleton the *laissez-faire* capitalism that Singleton talks about would work well. We'd all give as much as we can take. But most people are not like that. They have to be protected, and I believe the system we have does just that. There are small ways I'd like to see it changed. I'd like to see Telecom get a bit of competition, but I'm not really obsessed with that. I believe our system is damn good. Now if you were unemployed you might say it isn't, but considering the small amount of work most Australians do we're an incredibly successful country.

Gee, I'd be quite happy to live in a small flat, as long as I had my wife and kids. Now you might say, hang on, you can't say that. But I can. When I started my business I didn't have two bob. They wouldn't even give me a mortgage to buy a house. I had a crappy old car. I've got a Fairlane now but if I went back to crappy old cars it wouldn't worry me.

Penthouse: A conservationist driving a Fairlane? Obviously fuel conservation isn't high on your priority list.

Smith: Well it is, but not that high. This is where the great fallacy comes in. I drive about 300 metres from home to work in my Fairlane. I love all these conservationists who...

Penthouse: But hang on, you drive 300 metres and hop into your helicopter don't you?

Smith: Yeah, that's right.

Penthouse: And of course that doesn't use up much fuel.

Smith: Of course it does. I've got tremendous confidence in human beings and I believe the energy crisis is a short-term thing. In the long term I don't think it will

*Dear Alex,
Wow last night was
something else!
Thanks for the divine
dinner, the Dom Perignon
and my beautiful red rose
And by the way, darling
I'm just wild about your
satin sheets! Just the
thought of them makes
me feel man-men
all over!
Do you remember
promising me a pair?
Your brown ones are
awfully nice, but
I think I'd like mine
in gold.
Don't forget
Love
Kim xxx*

DISCOVER THE SENSUOUS LUXURY OF SATIN SHEETS...

So soft, so smooth... for any occasion! Made from washable acetate, these exotic sheets come in a choice of 6 jewel colours, double and queen size, with matching pillowcases. (2 sheets, 2 pillowcases per set). From just \$69.50 set

HURRY — ORDER NOW WHILE STOCKS LAST!

CLIP & MAIL COUPON TODAY.

14 DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

To: SWISSBOY, Suite 401, 10 Martin Place, Sydney. N.S.W. 2000. Ph: 452-1077

YES Please send me my order of SATIN SHEETS as indicated below. Colours: Brown, Red, Gold, Bone, Blue, Green

Item	Qty.	Price	Colour	Total
Double Bed Set		69.50		
Queen Size Set		79.50		
Pillow Cases		6.00		

☐ My Cheque/money order enclosed

☐ Please charge my Bankcard

TOTAL \$

A/C No.....

Signature.....Exp. Date.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....P/C Code.....

Price includes postage and insured delivery.

Don't be caught with your plants down! (Call Us)



THE INDOOR PLANT
HIRE COMPANY
PTY LTD

713-9367 713-5665

THE MAIL ORDER HOUSE

You have trusted since 1965

Proudly presents
A NEW COMPREHENSIVE
ADULT CATALOGUE

Send \$2 today for samples and your
personal free copy to:

C.C. OF A. DEPT. Z.

P.O. BOX M335.

SYDNEY MAIL EXCHANGE,
N.S.W., 2012.

Please certify over 18 years of age.
779 George St., Sydney.

seem like a crisis at all. Now people will say that's sacrilege, but what I'm interested in as a conservationist are the things we can't get around. Things like our national parks. If we destroy them now then that's it. If in 100 years we decide we want them again there's nothing we can do about it. I'm not a rabid conservationist. I don't go round saying you can't have progress. All I'm saying is there are vast areas of this country that the white man hasn't changed. If we can leave them that way without a great cost to us then let's leave them.

Penthouse: Tell me about the row you had with the residents of Terry Hills over building a helipad.

Smith: It's one of those things about not wanting to tread on people. I wanted to buy a block of land where I could accommodate my helicopter. I went to the councils in the area and they said they had no control over people using helicopters. There was a test case involving a doctor in which this was proven. I thought the council should have some say, but fair enough, they hadn't.

I looked around and found a block of land which stuck out into Kuringai Chase, which I fly over when I'm coming back from my farm, so it was perfect. Then I did what many people have since told me was a stupid thing. I went to every neighbor and told them I wanted to buy the land and asked if my helicopter would bother them. None of them minded. I started flying and then I heard that Duffy's Forest Progress Association, which is a mile or so away, was against me landing the helicopter.

So I rang them and they told me I should ask more people in the area, the people on the other side of my neighbors. So I did all that and only one bloke objected. He had a nature club and he was already putting up with trail bikes, but he agreed to let me try it. I landed and he recorded the noise. You couldn't hear it. The birds in the bloody trees made more noise, so he was quite happy. Months later, after I'd started building, some woman from the Progress Association heard about it and got upset. She reckoned I was going to frighten the koalas or something, which was absolute rubbish. And the other complaint I got was that I was going to frighten the horses. I was flying in regularly and the horses just stood there looking at me. But there was this bloody furore anyway, so I put it to them that if they could find one person who would be offended by me and my helicopter I wouldn't come.

When you've got a young family you can't live where you're not wanted. Well, to cut a long story short, I've been living there 17 months now, flying to work every day, and the people who objected don't know I've arrived. They're still waiting for me to finish the house. But the thing is I got into all that bother by doing the right

thing. That's just the way I am. I've been in business 12 years and I've never slipped a bloke a quid, not even a bottle of whisky. My ego wouldn't allow me to.

Penthouse: Integrity is rather important to you I gather.

Smith: Yes, but only for selfish reasons. I have to live with myself, and how could I ask my staff to be honest and not knock stuff off if they knew I was dishonest? They know that if they knock off a resistor worth four cents here we go straight to the police. I would expect them to do the same with me if they saw me doing something illegal.

Penthouse: Is there a religion behind your views on morality?

Smith: No. I'm a moral sort of person I suppose but, as I said, only because I have to live with myself. I don't smoke or drink and I know some people think I'm a religious crank. Not so. I haven't got a second for most religions I know of. They

The only
thing that could
be described
as a luxury
is my
helicopter.

seem completely immoral to me, two-faced. I've got an enormous ego but it's not big enough to say that my religion is right and everyone else is wrong. I don't smoke because my father smoked like a chimney and cursed himself for it every day. I don't drink because I've got a sweet tooth. Simple as that. I haven't got any objections to people who drink, I just don't like the taste of it. If I did I'd drink more than anyone.

Penthouse: What do you do to unwind?

Smith: I don't.

Penthouse: Do you sleep much?

Smith: About six hours. I always have to read. I'll tell you something. For the first few years I'd go home and worry about the business, then suddenly — probably by a stroke of luck — I reached the point where I could just switch off. Now I go up to the farm and I never even think of the business.

I don't take my work home very often. When I'm at home I don't think of the business. I watch television or read or fool around with this documentary series, there are too many things to see and do to think about work all the time. Pat Hills is

arranging for me to go down a coal mine and see how it works because I'm genuinely interested. Then after that I want to have a look at the sewer outlet at North Head and see how that works. To me that's fascinating.

Penthouse: Have you acquired expensive tastes?

Smith: No. The only thing that could be described as a luxury is my helicopter. But even that isn't really. I bought it for the documentary series. I wanted to go one better than the Leyland brothers and I'd seen a show in Britain where a guy flew around in a helicopter describing the country. So I sold the two planes I had because it would have been a waste to have them lying around. Look, I don't spend one percent of what I earn. I never buy any clothes. My wife goes to Grace Bros and buys them for me.

Penthouse: That must be terrific for her. Hasn't she got her own interests?

Smith: Yes. She goes to the ballet with friends. I'd go if she really wanted me to but I don't like it or understand it. She plays tennis with other friends because I can't even serve. She's very much a housewife, incredibly involved with the kids and the Parents and Citizens Association. She does all these crazy things for the school which I'm sure the Education Department should be doing.

We're both very fortunate in that she really is interested in what I do. We do just about everything as a family, and if I have to go away somewhere I usually don't go if I can't take the family with me. It's not so much that I have to have them with me, but I don't like restaurant or hotel meals. I like my wife to cook me steak and chips. She likes going out to restaurants but I hate it. I've got no patience. I can't wait to be served.

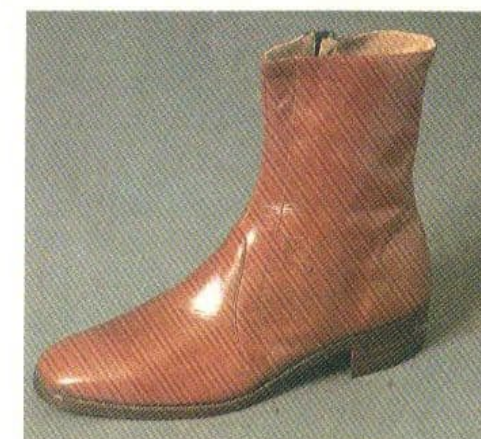
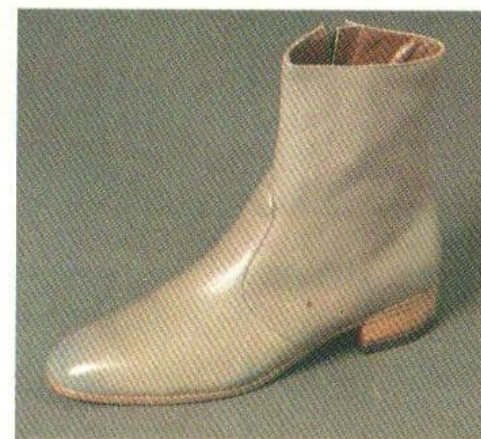
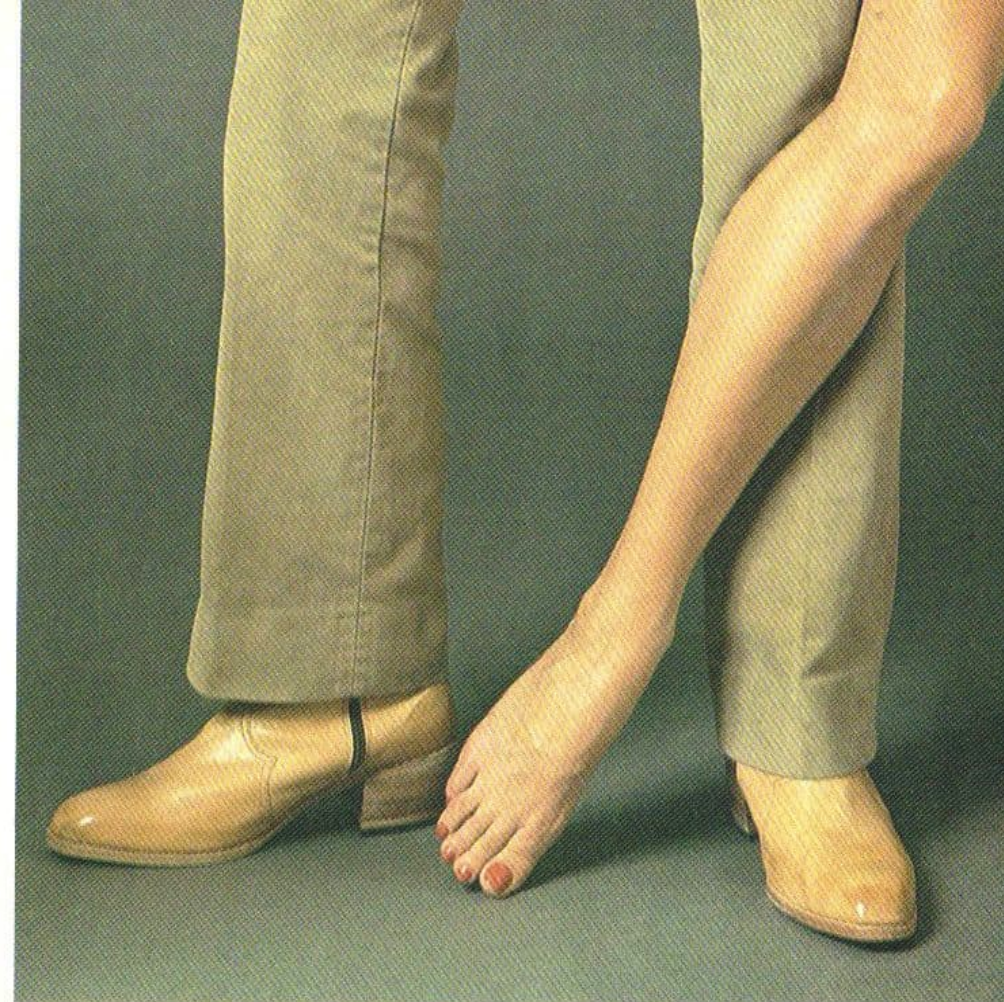
Penthouse: You give quite a few lectures on management and yet you say it's all so simple. What do people want you to tell them? The secret of your success?

Smith: I think so, yes. I say no to most of the requests I get from marketing institutes and bodies like that because what am I going to tell them? They're not ever going to be like me, and I don't really think they'd want to be. I wouldn't want to hear Dick Smith talking. It'd be bloody boring. I gave a lecture to some group of businessmen in suits.

I said, "Look, the only thing I can tell you guys is that you're wasting time sitting here in your bloody suits having an executive lunch. Why don't you go back to your offices and make some money?"

Penthouse: When you are forced into a corner and made to reveal your secret what do you say?

Smith: I've got it written on a little card I give to people. It says, "Copy, copy, copy; ask, ask, ask, and keep it simple." The other thing is don't give any credit. Pretty boring eh? People all clap and carry on. Jesus! Boring, boring, boring. —



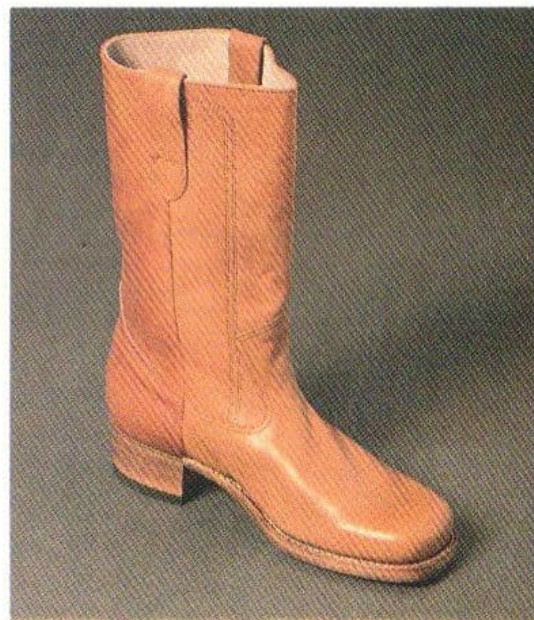
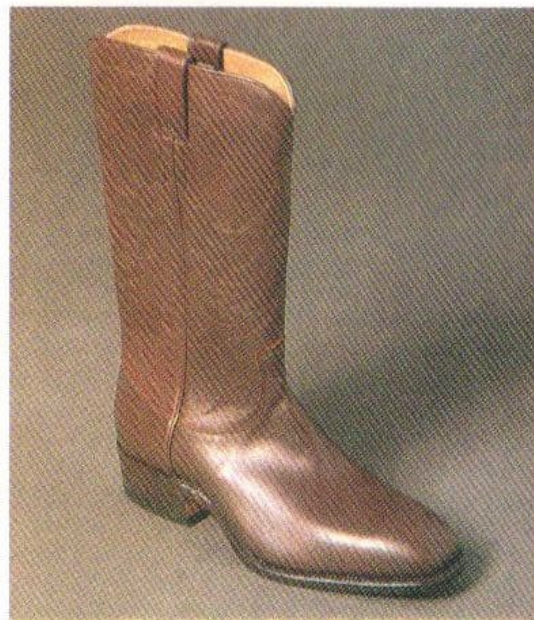
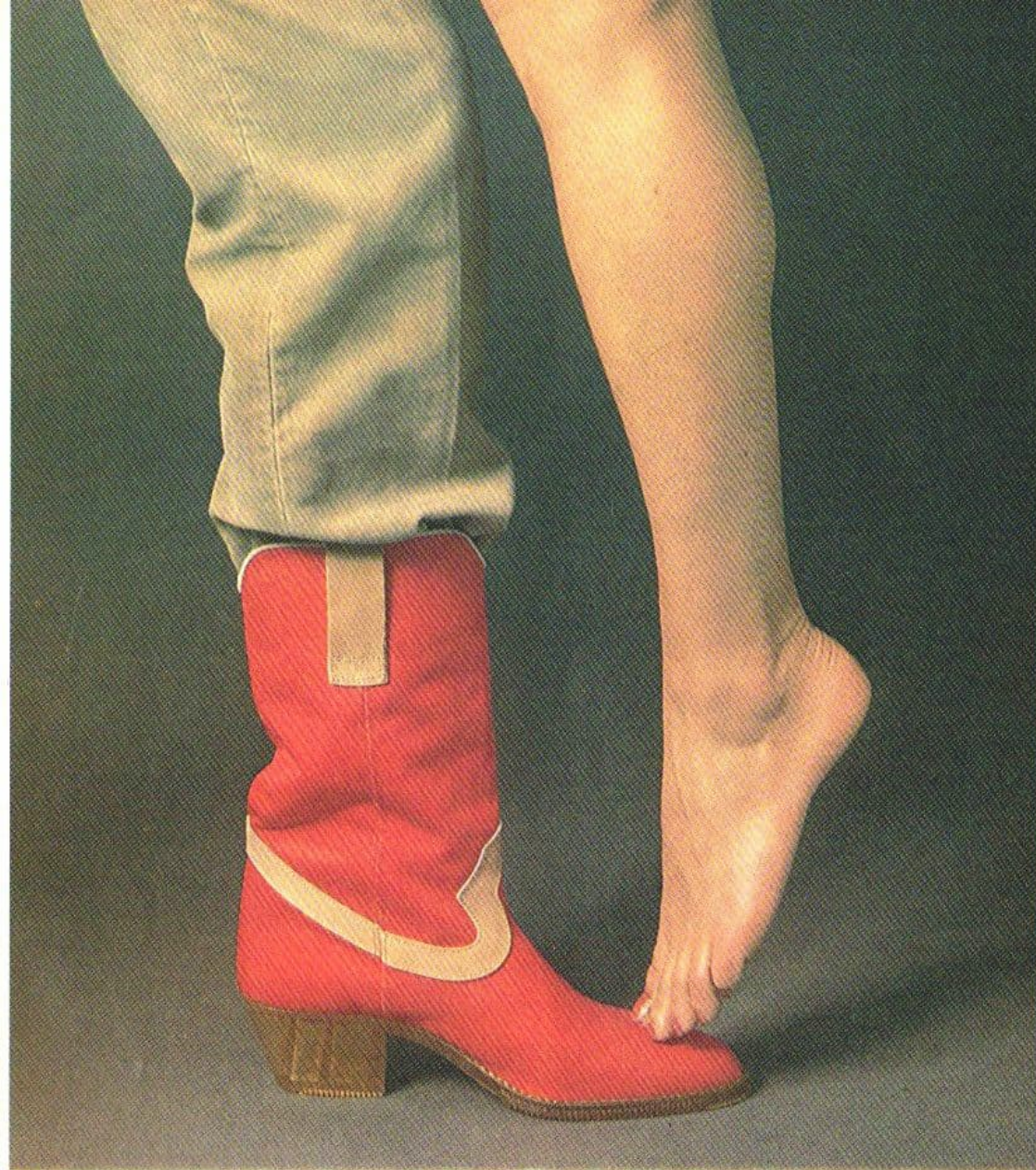
GROOM AT THE TOP

You don't have to be
a cowboy to walk tall this winter.

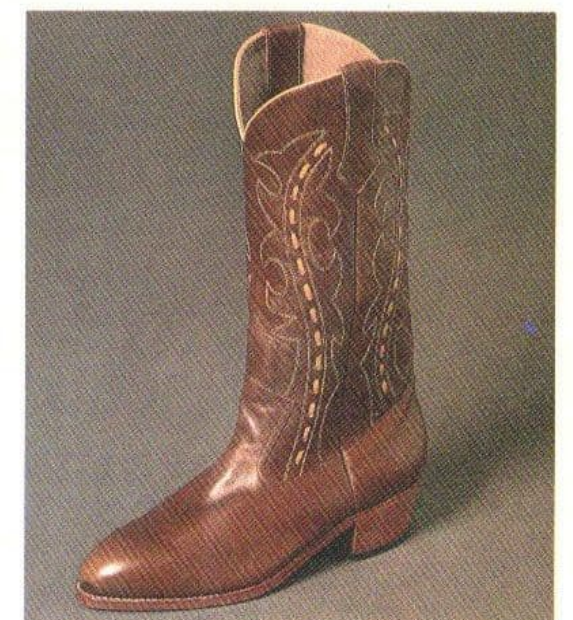
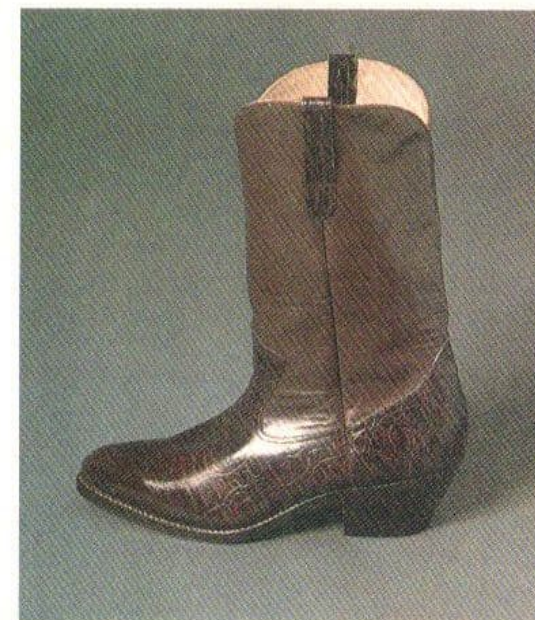
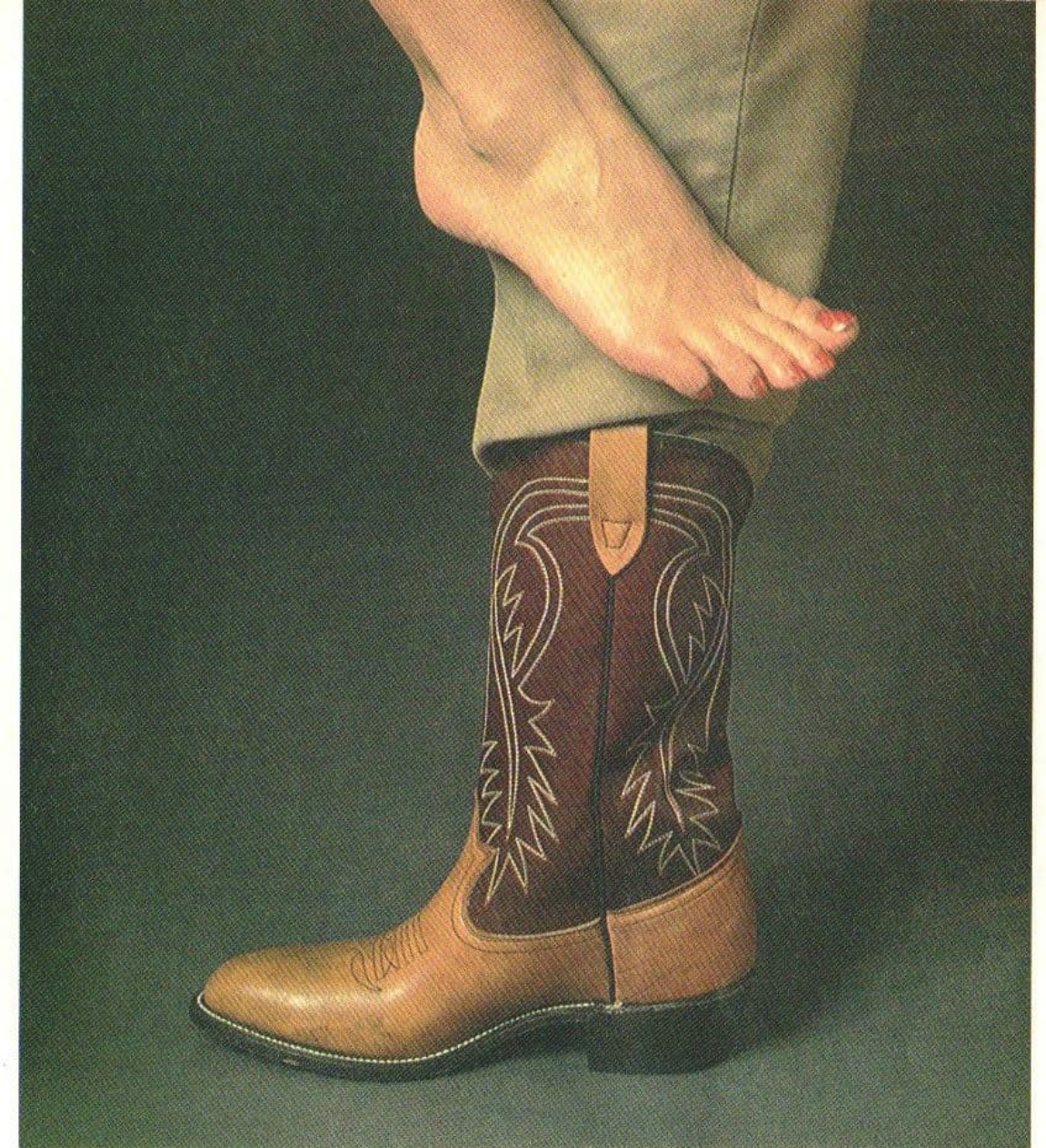
BOOTS 'N' ALL

Fashion equals function on the boot scene this winter. City retailers of country-style clothes are facing a stampede of urban cowboys who want to walk tall in a pair of western boots. The genuine western boot,

The Aquila Dale dress boot, above, features kid leather, soft pointed toe, cuban heel, and is available in caramel, black, brown, tan and whisky at \$81. The William Cooks grey Jake dress boot (bottom left) is a little more conservative, with a flat heel and pointed toe at \$95. The Pierre Cardin dress boot (bottom right) is more formal with an almond toe, flat heel, and is available in tabac, havanna, and black at \$109.



with its characteristic pointed toe, sloping high heel and mid-calf height, was made for a specific purpose — riding. The sharp toe allows the horseman to release his foot from the stirrup, while the distinctive heel shape has a similar purpose. The best American imports and locally-made boots like those produced by the R.M. Williams company follow this functional style, making solid, all leather boots which are made to stand up to the rigors of



Opposite page top: American import Crayons red canvas with polyurethane cuban heel, \$69.99. Bottom left: R.M. Williams executive top boot, chestnut yearling leather, block heel, \$144.50. Bottom Right: William Cooks Montana stitch rawhide, \$108. This page top: US import Laredo two-tone boot, \$148. Bottom left: William Cooks Oregon crocodile print, all leather, \$115. Bottom right: William Cooks Frisco: features hand-stitched leather pattern, \$150.

**New from FORUM
— a truly discreet
service for lovers .**



The FORUM Marketplace is Australia's biggest postal market for the facts and fun items that help sex and relationships.

Therapist-approved appliances are a speciality and Forum is Australia's largest supplier of electric and battery vibrators.

How-to-do-it books range from illustrated guides to professional volumes. Many are aimed at helping women achieve orgasm and gain greater pleasure from their relationships.

FORUM'S Reputation guarantees absolute discretion. The Marketplace takes the embarrassment out of shopping.

See for yourself

Post this coupon to Forum. Or drop us a note. We will send you the very latest catalogue and a free copy of the magazine. Absolutely no obligation involved.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

To: FORUM, PO Box 118,
Woollahra, NSW, 2025.
Please send me the latest FORUM Marketplace
Catalogue and a magazine.

Name

Address

P/code

   BANKCARD/DINERS CLUB/AMERICAN EXPRESS

Name

Expiry Date

Signature

Amount \$

working and riding; and they just happen to look good. Real western boot embellishments include two tone leather, intricate leather stitching and the use of real or mock snake and crocodile skin.

But in 1981, the western style boot appears in some strange mutations. Both American and Australian manufacturers have been quick to cater for the fashion western boot buyer. Today's rhinestone cowboy can make an impact with anything from white knee high, three-inch heeled footwear, to brightly colored canvas with translucent plastic Cuban heels or shiny black patent leather boots adorned with diamantes.

If that's not your style, then you can choose from a variety of American imports — genuine western boots by manufacturers like Tony Lama or Justin Nocona, or the local product. Williams are renowned for their tough bushman and craftsman styles.

The story goes that the first Williams boot was the result of a pattern cut from an old kerosene tin when the company's founder and his Aboriginal hand found themselves in urgent need of new boots. That was more than 50 years ago, and most men on the land still look up the Williams mail order catalogue for a pair of tough ox-hide bushman boots when they're looking for a new pair today.

They also make a conservative but stylish range of western boots.

William Cooks provide the greatest range — from functional western styles to gaudy disco numbers. This company made its reputation making custom boots for celebrities, and you can order a pair of Cooks boots to your own specifications at extra cost.

So the footwear which was once the stamp of the outdoor man has been accepted by the creators of fashion trends, and these days you'll find them on the feet of anyone from the successful businessman to the young and trendy type who wants to make a noise on the dance floor.

There's one rule worth following when you're buying boots: avoid the cheapies. They could be one of the most expensive single items of attire you'll buy, and unless you're going to buy a particularly lurid pair, you'll find they won't be out of fashion before they run out of life.

Don't buy imitation western boots, get the real thing, even if you are an urban cowboy.

William Cooks boots available from Gentry Cobbler and William Cooks stores, Sydney City, Bondi Junction, Chatswood and Crows Nest, NSW. Laredo and Crayons boots available from Mister Fig-gins, Pitt Street, Sydney. R.M. Williams boots available from Castlereagh Street, Sydney, Percy Street, Adelaide, and mail order. Aquila boots available from Aquila Shoes, Pitt Street, Sydney, Col Bennetts and Colony Shops in NSW and selected retailers. Prices are approximate. 



When Oliver Reed
starts drinking no living
thing is safe.

ANOTHER FINE MESS, OLLIE

BY CHRIS PRITCHARD

The World's Oldest Living Stuntman can in no way be blamed for what happened. An editor had suggested he might be an interesting, anecdote-laden guy to talk to, so I flew north from Los Angeles to Carmel, California. Driving from the airport I became aware that tiredness was catching up on me. I hadn't slept for a couple of nights because I had slid past a deadline to deliver a series to a magazine and, to complete the assignment, I worked through two consecutive nights.

Now it was over. The Pacific looked restfully blue. A relaxing day. Lunch with a friend in Carmel. A short drive to see the

World's Oldest Living Stuntman. An easy interview. Back in LA by nightfall.

Lunch turned out to be long, heavy and Mexican — and was washed down by a pitcher of sangria. The hot sun added to a feeling of utter lethargy as I sat at the outdoor table.

Then, around 3pm, I was at the home of the World's Oldest Living Stuntman. He was in his nineties, a delightful old man, brimful of memories. All questions were ignored as he related his story in his own time, in his own way. He told how he had performed incredible silent movie stunts, particularly rooftop chases. How were they done? "We just took a jump to clear the four or five feet between the buildings, often 20 storeys up," he said. "It wasn't really a stunt but the actors wouldn't risk their lives so they'd hire people who were paid to take the risk."

Hearing about the exploits of these professional fall guys was entertaining stuff — but, after an hour, the World's Oldest Living Stuntman began telling stories about movie extras he'd worked with before the advent of sound. Funny, perhaps, if you knew the people involved. My attention began to drift, I became aware again of my fatigue.

To make matters worse, the World's Oldest Living Stuntman spoke very softly in a sing-song sort of voice. It was the perfect lullaby and... ZZZZZ.

I don't know how long I slept. When I awoke a sense of panic gripped me. The old man — he was very old, you understand — was still droning on about some guy in a long-forgotten movie. Great. He hadn't noticed. Thank God!

I looked across to the other side of the room and acute embarrassment returned. There, fixing me with a steely gaze, was the wife of the World's Oldest Living Stuntman, also elderly but with an alertness that was immediately apparent. I recalled that she was not in the room when I nodded off.

Pretend nothing has happened, I decided. As quickly as possible, I wound down the interview and prepared to leave. The World's Oldest Living Stuntman's wife insisted on walking me to the car.

"Young man," she asked, as I fumbled for the ignition key, "are you getting enough rest and vitamins?" Just like that. The body blow. I said I probably wasn't. She recommended a brand of multivitamins which were, she said, obtainable from any chemist.

I drove to the airport still trying to convince myself that perhaps she hadn't noticed, perhaps the stuff about vitamins was coincidence. No, she knew all right.

Next morning, over a black coffee in a fast-food place next to the office, I told three colleagues what had hap-

pened. It was lousy therapy. Looking as if this was their first encounter with a real-life victim of narcolepsy, they each emphasised different words as they demanded confirmation.

"You *actually* fell asleep?" asked one.

"I mean, really fell asleep during an interview?" queried another, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Asleep during an interview," echoed the third. "Je-sus!" He bit deep into his Egg McMuffin before asking: "For how long?"

I didn't know, I explained. Maybe two minutes, maybe 20. Didn't think to look at my watch. Anyhow, the interview had apparently progressed well enough without me.

"Well," he said, grimacing as he tossed the remainder of his breakfast back into its styrofoam box. "You now know one thing for sure: nothing worse can ever happen to you during an interview."

Not long afterwards there was Ollie, a scheduled one-hour interview that went wrong from the start, produced no quotable quotes but, somehow, lasted 24 hours. Things *could*, after all, get worse.

Simon Reed, younger brother of Oliver Reed called. A sportswriter with the British Broadcasting Corporation, he handled his brother's press relations. "Ollie would like to do the interview tomorrow," Simon said. "By the way, he's got this thing about being able to drink any writer under the table. If you've got any kind of schedule to keep you'd better tell him you don't drink at all. Then there won't be much fun in it for him and you'll probably have it all wrapped up in an hour."

We agreed to meet next morning at 11am at the Cricketer's Arms, Ollie's local, a mile from the movie star's 40-room stone mansion.

After two hours driving from London, we arrived at the little pub. Ollie and Simon sat at a corner table, drinking beer. My photographer and I sat opposite them. A fifth chair, at the end of the table, would soon be occupied, Ollie announced. He was expecting a writer from a women's magazine to arrive any minute. "But don't worry," he said. "We'll soon get rid of her."

I ordered a beer. Simon rolled his eyes heavenward. This wasn't a good beginning. Have one drink with Ollie and it's the start of something big. Simon stood up and, sounding like a man making an excuse, claimed he had a story to write in London. "Sorry I can't stay, chaps," he called as he headed swiftly out the door.

A pint or two later an immaculately dressed woman, swept in, a kind of Ita Buttrose but with prominent teeth. She looked, with obvious distaste, at our

table before joining us but accepted Ollie's offer of a beer — "Well, all right, if you have them put a dash of lime in it."

Libellous, unprintable but highly entertaining anecdotes about movie stars flowed as freely as the beer. Miss Jolly Hockeysticks — it would be unfair to use her real name — didn't take a note. These were not the sorts of stories her readers would want to hear.

"And Raquel Welch," Ollie yelled. "What a bitch. I remember when we were making *The Three Musketeers* in Spain. I decided to throw a party for her but someone told me she'd said she couldn't stand being near me."

Raquel, a shrewdly image-conscious businesswoman with no silicone implants between her ears, evidently believed that keeping Ollie at a distance would lessen the risk of his involving her in any embarrassing incident. But Ollie pressed the point, enjoying the chase, until Raquel reluctantly agreed. "I had it all planned," Ollie said. "She couldn't avoid dancing with me — and the more she pulled away the more I pulled her towards me. She had this glazed smile on her face and you could tell she really hated it. I enjoyed that immensely."

Miss Jolly Hockeysticks, by this time, could hardly conceal her concern about remaining longer than absolutely necessary in Ollie's company. Also, her normally pallid face had taken on a ruddy glow as the lagers and lime were repeatedly ordered by Ollie, with the promise that "I've got this great story for your article but let me get you another drink first."

Soon she felt the need to powder her nose and Ollie giggled as the door of the ladies' room swung closed behind her. "She won't be with us long now," he said. "Just watch."

With tight-lipped determination she returned to our table after a few minutes, her lips freshly glossed and her manner decidedly brusque.

"Ollie," she said, "there must be *something* you can talk about for my article. You know, what do you really like to do? Tell me about that."

The major motion picture star thought for a moment. It was a question requiring considerable reflection. His fist was wrapped around his beer again. He poured a few ounces of the amber fluid down his throat — and sat in silent contemplation.

"It's not an easy one to answer. It's, you know, well, er, kind of embarrassing." An impish grin was being stifled on Ollie's tanned face but Miss Jolly Hockeysticks was unaware of the send-up, leaning forward and poised to scribble the forthcoming gem of a quote. Her face now betrayed a look of concern, of sympathy, designed to

make the interviewee pour out his secrets.

"Okay," Ollie confided. "I'll tell you. It's an exclusive. I've never talked about it before."

"You see, what I really like to do is..." (He paused for effect, as he had no doubt been taught to do at drama school.) "... pull bogeys out of my nose!"

"Oh Ollie!" Miss Jolly Hockeysticks said. "That's awful, really awful." Her face was twisted into an expression of disgust but Ollie didn't notice — he was hooting with laughter at the joke.

"I think you're making fun of me," she continued, sounding more and more like English royalty as she became increasingly offended.

"Look," said Ollie, "I tell you what I'll do. Have I ever told you why I dislike Richard Harris? That's always good copy." Reed and Harris have slung ver-

We drove
to Ollie's place
in a Land
Rover which seemed
to find its own
way home.

bal mud at each other for years, each regularly offering to fight the other when thousands of miles have separated their bodies. Both have told me, at different times, that the feud started out as a publicity stunt and has been kept going as a joke.

"I think everyone already knows about your dislike of Harris," the reporter said. "I really must run, anyway. I've got an awful lot to do in London."

She gathered up her papers and, while she did, Ollie stood over her yelling: "Bloody Richard Harris is an Irish dickhead. He calls himself a poet. Have you read any of his so-called *poems*? Have you heard him *sing*? Have you seen him *act*? If he ever comes near me, if I hear he's in the same town, I'll flatten him."

She was out the door of the pub, by this time, mumbling over her shoulder something, in a very British way, about how lovely it all was, how fantastically sunny the day had turned out to be.

"Told you she wouldn't stay to lunch," Ollie said, a self-satisfied smile

on his face, as we walked back from the door where we'd said farewell to the lady.

"The trouble with women is that, though it's good to know they're there, they can be a bloody nuisance when you're trying to have a good time," Ollie observed.

Then, in a reasonable facsimile of the lady's voice, he mimicked: "Oh, Ollie, what do you like to do?"

It was time for a pub lunch. The oxtail soup was Ollie's recommendation. It was supposed to have sherry in it but, he had discovered as a pub regular, that you usually had to add your own "to taste".

He called for a bottle of Harvey's Bristol Cream. The photographer, Ollie and I each had one-third of the bottle poured into our bowls of soup, creating a 50-50 mixture of oxtail and sherry. "Far better this way," said Ollie, suggesting we skip the main course and finish up with "two or three Drambuie's". That done, we had a beer each "to last us till we get home."

We left the photographer's car parked outside the pub and drove to Ollie's place in a Land Rover, which seemed to find its own way home. Ollie explained, as he hung on to the wheel, that he often made the trip several times a day. "So far, I've not hit anything," he laughed.

The photographer, a slightly-built man whose complexion had become more ashen as the day wore on, said, as we were about to sit down in Ollie's living room, that it would be a good idea to shoot pictures of the actor with his horses before the light failed.

Ollie agreed — and grabbed a full bottle of Scotch because "it gets pretty chilly down there in the paddocks. We'll need something to keep us warm."

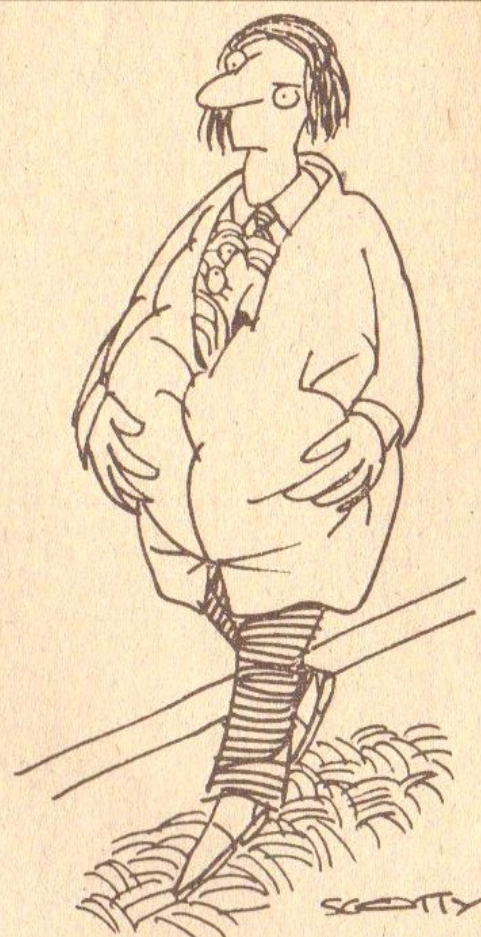
We emptied the bottle in the next hour but few suitable pictures were taken.

The idea was to get Ollie against a background of the horses in the paddock. The photographer had slowed considerably by this stage, taking a lot of time to line up each shot.

Finally, he'd call out "Ready!" and Ollie would respond — by dropping his pants. They were baggy, black cords, tucked into muddy black boots — typical English farmers' gear. But Ollie, even with his hands on his head, could drop his pants merely by pulling in his gut and letting them slide down to below his knees.

"Please, Ollie, just one shot," the photographer would plead. "I want to take a picture and get back to London before dark."

He would lean against his tripod for support and Ollie would say: "Yes, we'd better stop mucking about. You've got pictures to take."



"But, darling, wouldn't you be content just to carry a picture of me around in your wallet?"

Then he'd drop his pants again, just before the click of the shutter.

It happened about a dozen times. In the end we drained the Scotch and trudged back up to the house, with Ollie still laughing uproariously about dropping his pants.

We were sitting by Ollie's fireside, at about 5pm, cradling glasses of Scotch and bullshitting, when we heard a tap at the French windows, which were ajar. It was the gardener, who came breathlessly inside and announced: "It's the cat, sir. He's been at it again, sir. He ate another of the bleedin' white doves."

Ollie was on his feet as soon as the cat's crime was mentioned. He grabbed a shotgun which was against the wall alongside the fireplace and, without so much as a we-interrupt-this-interview-to-shoot-the-cat, departed by the French windows.

"Bloody cat!" he screamed. "I can't keep replacing those white doves."

There was, as they used to say in old adventure novels, a loud report. Ollie, shotgun in hand, strolled back into the room. "He won't be eating any more doves," he said. "Four bloody doves. He kills 'em and scoffs 'em. Greedy bloody cat."

The gardener walked past the French windows. From his right hand a fat feline dangled by its tail. It was quite dead and being carried off into the sunset for disposal.

We sat in silence for a while until Ollie had a brainstorm.

"I know," he said. "Let's pee." With Ollie, peeing is a kind of ceremony. You go out the French windows and Ollie points to flowerpots at the edge of his driveway. Each person positions himself at a flowerpot, with Ollie peeing periodically from his flowerpot to make sure everyone is enjoying it as much as he is. "Yes," says Ollie. "It's much more fun to pee in the garden. I always pee out here."

It wasn't all that profound an expression of philosophy but, at the time, it seemed fair enough as an explanation. Besides, Ollie was wearing a naughty-boy grin as if he had done something terribly mischievous. As a kid, he'd probably been forbidden to pee in the garden.

Back indoors, Ollie suggested a sandwich. He hollered into the vast interior of the house: "Could we have some sandwiches, darling?" What followed is classic Oliver Reed. Jacqueline, his lady, padded in. We were introduced, she went off and made some roast-beef sandwiches — and disappeared again. Ollie had actually snapped his fingers when he called her. "Jackie understands me," Ollie said. "She's around when I call her but the rest of the time she disappears and finds something to do somewhere in the house, I suppose."

A pretty ex-ballet dancer, she lived with him for nine years until early this year when she split, saying she couldn't take his two-day disappearances any longer, not knowing when or if he'd be home.

Ollie gave a rather brash interviewer a pithy quote at about that time: "I like my women on their backs in the bedroom or on their knees in the kitchen."

He has, after all, an image to maintain. Quotes like these are lapped up at face-value by the show business papers, usually without any attempt to discover whether the man who makes them is more than the caveman-image he projects.

In fact, in his own way, he's kind and generous to women, likes them as sex objects, is a British conservative with traditional values who despises socialism and feminism as much as he hates cats that eat doves he's paid for.

Women to Ollie, are okay unless — like the prissy interviewer in the pub — they interfere with his having a good time or register disapproval of his conduct on their faces. He prefers them on his terms, when he gets round to having them.

Women, he noted, don't hold their beer as well as men. They don't appreciate a good practical joke in the way men do. Come to think of it, Ollie's conversation is spiced with tales of booze and practical jokes and a good time had by all. There's not much talk of sex — and none, whatever, of drugs.

Ollie regards drugs as an abomination but he'd rather wade into some good booze than hold forth on the subject — or on any subject, for that matter — at length.

It was approaching the cocktail hour. Ollie suggested we adjourn to his bar in the cellar, an untidy shambles of a place with empty bottles and dirty glasses giving testimony to previous revelry.

"A port, I think," said Ollie, fixing the photographer with an unblinking glare. This was a lensman who was normally game to try anything, who — in a grubby bar along some sidestreet off East Berlin's grand Unter den Linden — responded to a jocular challenge to invite some vopos (border guards) to join up for a beer by doing just that, who asked them to pose for a happy snap, who cheekily inquired of them whether they were allowed to drink in uniform and who thought their embarrassed brush-off highly amusing.

But here this same man had been reduced to a shadow of his real self. Ollie could scent victory. The photographer appeared paler and skinnier than normal, and kept dashing to the lavatory as Ollie tried to press more hospitality upon him.

This latest invitation even he could

handle. "A port?" he asked, adding at once "yes, a port will be just great and then I'll be on my way."

Ollie had lured his prey into the trap. He reached up to the top shelf and fetched down three one-pint beer mugs. He opened two bottles of fine port.

Smiling broadly, he sloshed port from the bottles on to the bar-top. But enough went into the mugs to fill them. "Cheers," Ollie shouted and began to down his pint of port.

I did likewise, despite an awareness of an insurrection occurring within me, a rebellion of the system against alcoholic poisoning.

Ollie's eyes were fixed on the photographer's throat. "He's not bloody drinking," he bellowed. "He's not drinking a bloody drop."

The photographer insisted he was in fact drinking. Ollie grew tired of the absence of any noticeable drop in the level of the port and could contain himself no longer. "Okay, lad," he said. "We've drunk ours. I'll bet, I'll bloody bet, you can't drink yours."

"Of course I can, you stupid bastard," the photographer replied, a glint of hate beginning to show as he glared at Ollie. He lifted the mug and drained it — and was gone, down the passage in the direction of Ollie's toilet.

"He's a good lad, good fun," Ollie observed as we stood within earshot of the poor fellow's retching.

"How are you feeling?" Ollie inquired as our grey-faced companion returned. "Well, it's turning into a great day — really good fun with you chaps here for the day."

Ollie reached for a switch in the cellar, a mains switch which plunged the entire house into darkness (one assumes Jackie kept a flashlight upstairs for such occasions). The cellar was pitch dark.

Ollie adopted a Jamaican accent: "De time has come to make de revolution, mon!" he shouted. "First we plunge de house into darkness and den we kill all de mothers inside."

"Switch on the lights," the photographer called, apparently from the spot on the floor where he had slumped before Ollie hit the switch. "I can't find my way to the john."

"De mon can't find de way to de john," Ollie shrieked. I switched, too, to a Jamaican accent since it was the only way to get him to respond.

"What we got to do," Ollie called out in the darkness, "is find where dey hiding and kill dem all." There was a sound of wood splintering. Ollie had set off down the passage in his hunt for the invisible enemy and had crashed into a wooden box, which he proceeded to kick.

"Switch on the lights," the photographer pleaded. "I need to find the john."

Ollie's accent switched from Kingston to Harlem. "Say what?" he called. "You honkies come in here, eat my food, drink my drink — and now you want to use my john. I'm gonna teach youse all a little respect." He started to kick the box again, calling it a "jive shit".

From floor level, the photographer kept calling for the lights and suggesting that Ollie and I stop having stupid conversations in funny accents.

"I don't know how much longer I can hold out," he said, using a line that would have been more appropriate coming from a frontline photographer in Vietnam than from a man fighting nausea on a movie star's floor. But the plea moved Ollie. He found the mains switch, with some difficulty, and sug-

The body
didn't stir so
Ollie gave it a
vigorous shake and
it made a groaning
noise.

gested we spend the rest of the evening down at the Cricketer's Arms.

"I'll drive," he said, as we weaved our way out of the house to his Land Rover. The English country roads were deserted. We made slow progress, stopping once at the roadside "because we probably all need a pee" and because Ollie was concerned that a bumpy ride would lead to a recurrence of the photographer's most unfortunate nausea.

We drank beer until closing time, with Ollie, me and — of course — the photographer being unwell on several occasions.

Everyone left when the doors shut except a few of Ollie's cronies who were regulars at the pub, and us. Ollie plucked bunches of plastic flowers from vases which he handed to the bartender, who had been quite prepared to let us continue drinking out of beer mugs.

"No," Ollie insisted, "it's after hours. I like drinking out of vases after hours."

The bartender filled them up — and poured cognac into used coffee cups

which Ollie retrieved from the kitchen for the purpose.

About midnight Ollie noticed something that had not become apparent to me or to Ollie's friends.

"He's bloody escaped!" he thundered, charging for the door which he unbolted with some difficulty.

"That bloody photographer has bloody escaped."

Outside the photographer's little Citroen Diane was parked where it had been earlier. But a pair of feet were visible protruding from the far side. "That's him," Ollie shouted. "There he bloody is."

The facts seemed self-evident. Unable to start his car, perhaps because of its coldness and perhaps because he couldn't find the ignition keyhole, the photographer had gone round to the front, probably to look at the engine. He had either fallen over or had laid himself down to rest alongside the car before probing for possible mechanical faults.

Ollie knelt next to the body. We stood, concerned, in a semi-circle behind him. The body didn't stir so Ollie gave it a vigorous shake and it made a groaning noise. It writhed a little, perhaps in fear, as Ollie crouched hugely over it.

Ollie stood up. "You'd better carry him inside," Ollie said quietly to his drinking pals, with Oscar-winning sadness etched on his face.

"What's wrong?" one of them asked.

"He needs a bloody drink," Ollie replied, laughing hugely at his predictable prescription for recovery.

The photographer was standing up supported by Ollie's pals. They sat him down inside the pub and Ollie offered him a coffee cup, omitting to tell him there was cognac in it.

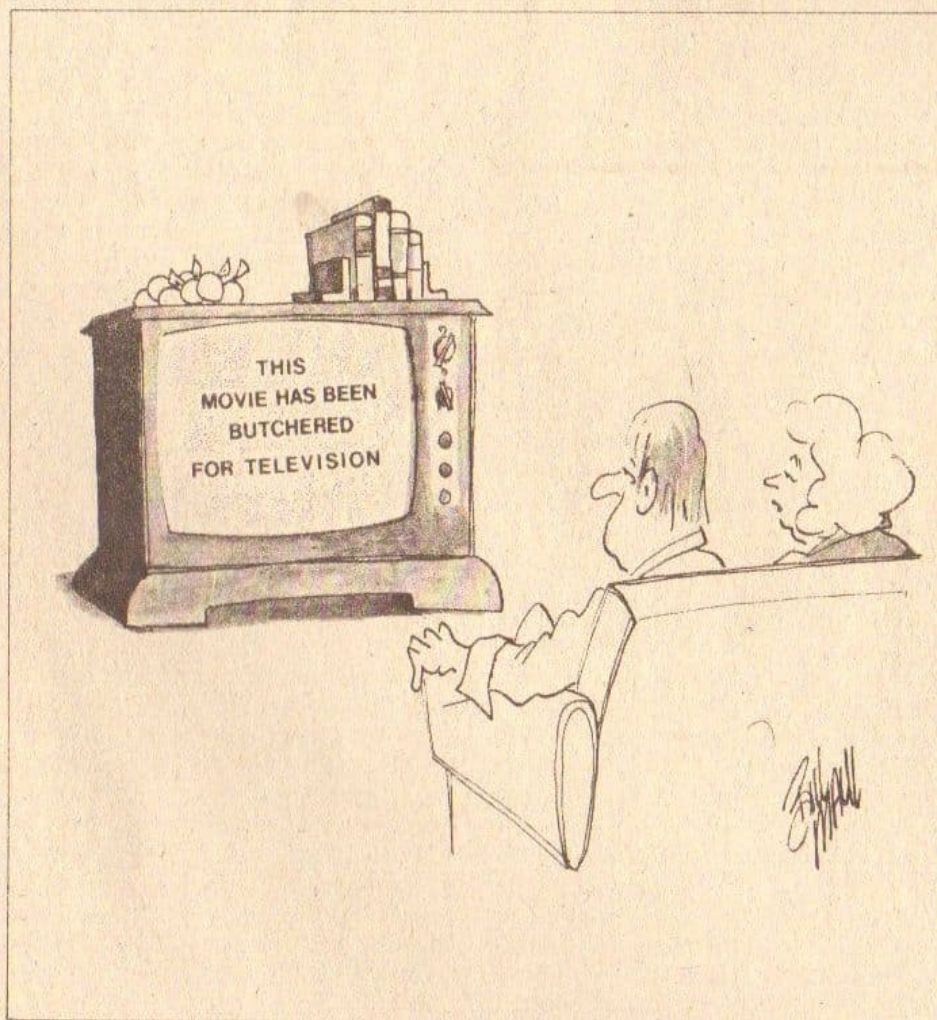
The publican hovered, nervously. Though Ollie's custom was good for business, sometimes he went too far. At Christmas, the publican's patience was to be exhausted. He would then bar Ollie for keeps for entering the pub via the chimney and causing some damage to the brickwork.

We headed back to Ollie's place in the Land Rover soon after. Nightcaps, a few more cognacs, followed. The photographer fell asleep on a couch, Ollie shuffled off along a darkened passageway and I found an empty room and fell asleep in an armchair.

Next morning, after a late but large breakfast, Ollie suggested we head for the Cricketer's Arms at opening time. He betrayed no sign of a hangover.

The photographer had woken early and fled. We presumed he'd hitched a ride to the pub and picked up his car there. I agreed to accompany Ollie to his local for "just one drink".

Bloody Mary's were bought. Then



beers. It was becoming clear that a getaway, if it were to be successful, would have to be covert.

"It looks like being another good day in here," Ollie announced. "You'll enjoy it as much as yesterday — you'll see."

"Well, I can't stay," I said. "I've phoned for a cab." Ollie said nothing but excused himself for a moment. The cab didn't arrive. Nor did the next one I ordered. Ollie phoned and cancelled them.

I waited until it was time for him to visit the men's room. It was a long wait. Finally, he slipped away. I dashed to the phone and called a cab. This time I didn't tell Ollie it was on its way.

Ollie pursued me to the cab, protesting. "You haven't even finished your drink," he said, assuming the manner of a person whose hospitality is rejected.

I closed the door. Ollie thrust his head in the window. "I haven't drunk you under the table yet," he said, seeming a little hurt.

The taxi began to pull away. "And what about your interview? You haven't got the interview."

There were now about three yards between Ollie and the cab. I looked out the rear window. He was smiling and waving now. And yelling.

Then he turned and walked away. And dropped his pants.

"Cost you about forty quid to London, guv," the taxi-driver said. "Worth

it," I replied. "Bit of a wild bugger, is he?" he asked. "A bit," I said, not wanting to tell this tale to a man who'd charge me forty pounds for the privilege.

I've crossed paths with Ollie twice since then.

A guy I know came up to me in a bar in Nassau in the Bahamas. He told me he'd seen Ollie on the beach.

The crazy Englishman had been well-wrapped up against the intense tropical heat and blazing sun: he wore heavy boots, several scarves, and an army-greatcoat as he sat on the burning sand. A desperate plea for attention, Ollie's critics might say. I prefer to think of it as an attempt to have a good time, plain and simple. Ollie's kicks come from trying to amuse his fellows and you can't knock a man for that, particularly when he's quite able to fall down by himself.

Some months later it was winter in Toronto, Canada. A friend, a producer at the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, called and said he'd lunched with his cousin the previous day and the event had hit the *Toronto Star*.

I reached across my desk for the paper. There the story was. My friend's cousin turned out to be Oliver Reed.

They had been lunching at Hy's, an expensive restaurant on Toronto's ritzy Yorkville Avenue. Ollie had begun to wriggle in his seat towards the end of the meal, after swallowing several

cognacs. The waiters didn't suspect what he was doing. People didn't usually take off their pants at lunch. Not at Hy's.

They got up to leave, my friend and Ollie, whose departure was, in its own way, stylish. Navy blue suit, white shirt and tie. Black shoes and dark ankle socks.

And the trousers of his suit were thrown casually over his shoulder.

Ollie began the two-block trudge through the snow to the Plaza Hotel, where he was staying. The cops caught up with him before he got there and offered to assist him to his room. Ollie and the cops thought it was all rather amusing. One even asked for an autograph "for my kids".

Ollie, by the way, was staying at the Plaza because he wasn't staying at the Four Seasons, the hotel across the street.

He was in Toronto to co-star in a movie with English actress Samantha Eggar who, though she's no longer a big name, still gets what she wants.

In this case, she insisted that she not be accommodated in the same hotel as "that frightful man" and even had it written into her contract that they would not have to share hotels.

Samantha had not forgotten about the grapes in Spain, an incident that occurred while she and Ollie were housed in the same hotel during the filming of an earlier movie.

Samantia had been trying to get her beauty sleep. Ollie, however, had devised a game to be played in the bar, a short distance from the lady's room. It was a simple game. You take a grape and throw it at the wall and bet on whether it will stick or not.

They threw a lot of grapes at the wall that night. None of them stuck. The noise of this healthy enthusiasm kept Samantha up most of the night, vowing never to spend a night under the same roof as Ollie ever again.

Ollie's life goes on, despite feminine failures to appreciate his charm.

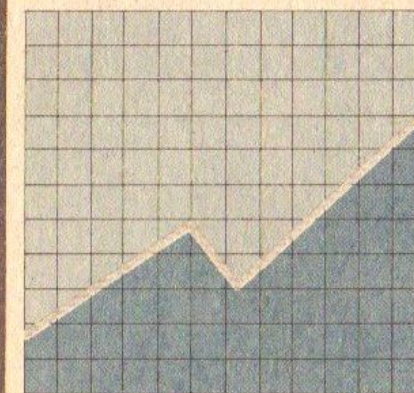
The British tabloid newspapers tried to crucify him early this year for going off to Barbados with a 16-year-old. Never mind the mistaken Victorian assumption that 16-year-olds are sweet innocents. Ollie's lifestyle on the island, where he spent numerous hours each day sampling the many locally-produced rums, will inevitably have kept the girl out of any so-called moral danger. Sure, she probably made the occasional roast-beef sandwich — but what of it?

Ollie's 42. He looks older. When his bottle finally empties, they're more likely to remember him as the guy who shot his cat than as a man who kept white doves.

But that's the way of the world. ☐

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

HOW HOSTILE ARE YOU?



If you're a hostile, cruel, belligerent, ball-busting little bugger, you'll score well on this psychograph. The aggressive drive that fosters hostility is one of man's most primordial impulses. It is, says British psychotherapist Anthony Storr, "as innate, as natural, and as powerful as sex."

Some analysts believe we are born hostile. A raging, hungry infant, they say, literally attacks his mother's breasts when he feeds. He could just be hungry, of course, but they suggest that he's actually trying to tear apart those symbols of his total dependence.

Researchers and psychological theorists have been studying hostility since before Pavlov began playing with dogs, but it was in the Sixties that interest in the subject really picked up. Those were the days when everybody seemed angry. Every time you picked up a newspaper, someone was getting blown up, shot up, or carved up.

In the past several years, our society has seemed to calm down. The hostilities so violently and publicly vented a decade ago may be turning inward. Instead of chewing each other up, we may be gnawing on our own innards. One thing is for sure: our hostility may have gone underground, but it hasn't disappeared for good.

Hostility, it seems, is here to stay.

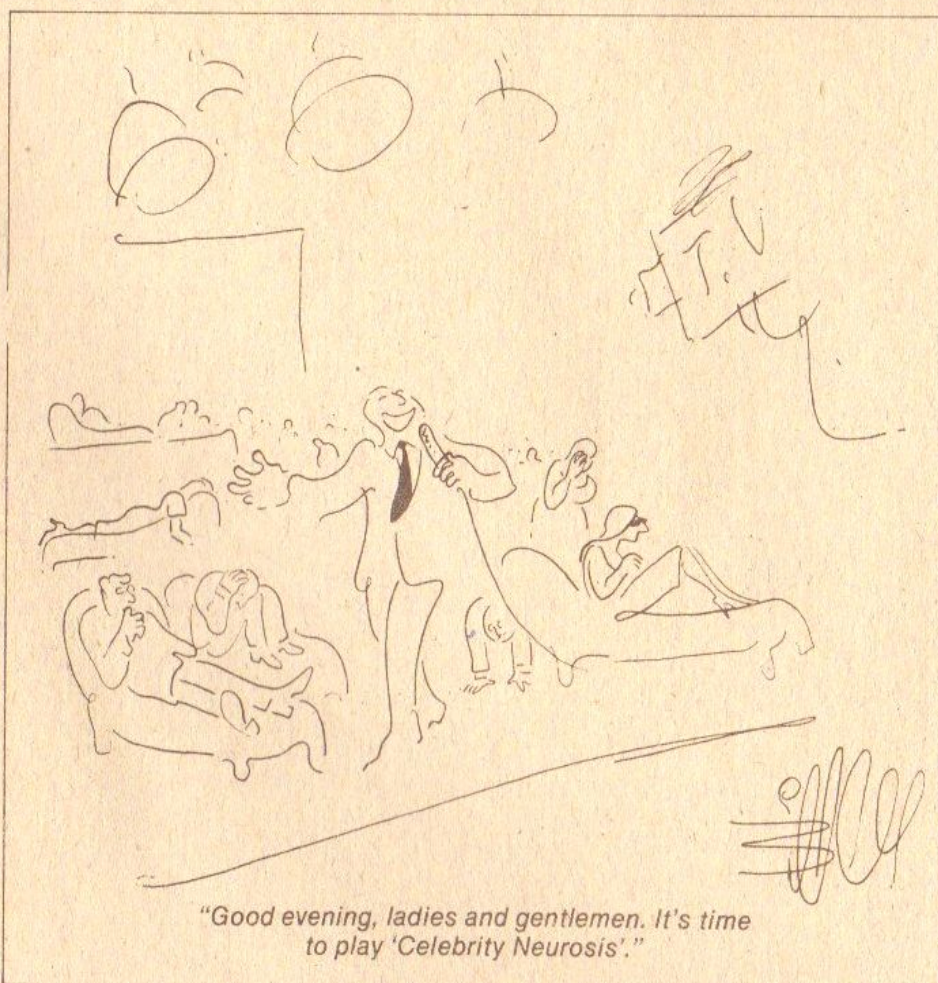
1. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Children should be seen and not heard"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree
2. Would you say that you have a lousy job?
(a) yes, it's awful
(b) it's not so great, but it's bearable
(c) it's pretty good
(d) no, it's extremely enjoyable
3. How would you characterise this statement: "It's more important in life to live by your wits than by your brains. There are lots of no-hopers walking around with degrees"
(a) that's very true
(b) that's somewhat true
(c) as far as I'm concerned, it's false
4. Do you have sexual fantasies in which you bind and beat women?

- (a) yes, often
- (b) sometimes
- (c) rarely
- (d) never

5. When you're actually having sex, do you ever bind or beat women?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely
(d) never
6. Do you have sexual fantasies about degrading women (for example, urinating on them)?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely
(d) never
7. When you're having sex, do you engage in the acts referred to in the preceding question?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely
(d) never
8. Which of the following statements most closely reflects your attitude toward sexual foreplay?
(a) I like sex to be relaxed, intimate, and gentle with lots of soft fondling and caressing
(b) I'm not a sadist, but I do like my sex with a hard edge on it; a little biting and scratching always gets the juices flowing

- (c) Biting, scratching, and rough activity are essential; in fact, I often have a hard time getting it up without that

9. Which of these statements most closely reflects your feelings?
(a) Most people like me
(b) Some people like me; some don't — that's only natural
(c) Some people like me, some don't, and it bothers me to have those people against me
(d) Most people don't like me
10. Have you often had to bear unfair burdens that others have shirked?
(a) yes
(b) no
11. Would you basically agree or disagree with the following statement: "The most important thing in life is to be powerful and superior to other people"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree
12. Do you often have fantasies about how you'd get back at the people who had screwed you in the past if you had power?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely or never
13. Would you say that you're basically a sarcastic person?
(a) yes
(b) no
14. Would you say the following statement characterises your feelings: "I feel very uncomfortable when I'm in situations that I don't have complete control over"?
(a) yes, very much so
(b) somewhat
(c) not really; there are some things you can't control
15. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "In life your objective should not just be to beat your enemies but to demolish them, to blow them completely out of the water"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree
16. How do you feel about this statement: "A lot of racial and ethnic



"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It's time to play 'Celebrity Neurosis'."

Twenty-five questions to tell
if you're a saint or a secret fascist

groups in this country don't do their fair share; they take advantage of the rest of us"?

- (a) agree very much
- (b) agree somewhat
- (c) disagree somewhat
- (d) disagree very much

17. Here are two groups of adjectives. If other people could pick only one of these to describe you, which would you prefer they chose?
- (a) gentle, mild, weak, good
 - (b) tough, hard, strong, bad

18. Do you think that you'd get a fair deal from the police if you had contact with them?
- (a) yes
 - (b) maybe
 - (c) no

19. Do you think that you'd get a fair deal from the courts?
- (a) yes
 - (b) maybe
 - (c) no

20. Do you think that most large companies and people in business are trying to cheat the public?
- (a) yes
 - (b) no

21. How do you feel about this statement: "Most people in government are feathering their own nests; they don't give a damn about the people"?
- (a) agree strongly
 - (b) disagree strongly
 - (c) agree somewhat
 - (d) disagree somewhat

22. Do you think most people lie a lot?
- (a) yes
 - (b) no

23. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "If you really want to teach people something and make sure they don't forget it, punishment is much more effective than kindness"?
- (a) agree
 - (b) disagree

24. What would you think of this statement: "Most people who come on as idealists are really just covering up; actually they're as nasty and greedy as everybody else"?

- (a) very true
- (b) somewhat true
- (c) not true

25. Do you think that most people who act friendly are just trying to get something out of you?
- (a) yes, just about always
 - (b) often that's true, but not always
 - (c) that's sometimes true, but not usually
 - (d) no, that's rarely the case

SCORING

To get your score, add up the points of the answers you chose.

- 1. a-3, b-0
- 2. a-4, b-2, 3-1, d-0
- 3. a-3, b-2, c-0
- 4. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-0
- 5. a-7, b-5, c-3, d-0
- 6. a-7, b-5, c-2, d-0
- 7. a-10, b-7, c-3, d-0
- 8. a-0, b-3, c-5
- 9. a-0, b-0, c-2, d-5
- 10. a-3, b-0
- 11. a-4, b-0
- 12. a-5, b-3, c-0
- 13. a-4, b-0
- 14. a-4, b-2, c-0
- 15. a-4, b-0
- 16. a-5, b-3, c-1, d-0
- 17. a-0, b-4
- 18. a-4, b-2, c-0
- 19. a-4, b-2, c-0
- 20. a-4, b-0
- 21. a-4, b-0, c-3, d-1
- 22. a-4, b-0
- 23. a-4, b-0
- 24. a-5, b-3, c-0
- 25. a-5, b-4, c-1, d-0

If you scored 101-116 points:

You don't like anybody. You seem to have a grudge against just about everyone and every institution in our society. If your answers reflect your true internal feelings, you would seem to be a cauldron seething with resentment and antagonism. Life may indeed be nasty, but it couldn't possibly be as bleak as you seem to envision it. Take it easy. Men with extraordinarily high hostility levels are fascinating. This group produces the schizoid, paranoid, and psychopathic types that keep shrinks and mental hospitals in business, but it also includes some of the most successful men in history. Many a mogul has used his paranoia as the fuel that propels him to the top.

73-100 points:

Like men in the above category, you would seem to have a great store of hostile and aggressive feelings inside you. Paradoxically, men with high amounts of aggression often act just the opposite of how we might expect them to. Sometimes they come across as being cold and aloof; sometimes they cover up their true feelings by being overly considerate and insidiously meek. When they adopt either of these guises, they sometimes have trouble forging successful relationships with women. A little meekness and a little aggressiveness make a man a good lover. Too much of either is weird.

45-72 points:

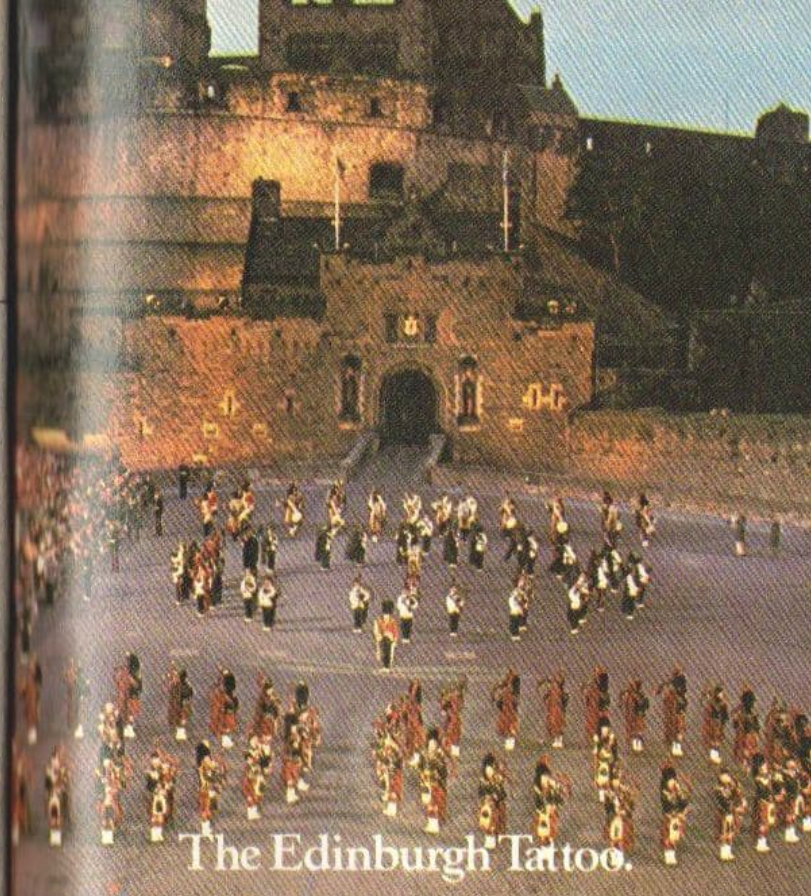
You seem to have a moderate amount of hostility. The questions you scored highest on will give you a clue to the sort of things that irritate you the most. You are the type of person who gets righteously wrathful when he feels he has been wronged, but you don't see conspiracies against you around every corner. A certain level of aggressiveness is necessary for success in bed and achievement on the job. But you've got to use it constructively. If you voice your hostilities too loudly and too often, you'll look like an ogre. If you bottle them up, they'll eat away at you.

16-44 points:

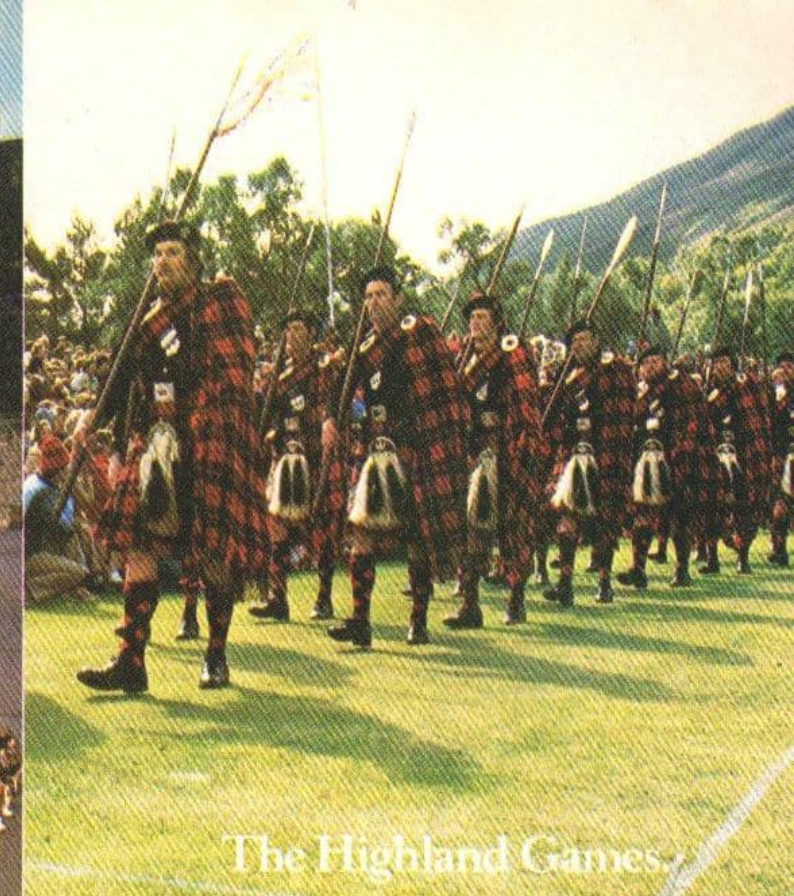
You are the model of an even-tempered gentleman. When people screw you, you don't lash out in vitriolic frenzy. You go about your business assuming (as is probably correct) that they have a problem, not you. Oh, you get mad from time to time, but it's with good reason and not because of some long-simmering hostility lurking within you. You probably have a strong sense of self. You don't believe strongly in retribution. You'll turn the other cheek, not because you're a weakling or a saint, but because you know it's not worth the effort.

0-15 points:

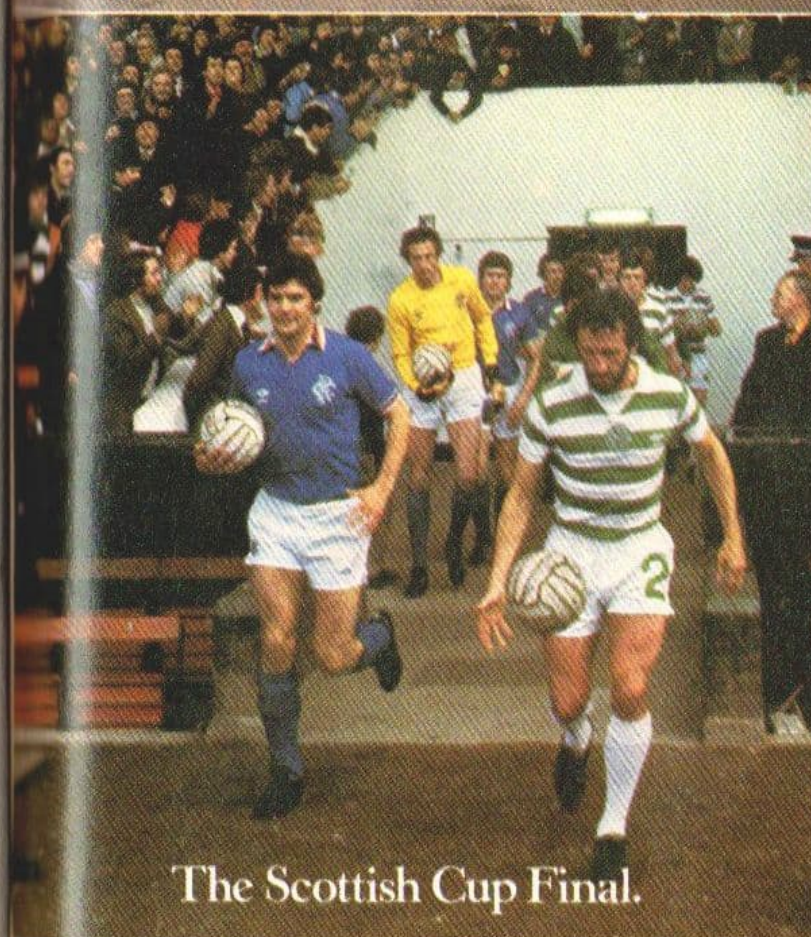
You are so peaceable that you'd make Mahatma Gandhi look like a militarist. You are so free of hostilities that it's eerie. You're downright angelic. Maybe you're dead. Or asleep. In any case, it's a pleasure to meet someone who's so free of the frustrations that make the rest of us mean and nasty. People probably don't value you enough. They should. You're a rare commodity, and the rest of us could learn something from you.



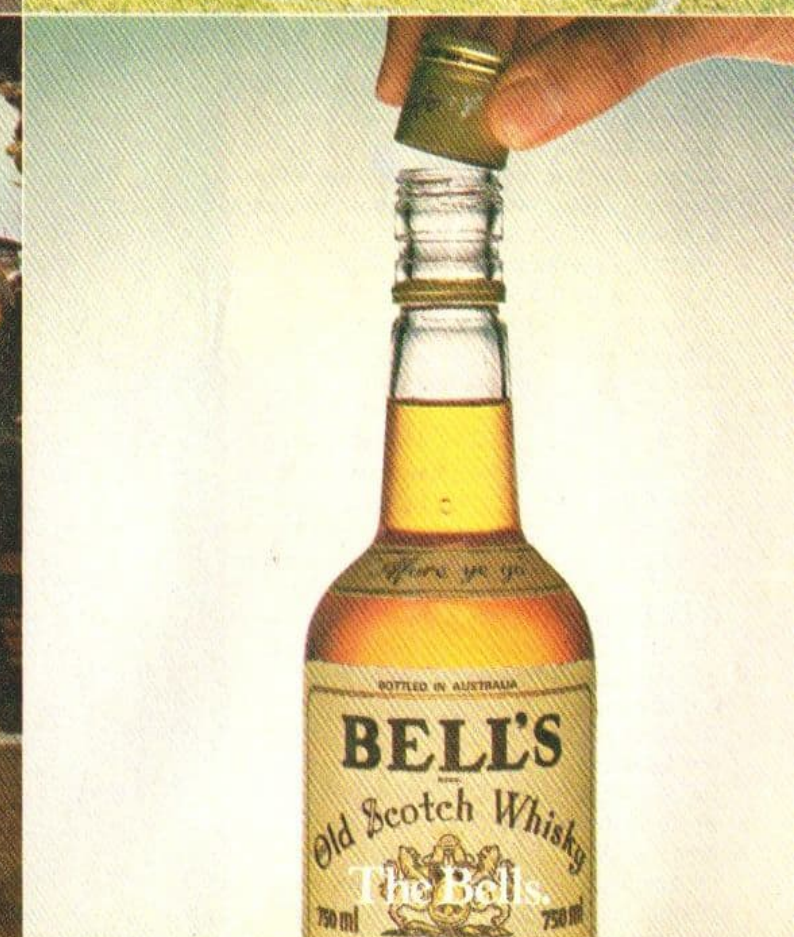
The Edinburgh Tattoo.



The Highland Games.



The Scottish Cup Final.



The most popular opening ceremonies in Scotland.

Bell's. The most famous Scotch in Scotland.



HOW TO GET THE BEST (OR WORST) OUT OF YOUR SOUND SYSTEM

BY WAYNE ELMER



Have you ever wondered why your voice always sounds better when you sing in the shower? Next time you are striving to imitate Willie Nelson, take a close listen to what's happening to your voice. You'll find that it sounds unnaturally full and rich — in fact, even if you do say so yourself, it's quite passable. Now take another, closer listen. The reason your normally puny voice sounds so majestic is because your singing has developed depth through the effect of echo. Sing any note, and you'll find that a split second later it will rebound back into your ears. Presto! Depth, resonance, vibrancy . . . all thanks to a humble echo.

But what's so special about the shower? Look around your bathroom, what do you see? A small room, probably the smallest in the house; hard, shiny walls and floors; and plenty of glass, plastic and porcelain.

When you sing in this small room with the hard, bare surfaces, your voice bounces fiercely about the room, coming back to your ears at various intervals. In other words, the bathroom is a veritable echo chamber. Your voice sounds good thanks to the acoustic character of the bathroom. Go into another room with a duller acoustic character — the bedroom, for instance — and your voice won't sound half as good. That's because it's not half as full. Your voice, instead of bouncing back to you, is being literally soaked up by the carpet, the bed spread, the drapes etc.

Now, as you may have already guessed, there's a lesson in here for anyone who owns a hi-fi system. It only stands to reason that if your voice sounds different from room to room, then the sound coming from your stereo will also vary according to the acoustic characteristics of the room in which it is located.

Before you go rushing out to plug your sound system into the bathroom power point and hang

Illustration by Tony Edwards

your speakers from the towel rack, you should be cautioned. Although the bathroom does wonders for your voice, it will make the sound of your hi-fi virtually unbearable.

All of those hard, shiny surfaces that helped to give your voice false depth, will bring cacophony to a quality hi-fi. The high frequency sounds (of which your voice has none, but recorded music has plenty) will be madly bouncing off the walls every which way. There will be so much shrillness and reverberation that you won't be able to distinguish one note from the next; sounds will overlap and multiply and the result will be aural chaos.

Clearly then, the acoustic characteristic of a room can both enhance or detract from the sound coming from your speakers. In the wrong room a \$10,000 system can be made to sound like a transistor radio; in the right room a \$750 system can sound... well, as good as it can ever sound. In one instance you're getting the most from your investment; in the other you're throwing your money down the drain.

If you own a hi-fi system, you owe it to yourself to have it producing the best possible sound of which it is capable. And to help you to achieve this, there are a few considerations you might remember.

There are basically five factors that will affect the nature of your system's sound; some you will have more control over than others. The factors are: the shape of your listening room; room furnishings; equipment placement; listener placement; and, finally, maintenance.

LISTENING ROOM

Realistically, there isn't very much you can do, short of pulling down your house and rebuilding, to change the shape of your listening room. If your room is roughly the shape of a cube you're in a less fortunate situation than someone whose room is rectangular or (even better) odd-shaped with non-parallel walls.

There are, believe it or not, optimum dimensions for a listening room; dimensions that will produce the optimum amount of reflected sound. Reflected sound is a crucial element when listening to any music. And to help overcome the problems brought about by a less than perfect listening room, you could buy yourself an expensive pair of time-delay loudspeakers (which attempt to ensure that sound, both direct and reflected arrives at your ears in phase). Alternatively, you can make your room more acoustically effective by simply having the correct balance of furniture and fittings on hand.

ROOM FURNISHINGS

The importance of room furnishings has already been highlighted in the bathroom example. In general, a bare room will give

the sound a bright quality; a cluttered room with carpets, lounges, drapes etc. will give a duller quality to the music. Invariably, you'll be best served by a balance between these two extremes.

If, for example, your room has an assortment of glass, chrome or plastic fittings, chances are that will produce an overly bright sound in your stereo. A rug on the floor, or a wall hanging, or thick curtains could produce a marked improvement in the sound of your system. Thick, soft items will literally absorb sounds instead of bouncing them back at you.

If your room is full of plush furnishings, shag carpet and fabric wall hangings, your hi-fi is likely to sound a little lifeless — too much sound is being absorbed, robbing you of the vibrancy created by the reflected sound. In such a room, glass-covered prints on the walls would help. Or, an even simpler solution is to pull back the curtains to expose the windows whenever

The
listening
room is clearly
the fly in
the hi-fi
ointment.

EQUIPMENT PLACEMENT

you're listening to the hi-fi. Remember, hard, flat surfaces accentuate reflected sound while soft, rounded surfaces absorb sound. It's merely a case of striking a workable balance.

All the care in the world directed at changing the acoustic character of your room through furnishings is not going to matter a damn if your hi-fi gear is placed carelessly within the room.

The most crucial aspect here is the placement of your loudspeakers. They should have a clear, unobstructed line of sight to the listener — no chairs, or coffee tables or palms spread in front of them. Next, you should try to ensure that the speakers' tweeters are at approximately ear level relative to your listening position. High frequency sounds are very directional and are also the ones prone to absorption by furnishings.

At the other end of the scale, the low frequencies will be exaggerated if you place the speaker in a corner location. The corner acts as an artificial horn to give added

presence to the low frequencies. Few speakers are designed specifically for corner placement and such locations should be avoided if possible, or the bass notes will sound boomy and overpowering.

Likewise, some speakers will suffer exaggerated bass response if placed on the floor; bookshelf placement or speaker stands will help to overcome the problem. The best location for your speakers is very much a trial and error process. Try to move them into all possible locations before settling on their final position.

The other piece of hi-fi equipment that is sensitive to room placement is the turntable. The most common problem with turntables is that they are open to external reverberation in some locations. It is important to situate the turntable on a firm base, so that vibrations within the room do not reach the turntable cartridge to produce unwanted distortion.

Of course, you should also attempt to place your turntable in a dust-free environment and out of direct sunlight. This goes for your other pieces of stereo gear, too. Amplifiers and tape decks should also be placed with plenty of ventilation space. Ideally, all the components should be situated reasonably close together, both for convenience and also because the longer your interconnecting leads are the more chance there is of signal loss.

LISTENER PLACEMENT

A few simple but often neglected rules: sit, if possible, equidistant from the speakers so that the two speakers and your body form an equilateral triangle; beam the speakers directly towards you, rather than having them face straight-ahead; and don't sit too close to a wall (where sound reflections will be dramatic). If you are sitting with one speaker jammed against your ear and the other at the end of the room, you are not enjoying the wonders of stereophonic sound.

MAINTENANCE

Regular maintenance of your components, from simple dusting to oiling and tape head demagnetising, is essential for extended, quality reproduction. Most importantly, tapes and discs should be kept dust-free, and that also goes for the items which come into contact with them — the tape heads and the stylus. A dusty stylus will soon render even the most sophisticated system unlistenable.

If all else fails, or you just happen to be the lazy type, there is an alternative to all of the messing about recommended above. All of the moving of furniture, placement of speakers, shape of room, etc have been directed towards improving the acoustic character of your listening room. The listening room is clearly the fly in the hi-fi ointment. So do without it. Buy a pair of headphones and be done with it!

Spend your next weekend at Travelodge.

\$19.50* per night

An advance booking 'Super Discount Weekender' at Travelodge means special rates on rooms, special rates for kids, special rates on rental cars. Then we'll also give you a FREE bottle of wine with your first dinner for two in one of our restaurants. It's all part of the 'Super Discount Weekender' which is designed to make life a little easier for people on the move on the weekend.

Just book your 'Super Discount Weekender' for a 2 night minimum stay at least 3 days in advance at any Travelodge, or through a Travelodge Reservation Centre or your Travel Agent. All rates under this offer are valid until further notice and apply only to locations shown in this advertisement. Offered every Friday, Saturday, Sunday subject to availability.

* Per person share twin/double basis. Exceptions: Boulevard Sydney \$28.00pp and only \$17.50pp at Brisbane, Tamworth and Adelaide Travelodges (Parkview Wing).

PARTICIPATING HOTELS & MOTOR INNS ARE:—

N.S.W.

Boulevard Hotel, Sydney	(02) 357 2277
North Sydney Travelodge, Sydney	(02) 92 0499
Wynyard Travelodge, Sydney	(02) 2 0254
Macleay Street Travelodge, Sydney	(02) 358 2777
Rushcutter Travelodge, Sydney	(02) 331 2171
Camperdown Travelodge, Sydney	(02) 516 1522
Parramatta Travelodge, Sydney	(02) 635 7266
Auburn Travelodge Motor Inn, Sydney	(02) 648 8888
Ryde Travelodge, Sydney	(02) 858 5333
Newcastle Travelodge	(049) 2 5576
Tamworth Travelodge	(067) 65 8361
Albury Travelodge	(060) 21 5366

Victoria

St Kilda Road Travelodge, Melbourne	(03) 699 4833
Melbourne Parkroyal, Melbourne	(03) 380 9221
Melbourne Airport Travelodge, Melbourne	(03) 338 2322
(Formerly Tullamarine Travelodge)	

A.C.T.

Canberra Parkroyal	(062) 49 1411
Canberra City Travelodge	(062) 49 6911

South Australia

Adelaide Parkroyal, Adelaide	(08) 223 4355
Adelaide Travelodge, Adelaide	(08) 223 2744

Western Australia

Perth Travelodge	(09) 325 3811
------------------	---------------

Queensland

Brisbane Parkroyal	(07) 221 3411
Brisbane Travelodge	(07) 391 5566
Townsville Travelodge Tower Block	(077) 72 4255

Northern Territory

Darwin Travelodge	(089) 81 5388
-------------------	---------------



Travelodge "where
we make you feel like
a person"

Travelodge is a division of SOUTHERN PACIFIC HOTEL CORPORATION also operating Parkroyal, Boulevard, Beachcomber in Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Papua New Guinea, Tahiti, New Caledonia, Cook Is., and Sabah/Malaysia.



The turbo-charged CX500 is
here . . . almost.

HONDA'S SECOND COMING

BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN

It's what Honda describes as part of the second coming, and that's not blasphemy. It's not here yet, but we've poked, prodded, photographed and generally necrophiled the lifeless form of what must be the apex of heavenly bodies . . . the first production run turbocharged motorcycle. Sounds fast, eh? Well you can bet your last points it will take some hanging on to when, and some people are saying if, it arrives. Honda, the world's largest bike maker since the early Sixties, generally turns out five million units per year for a world hungry for their product. The demand pattern depends on the affluence of the nation, and it's usually more bucks more horses.

In Australia we quickly took a shine to Honda as soon as the first of the "Dreams" arrived in 1958 and offered power, reliability, performance and an alternative at a price that was below those of its British, German, Austrian, Italian and Spanish peers.

The story which follows is the creation of one of the great industrial mammoths of wheeled history as Honda now has products covering the entire spectrum of modern day transport necessities — leisure and business.

From what began as the grafting of a lawn mower engine on to a bicycle has sprung the most exciting two and four wheeler racing machines from 50cc bikes to Formula 1 race cars. Unforgettable are the Honda Step-Thru, that 50cc auto scooterette that putt-putted motorcycles from Brandoism into the hearts and minds of the people of the Sixties; and the CB750, thought of today in much the same warm, gentle way as the Step-Thru, but in its debut year was a disciple from hell beckoning those below who could not resist the temptation of, vroom, power.

That was a long time ago, and to prove it Honda were quite unabashed in coming out with the statement that now it's time . . . for the second generation.

At Calder Raceway outside Melbourne, a third of the Honda pie for 1981 was recently fed up to bike writers in a day of motorcycle orgy. It was like descending on Honda's whorehouse — the best little one in the east.

There, grouped in a neat bunch, were some of Soichiro's prettiest little fillies just waiting to be ridden. The second generation, as it stands, is no disappointment — genetically the chromosomes are in the right order, and like well-nourished animal

strains, time and effort improves the breed.

Calder is like a drag strip with a switch-back on the return road, so any inherent faults with the new breed would be hard to stumble on.

So the Hondas took to the track with very few miles on the clocks and knowing that any tests made would not be too searching.

With plenty of opportunity to use full noise on either the front or back chutes, it was disconcerting to see less than 500km elapsed distance on the instrument panel.

Honda's second generation are up with the Joneses by sporting more and more fibreglass aerodynamic improvements, the big trend of the past two years.

Starting from the top, the GL1100 Gold Wing is the more complete geriatrics' machine with the addition of optional panniers which make it the first two wheeled motor home. It gets the name "Interstater", modernised air adjustable suspension, improved instrumentation and new fairing style.

The liquid-cooled flat four motor drives quick and easy, but the least popular big bike in the range remains a scraper around corners and simply cannot compare with some of the gems found elsewhere in the line-up.

Like the CBX six-cylinder, which now comes with fibreglass frame mounted fairing, six into two exhausts, "no-dive" suspension and dual front disc brakes vertically ventilated and gripped by twin piston calipers. Braking on the CBX is made so much easier through the combination of improved front system and the retroactive suspension that it uncovered a weakness in the brake pads which, after continual experimentation by the press corps, were coming up soft.

The CBX remains the flag ship of the active Honda fleet (GL1100 = mothballs fleet) with the power sensation only possessed by a six.

If anything, the CBX is a little too responsive to throttle alterations and can lose out round town where flexibility is needed to compensate for the stop, start business of urban traffic flow.

Adding a fairing to a bike is a very good way to glamorise it through the addition of more flowing lines and an area to lay down a striking paint job.

A very attractive fairing has turned the CB900 F2 into a different looking bike altogether — putting it closer to the race track in styling and doubtlessly in the parking lot of any motorway cafe.

It looks 15km/h faster — naw, make it 30km/h — than the unfaired CB900 and totally different.

No visual pollution here — the change will work for the better, even for the color-blind who won't be able to fully appreciate red frame and red and white tank, fairing, seat and guards.

More attention-grabbers among the

pack were the CB750 which felt like a toy after riding the CB900 F2.

Honda pioneered the superbike trail with this one in 1967 and for it still to be in the range means that there is no point in dispensing with an old grizzler with lots of scrapping experience.

Getting down in the weights there are bikes like the CB400 Hawk (a name that's been kicked round Honda for many years now), and the CB250, which are good sellers and will continue to be so as long as the silent majority of motorcycle riders don't necessarily have the need to break speed records.

Both these bikes tend to get lost in the racetrack environment where horsepower puts you on top of the popularity list, but going round corners was no quicker on the bigger ones.

The CB400 is the state of the art in this class, which is comfortable two-up commuting or intrastate travel.

There
is no doubt
that turbos are on
the way, but will
Honda's CX500
be the first?

Slightly higher up the scale are the pair of 80 deg V-twins liquid cooled and shaft driven 500s.

They come in sports touring guise, chopper, or, as we found out over lunch in the Calder function rooms, *turbo*.

One of a dozen prototype/display models was sitting just to one side of the smorgasbord and looking infinitely more digestible.

Essentially, it's a CX500 fitted with fairing and turbocharger.

Well, yes, but that's not all. It's a CX500 motor for sure, but just about everything else about the running gear is new. Doubling the power of the normal engine, such as turbocharging does, calls for renewal of frame and suspension in order to cope with the excesses of force available.

The smiles were all on Honda guys as the general sales manager for Honda Australia, Greg Fayers, announced that in normal circumstances the addition of the turbo brings about a doubling of horsepower.

"This bike will perform similarly to a CB900," he predicted as a flow of questions began swirling in his direction.

"Don't know," was the stock reply to just about everything unable to be seen, like: "When, why, where, what and how much?"

A guess by one Honda guy at the "How much?" brought a surprising reply: "Maybe as much as \$7000."

Another Honda man said possibly \$5000, but even at that price it would be hard to see many takers for this undoubted trendsetter.

Kawasaki has electronically monitored fuel injection on its GP1100 and there is little difference in cost between it and the un-injected model, so Honda's fuel injection should not be that expensive an addition to the CX500 motor.

Turbos are round the \$400 mark, so that as an extra would only bring the basic CX500 price up to \$2700, but then there are the fairing, refined controls and the ultra-strong alloy frame to be paid for.

Still, people aren't used to paying big dollars for Japanese bikes and won't rush out to claim the first batch of turbos to arrive if the price is not within sane range.

There's no doubt that turbos are on the way, but will Honda's 500 be the first?

Rival importers/distributors, when posed the question, tend to pour cold water on the project — be it for business reasons or from a personal assessment of the possibility.

"Haven't they scrapped that idea yet?"

"Unworkable on a V-twin ... huge flat spot in engine performance ... unmanageable when the turbo cuts in ..."

Nobody is short of a word on turbos, that's for sure, but not many have much concrete to say.

After the press day at Calder Raceway, the lifeless Honda Turbo, with all of 13km on the clock, was off to its next port of call, Johannesburg, South Africa, for a motor show.

It has been shown first at Cologne, then Paris and Geneva before making Melbourne for the final three days of the southern motor show.

"We've pushed it seven of its 13km so far," quipped Fayers as he lined up the sleek monster for a run at a ramp leading on to a trailer.

The sound of petrol sloshing in the tank was audible.

All afternoon our hosts insisted the bike would not go. How else would you know it wouldn't go, if you didn't give it a try?

Specifications: *Engine:* Water-cooled, 4-stroke, V-twin, 497cc. *Bore and stroke:* 78.0 x 52.0mm. *Maximum output:* More than 76 PS/8000rpm (153 PS per litre). *Maximum torque:* 7.2kg-m/5000rpm. *Turbo charge system:* With turbine bypass valve controlled by supercharging pressure. *Fuel supply system:* Digital computer controlled fuel injection. *Dry weight:* 220kg (approx). *Number of Patent applications filed:* More than 230. *Price:* \$3000-\$7000 not final.

Dressed to thrill. New Datsun Stanza SSS.



Introducing the stunning new Datsun Stanza SSS. Stanza SSS brings style and excitement into a dreary world of sameness and conformity. But, don't get the impression that new SSS is looks alone. After all, this is a Stanza, with all the rally-bred characteristics you'd expect from a Datsun — and more. Like front air dam and sports modified suspension. New, distinctive cloth upholstery. Full sports instrumentation. And a slick 5-speed gearbox that brings out the best in Stanza's reliable 1600cc OHC engine. See Stanza SSS at your Datsun dealer now. And put some excitement into your driving.

New Datsun Stanza SSS. The Drivers' Car.



Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

**THREE MEN
WITH A
SINGLE, ALL
CONSUMING
OBSESSION**

AWESOME WELLES
ENTREPRENEUR AND EX-ENFANT
TERRIBLE OF THE FILM INDUSTRY

PABLO PIGZASSOLE
GREATEST LIVING PAINTER

HOWARD HUGE
MULTI-BILLIONAIRE RECLUSE

**WHAT IS THE
STRANGE MYSTERY
THAT LINKS THEIR
FATE WITH THE
BIZARRE EVENTS
AT CASTLE DREER
IN REMOTE
TRANSYLVANIA?**

**COMING
NEXT MONTH!**

“SWEET CHASTITY”

OR

The improbable perils and
tribulations of a fashionable young lady

Here's what the critics say:

"Embleton has now reached rock bottom in the sick and godless world of his own creation...Chastity sucks*!"—Oral Robots, *Scientific American*

"It reads like something Gore Vidal might have written for a Bob Guccione film."—Norman Mailisch, *Gay News*

"...typical, exploitative, scum-sucking, sexist-pig *Penthouse* production."—Susan Brownmule, *Ms. magazine*

"Judge him not by the demons that infect his mind and devour his reason... judge him only by that unspeakable crime of lust. In 'Sweet Chastity,' Embleton painstakingly represents every dimension of mortal sin known to god and/or me!"—Reverend Jerry Fartwell, *High Times*

"Super-vulgar, sexually vile, and intellectually vexatious...we all like sex, violence, and science, but not necessarily at the same time. There's a limit to how much science we can take with our sex and how much sex we can take with our violence. Frankly, I think it's pornography masquerading as the most abominable form of literary and artistic trash!"—Rex Ream, *Boy's Life*

"Ludicrous, inefficient balance of situational probabilities, wanton socio-sexual, or sometimes psycho-socio-sexual, positional or inter-positional value systems wherein 'lust's labor lost' becomes de rigueur even upon lesser, if not mini-sub-divisional, levels of inter-uterine activity...."—William Buckeye, *Firing Pin*

SWEET CHASTITY

Only one man could make her
and only one man could turn her on, and
that man was a raving lunatic!!

Don't miss this great new
action/adventure series...uncut and uncensored.
Coming to *Penthouse* soon.

*among other things

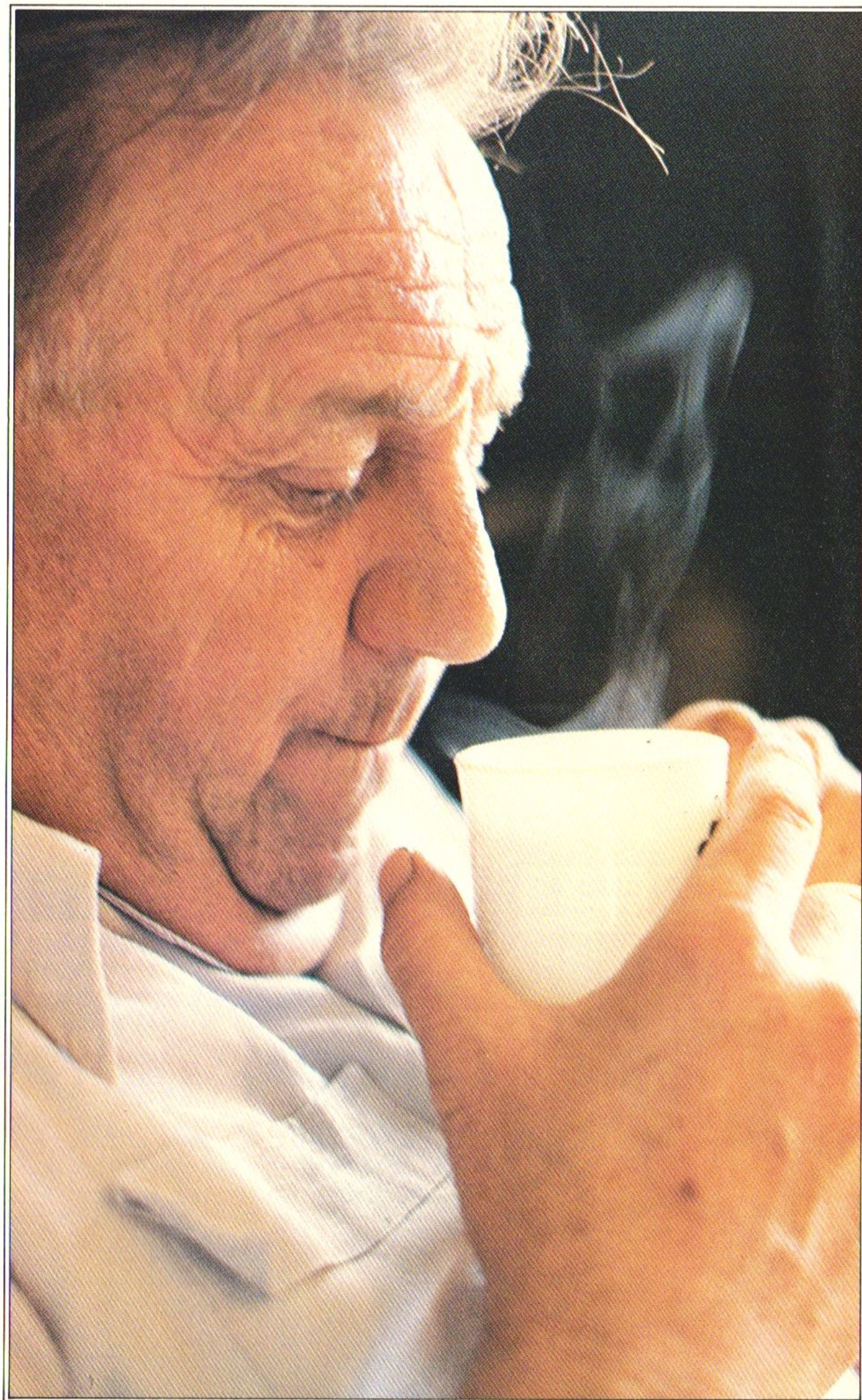


Photo by Albert Falzon

More Winter Drinks

BY L. BONANNO

The waves are smashing over the bow and washing down the decks. The otter boards are clanging, the bottom stays broken by the fury of the storm. But the fridges are full of fish, and you're heading home. In sight of the winking lights of port the storm dies. You can relax — maybe pull a bottle of black rum out from underneath the charts behind the wheelhouse.

But hardly the drink for the young lady emerging from below decks where she has been cowering for the past six hours. A slug of rum may put some color back in her beautiful cheeks, but will hardly restore that image she had of you as the dashing young sea captain with the suave manners. As well, ask her to clean a few fish now she's up and about.

Okay. So maybe a couple of days on a fishing trawler is not exactly St Moritz, and a fish-scale encrusted beanie isn't really Fifth Avenue wear, but no situation is irredeemable. So why don't you just give her the wheel and tell her what to point at while you whip up a fancy little drink on the Primus, such as Hot Love, which, my jet-set friends assure me, was all the rage at Sun Valley and Aspen last Northern winter.

HOT LOVE

To some hot milk add a dash of grenadine, and an ounce of Galliano Amaro. Mix — in a blender if your

galley runs to such refinements — and pour into a champagne glass. Lay some slices of almond on top and then try to carry that little number to the little number upstairs in a rolling sea!

What a mess. Covered in mud and blood. You didn't really have to goad that front-rower into decking you. And yes, the ball was slippery, but I don't think your coach was impressed by the way you let it slide out of your arms when you were tackled over the line. So it's probably wiser to, well, not slink off, just go straight home and clean up there. Besides, why leave that horny blonde waiting outside the dressing room at the mercy of all your mug lair white-anting so-called friends.

And as soon as you get home, don't head straight for the beer like an oaf. Of course, you need a drink, but probably so does she. After all, she heard what the crowd said about your game.

HOT BRICK TODDY

1½ oz whisky
1 tsp butter
3 pinches cinnamon
1 oz hot water
1 tsp powdered sugar

Into a hot glass mix all but the whisky, then add the whisky, top up with more hot water and stir.

Great surf, but gee, they don't make wet suits like they used to. Unfortunately, you've got one like the ones they used to make. Infact, it is one they used to make. You're freezing, but what about your beach bunny? It's not too hot sitting in a car with rust holes in the roof waiting for you to come and take her home. Make it up to her, and make up a little coffee — with a dash of brandy or something.

CAFE BRULOT

Take the rind of an orange, 4 sticks of cinnamon, 12 whole cloves, half a dozen lumps of sugar, and half a cup of brandy.

Brew about a pint of coffee in a pot on the stove. Slice the rind thinly and stick it in a bowl with the cinnamon, cloves and sugar. Pour the brandy over it and light it. (If you get it to flame you're a better man than I Gunga Din). Stir slowly until the sugar dissolves, while the coffee brews. Take the coffee off the stove, add the brandy mixture, and serve two cups twice.

The inevitable snow scene: maybe you can hear a dingo scraping round the door of the hut, maybe it's just the alpine gum scratching at the window. It's not exactly blizzard out there but you spent all day lang-laufing to this hut and you're not going back out till morning. Ah, the NPWS boys have done their job — even though you're looking for minerals with the most beautiful geologist this side of the anti-uranium movement — and there's plenty of firewood. She carried the tools and the maps, you carried the supplies, which include enough to make the odd toddy or two.

SMIGGINS HOLE TODDY

1 oz Galliano
2 oz brandy

Stir into a 6 oz old-fashioned glass (or small Vegemite glass will do) and top off with boiling water with a pinch of nutmeg.

This is one for having with the mob around a fire, and you can drink it out of a pannikin or an old-fashioned glass insulated with damask.

WINE BOARD WINTER PUNCH

12 whole cloves
1 large orange — unpeeled
1 tablespoon sugar
1 bottle dry white wine (even champagne)
3 oz brandy

Stick the cloves in the orange, shove that on the fire until it's brown, then slice it. Drop the slices in a saucepan with the sugar, warm it, and add the wine and brandy. Drink from pre-heated cups, slowly. That'll do two of you three times, or six of you once. Do you all the world of good.

BOEING AIRMAIL

A drink for merchant bankers entertaining airline hosties. Roll up your silk dressing gown sleeves and mix together half a bottle of Moët-Chandon champagne with a few jiggers of Hennessy Cognac. Stir in some heated honey and fly away.

SMIRNOFF SOOTHER

Mix two parts vodka with a small tablespoon of freshly ground coffee. Light it, then add a twist of orange.

A variation, called the Wonder Welder, involves a big lemon-butter glass full of vodka, and a fat tablespoon of coffee. Don't make in a service station. ☺

In two years ocean sailing
has claimed the lives of 50 yachtsmen.

THE FATAL CHALLENGE OF THE SEA

BY ROB MUNDLE

In little more than two years, international ocean racing has established one of the worst fatality records of any sports. At least 50 people have died or disappeared in ocean races or on voyages associated with ocean racing in that time. Nineteen of those deaths happened in waters off Australia and New Zealand. In three instances, yachts and their crews disappeared without trace. Sailing is the sport of kings and commoners; the word conjures images of freedom, escape and relaxation. So why has such a beautiful and exciting activity established this terrible record? Firstly, it should be pointed out

Photos by Sandy Peacock





that on a percentage basis, the number of fatalities is small. Yachting is possibly the biggest participant sport in the world. But up until about two years ago it had a near perfect safety record.

In the time it has taken that record to become blemished, offshore racing has seen some major changes. There has been a huge increase in the number of people offshore racing in recent years, which in turn means many more people with limited experience are taking to the open sea. At the same time, a new style of ocean racing yacht has appeared.

So three important factors are relevant when the recent spate of fatalities are considered: the type of yacht, its construction and the crew's sailing experience. And of course there's one more vital factor — the sea. The ocean has often been an unpre-

dictable and dangerous arena for the major ocean races of the last few years. She is always simmering, but sometimes mother ocean has boiled over to create violent offshore racing conditions. Unprepared crews have been unable to cope with the combined force of wind and sea.

The death of 17 men in the 1979 Fastnet race out of Cowes, England, brought the dangers of ocean racing to the world's attention. The fleet of 300 plus yachts was plastered by a force 10 gale which swept in from the Atlantic, creating conditions which even the most experienced sailors described as the worst they had ever faced. The three factors mentioned above contributed to the death toll, but lack of experience was considered by many to be the major cause of death.

The Fastnet race is one of the world's

three major ocean racing classics along with the Newport-Bermuda and Sydney-Hobart races. This 1000km event, which takes the fleet from Cowes, across the Irish Sea to Fastnet Rock and back to Plymouth, is an exciting challenge for some, a holiday for others and an ego trip for the rest. Recently this bi-annual race has become a bit of a sleigh ride, with generally light conditions. This has led to a dramatic increase in the number of competitors.

Many people competing in the tragic 1979 race had never crossed an open ocean before and obviously had no comprehension of the power of a storm driven sea. Many thought that because they could handle strong winds in a short race in relatively enclosed waters, they could cope with the Irish Sea.

When the gale blew in, it trapped the fleet in the middle of the Irish Sea. The coast was a lee shore and it was difficult to run for cover. Race reports show that seasickness, fatigue and exposure complicated an already dangerous situation. Many crews' lack of experience compounded the problem.

As the yachts began to break up, fear became a motivating factor. Some crews took to their life-rafts and perished while the yachts they abandoned were found afloat and towed to port the next day.

All three Australian yachts were competing as the Australian Admiral's Cup team. They came through the gale superbly. In fact, they did so well they scored enough points in that race to come from behind and win the Admiral's Cup.

But, while Australians and Kiwis may be recognised as being among the best heavy weather sailors in the world and international leaders in offshore safety, the number of deaths in this part of the world does not do us proud. The one common feature in nearly all the fatalities and disappearances here has been the style of yacht. The craft involved in local tragedies have all been the light planing dinghy type — a design pioneered in NZ.

Paul Whiting came from Auckland. He was a world leader in the design of light displacement yachts. In 1979 he sailed his boat *Smackwater Jack* across the Tasman to Sydney to compete in the Sydney-Hobart race. While the competing yachts were being prepared, some gut-turning news reached Sydney. Tasmanian Charlie Davies, one of the most popular and experienced yachtsman around, was missing along with his crew. They had been sailing the new, lightweight *Charleston* to Sydney for the race and were caught in a severe gale in Bass Strait. An extensive search followed, but no trace was found.

The excitement of the race lifted some of the gloom. It was an easy run to Hobart. At the end of the race, Paul and his wife Allison sat aboard *Smackwater Jack* in Constitution dock and considered the alternatives for their future. Paul's short



career as a designer was blossoming. He wanted to sell *Smackwater Jack*. She was near the end of her competitive career and Paul and Allison wanted to move on to bigger and better things. They could sail her back to Sydney and try to sell her there, or take the yacht back to Auckland for the New Zealand market. They decided to try New Zealand, and entered the Hobart-Auckland race which was scheduled to start a few days later.

Paul, Allison and two crew sailed *Smackwater Jack* out of Hobart and into the Tasman Sea. They were never seen again. The yacht was hit in mid-Tasman by a gale which was described by competitors who had competed in the Fastnet race as being even worse than the storm which took 17 lives in the Irish Sea.

Even the mighty *Condor* of Bermuda, which took line honors in the Fastnet, lay-a-hull with no sail up during the Tasman gale. The last report from *Smackwater Jack* said they were having difficulties and were planning to take all sail down and wait for the weather to clear. A huge search found nothing.

Charleston, *Smackwater Jack* and *Ponsonby Express* were all light displacement yachts. They were swallowed up without trace with a total of 16 lives lost. *Ponsonby* disappeared while returning to Auckland after the Auckland-Suva race.

Another fatality happened in Sydney just before Christmas 1980, when an eight metre, light displacement, dinghy-type yacht, *Weather Report*, was rolled over and sunk by a huge wave while entering Botany Bay. She was competing in a race conducted by the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia from Sydney to Botany Bay and back. Reports said the yacht was rolled over three times by the wave as she skirted a bombora near the entrance to the bay. One of the crew died. Another was rescued and the third swam ashore.

We can only speculate over the fate of the three yachts which disappeared. We should not make false assumptions. It must be said that the new designs have been successful in ocean racing all over the world. They've scored many victories, including the Sydney-Hobart race. But it seems, that in extreme conditions, many of these craft have problems.

The International Offshore Rule under which offshore racers are designed and built, allowed the development of these designs. In most conditions the style has proven to be faster than the narrower, heavier, more conventional style of yacht.

The structural strength and stability of these yachts was questioned from the start. But they were legal and built within the boundaries of the rules. When they began to win races, other designers had to follow. Even the more conservative designers who showed concern over the seaworthiness of these yachts when they first appeared, changed their thinking.

Britain's Ed Dubois, one of the world's

better yacht designers, admitted to a group of yachtsmen in Sydney before the 1979 Hobart race that there were new problems being created by the trend to light and wide ocean racers. He said that because of their wide beam and low ballast ratio "they tended to stay upside down longer than the more conventional style yacht". One of his designs, The Australian Admiral's Cup yacht *Police Car*, survived Fastnet without incident.

As always, sporting hierarchies take time to catch up with undesirable trends. Red tape and international communications take their toll. Australia has probably done more than any country to stop the trend, but the rules are still not tight enough to create the necessary controls.

The fact that these yachts can still be built and that relatively inexperienced people go offshore racing in major events, is causing experienced yachtsmen to put increasing pressure on the hierarchy. I have

There are situations where all the experience in the world will still be no match for the ocean.

no doubt that many crews competing in major ocean races in Australia this season, including the Sydney-Hobart race, would fail two very important safety tests; (a) how to locate and recover a man overboard and (b) how to effectively fire a distress flare. The need for either of these emergency procedures will almost always be in extreme conditions. It is the responsibility of the owner as well as race officials to satisfy themselves that there is a sufficiently competent crew aboard.

Consider this: a modern, dinghy type ocean racer is rocketing downwind in the dead of night. The spinnaker is up and she is surfing before a strong nor-easter at between 10 and 12 knots. Three of the seven crew are on deck. The others are below, off watch and asleep.

The helmsman has to work hard at holding his course. The sea conditions coupled with the narrow keel and small rudder tend to give the yacht some problems in the area of directional stability. A crewman decides to relieve himself but instead of using the bucket and chuck it method gropes his way to leeward and aims it over the side. At the same time the

yacht goes into a wild broach. She's knocked down on to her side, still travelling fast. The leeward rail is buried and suddenly there is a scream from the crewman. He's gone.

A shout goes below for all hands. They rush on deck to join the two others, totally disorientated, and are told that there's a man overboard. Someone remembers the man overboard flag and lights, struggles to get it and flings it into the sea. The flashing light quickly disappears behind the waves. The spinnaker comes down and the engine is started as they turn back. More than five minutes have passed. How do they find him? If they had been experienced they would have had a man overboard drill rehearsed before racing.

At the same time, there are situations where all the experience in the world will still be no match for the ocean. The chance of another Fastnet type disaster occurring, especially in Australia, is still very real. Until this season there were two races on the Australian calendar which had disaster potential no matter how good the yachts or crews were. One, the Great Circle Race, from Melbourne around Tasmania and back, has been cancelled due to a lack of entries. But the other, the Melbourne-Hobart race, better known as the West Coaster, still exists.

The usual way to win this race is to sail very close to the coast and thus sail the shortest possible distance. That means virtually scraping the rocks all the way down the coastline. It will take just one of those incredible westerly gales, like the one that took *Charleston*, to slam into the fleet, and the chances are there will be bits of splintered yachts all along the coast. There is only one way to decrease the chance of this happening and that is to change the course to go down the east coast of Tasmania, instead of the west.

The Sydney-Hobart classic probably has the most stringent safety requirements of any ocean race in the world and has seen no fatalities in its 36-year history. It has been the test race for many new international offshore safety standards. And this year, chairman of the Offshore Racing Committee of the Australian Yachting Federation Jim Robson-Scott, will head yet another Australian attempt to have offshore safety requirements made more stringent.

You cannot stop a man from taking to the sea. It is and always will be a true frontier, a fantastic challenge. But the inexperienced and those with an unseaworthy approach should be stopped from putting others at risk as well as themselves.

But no matter what, for those hundreds of thousands of yachtsmen with the right approach, it will remain one of the most exciting and satisfying sporting challenges a man can face. Those balmy nights, boat for boat duels, rollicking spinnaker rides and the team work will always make up for the rough spots. ☐

THE NEW SUPER HETERODYNE SNOOPER



Its performance is bigger than its name.

As radar speed traps become more sophisticated and an everyday driving hazard, you need a more sophisticated, improved performance radar detector.

Put your trust in the superior performance of the new Super Heterodyne Snooper. Radar detectors come into two broad categories - passive and super heterodyne. A passive radar detector must wait for an incoming microwave radar signal before it is able to alert you of the presence of a speed check.

The Super Heterodyne Snooper radar detector emits its own detecting beam which intercepts the microwave signal before returning to the Snooper. The Super Heterodyne Snooper gives you a greater time in which to check that your car's speed is within the legal limits.

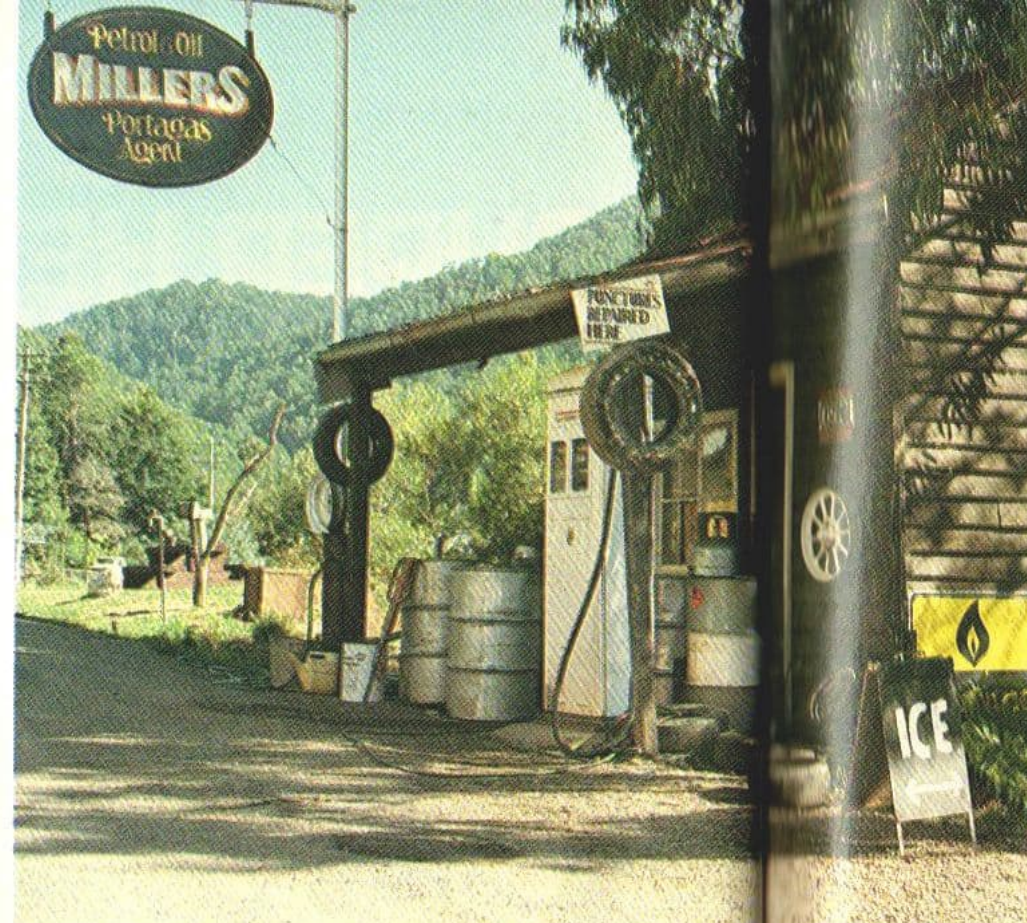
In these times that demand your full driving attention, the new Super Heterodyne Snooper radar detector is an invaluable aid to safer motoring. Full X and K band assurance



Sole Importers & Licencees
AUTEX INTERNATIONAL LTD.
125 Military Road Neutral Bay
Sydney N.S.W. 2089. Telex AA 26429

A strictly limited number of Super Heterodyne Snooper radar detectors are available now. For the name of your nearest stockist, call one of the telephone numbers listed below.

Queensland Autex International Ltd 07-522-247
N.S.W. Autex International Ltd 02-908-3722
Victoria Call Autex International Ltd Sydney
South Australia Autoquip Pty Ltd 08-512-459
West Australia Snooper Company 09-279-7338
New Zealand Autex International Ltd Auckland 773-269



Four-wheel drive isn't the magic carpet that some people imagine, but with practice it's the next best thing.

FOUR TO THE FORE

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE

Every so often a glorious dose of the gung-ho crazies descends on the lads at Leyland. No one is safe, the symptoms appear at every echelon. Pretty soon the words "product familiarisation" are bandied about, and the next thing you know a full-blown four-wheel drive safari has been organised. The official reason is to let Leyland's sales and service people, and occasional blow-ins from the media, get fully involved with Land and Range Rover.

But you know, once the team has gathered, that you're in the presence of people hopelessly addicted to the mayhem and magnificence of really tough off-roading. Perhaps the irritating sight of all those Range Rovers in South Yarra and Double Bay, whose only off-road time is likely to be the occasional swept gravel drive, makes the odd therapeutic blow-out essential.

That's because the Range Rover, especially the automatic version, has to be one of the most versatile and able rough-going machines you can buy. I know there are plenty of people who will give me an argument about that view, but I hope to be able to convince you in due course.

A recent squabble about who among the motoring writers of this country knows the first thing about off-road driving made me acutely aware that my own experience, while more substantial than many, was mediocre according to most. What an ideal chance, I thought. I didn't quite realise how the weekend's route was chosen.

I knew the sub-alpine forests of Victoria were favored for this sort of stunt, but I had

no inkling as we gathered at Leyland's Melbourne establishment that we were headed for some of the nastiest bits of boondockery through which it is barely possible to pass a motorised vehicle.

Probably it would all seem quite ordinary for many of the 23 hardy souls who had agreed to brave the elements, with nothing between us and the most hideous privations except \$100,000 or so worth of machinery, chef-prepared meals and a mobile mini-hospital with doctor in attendance. Life wasn't meant to be easy.

To a large extent the trip was also organised for the benefit of Tom Barton, a delightfully friendly, informative and modest man who would never appropriate for himself the "Father of the Land Rover" tag he was dubbed with here.

Barton, who retired last year from full-time duties with British Leyland and who now works on a consultancy level, was one of the directors of the design team which put together the Land Rover concept in 1947. As he proudly says, that team took Land Rover from the first sketches on the drawing board to physical reality in under 18 months, having a model ready for the 1948 Dutch Motor Show. An impressive achievement in those days, and almost incomprehensible by today's four-year lead time standards.

So we had 12 vehicles to head off into the mulga: three forward-control 101s, a military version of Land Rover and highly prized since they are no longer made; three standard-type Land Rovers, one four-cylinder and two 3.5litre V8s; two automatic Range Rovers; and, particularly for Tom Barton's purposes to allow com-

parison with models not readily available in the UK, a Toyota diesel station wagon, a Datsun MQ Patrol, a Ford Bronco and a Daihatsu, looking somewhat dwarfed by the big guns.

I rode out through Moe to the staging point at Waihalia, about 180km from Melbourne, aboard a 101 belonging to John Ayre of ULR, four-wheel drive specialists from the Melbourne suburb of Malvern. It's fitted to make life as comfortable as possible, complete with not one, but two big air-conditioning modules hanging off the interior roof. It wasn't hard to see why it was known as "the mobile boardroom".

After a head count we kept going down into the Aberfeldy River valley along a narrow, twisting goat-track laughingly called a road, which clung to the side of a slope over a healthy near-vertical drop. I appreciated the comfort and good visibility provided by the 101, but I couldn't help recalling that in a similar exercise last year it was a 101 which had had the bad luck to topple over.

Mentioning this had a curious effect on Frank Ford, the chef — or, according to the personnel list, "tucker phucker". Here we were, not into anything terribly dramatic, and he was squirming most uncomfortably.

Later I found out two things: Frank is normally seated behind the passenger because he has been known in the rough going to make a sudden grab for anything secure — and it's in everyone's best interests if that "anything" is not the driver; and he has a balance problem associated with the ear canals which can, without warning, make a gentle 15-degree slope

feel like vertical descent, even though his eyes are telling him differently. Since he has done these trips before, one wonders whether he qualifies for first prize in bravery or masochism.

But after sampling his tucker, it's easy to understand why no one suggests he stay at home.

We camped the first night each side of the stony riverbed, not our first choice but we found the intended camp site had been pre-empted by a couple of young divers using power dredges to hunt for gold. They hadn't hit the big strike yet — as if they'd tell us anyway — but in the words of one, "it beats panning".

Once the portable generator is going interest centres on Frank. One of the 101s is hauling a trailer with power take-off, making it effectively a six-wheel drive unit, and among the couple of tonnes of gear on the trailer is a generous fridge filled with drinks and a freezer, whence Frank produces the most elaborate campfire fare it's been my privilege to eat.

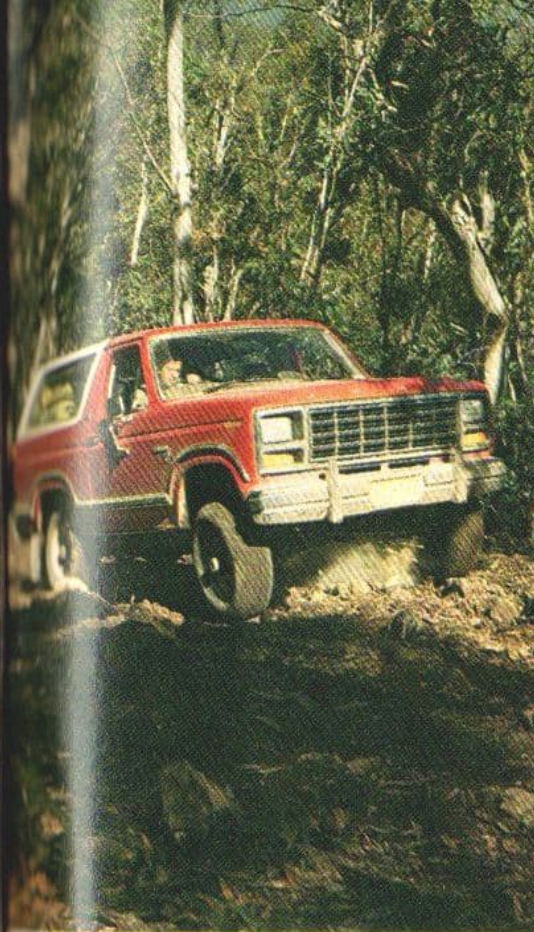
The menu for that night was crayfish in aspic, king prawns and green salad; chicken soup; spiced grilled fillet steak, new potatoes, french beans; garlic and anchovy breads; fruit cake and rum sauce with cream; biscuits and assorted cheeses, olives, smoked salmon, salami. This was washed down with beers or spirits before dinner and Wolf Blass riesling, Brown's Spaetlese Lexia and Redman clarets during, followed of course by port with coffee. It'll be hard not to weep the next time I stare into a fire-blackened pot of scalded baked beans. Once the conversation settles down, plans are made to

Far left: The automatic Range Rover in unusual out-of-balance posture as it struggles part of the way up the second section of Trig Track. Centre: Wood's Point, Victoria, where no one's in a hurry and they don't need digital self-serve petrol pumps. Above: Trig Track claims a Range Rover, here parked on one of the less steep areas as a winch is used to haul up a Land Rover.

tackle something called the "Trig Track", a locally-notorious climb which sounds as if it could give Sherpa Tensing and Sir Edmund a decent day's work.

Being the only one to forget an air bed, I was up early the next morning to iron out the pattern of a Land Rover floor mat embossed on my back. Amazingly, it wasn't early enough because, barely visible in the pre-dawn shadows, there were Frank and his son Graeme preparing a disgustingly hearty bacon and eggs for those who hadn't eaten well enough the night before. Our mobile doctor-in-residence, George Tippet, used to confront the smokers in the group with the lugubrious homily: "Every overdraft on the bank of health must be paid in full." It seemed more appropriate to the sight of all those scrambled eggs going down.

As we drove out past the gold-dredgers camp we had to stop for a bit of bush repair to the portable generator keeping the refrigeration going, and a girl emerged from a tent to say hello. I was most encouraged when she found out where we were headed and said, incredulity flickering across her face: "The Trig Track? You're going up there?" A laugh and



shake of the head: "Good luck!" with an unspoken "you'll need it" left hanging in the air as she walked away.

There was nothing in the easy trail down to the shallow river crossing at the base of Trig Track to explain such a reaction. In fact, it was the wrong time of year for spectacular water crossings, the water-up-to-the-gunwhales and "God bless all those who sail in her" stuff beloved of outback adventure photographers.

Yet it was the real start of all the business that we'd come out here to engage in, so one-by-one the cars and drivers were urged across with assorted cheers and much shouted advice.

Actually, it was a salutary lesson for the tyros: four-wheel drive cars won't just go anywhere, they need a lot of white-knuckling on the steering wheel to cross what can seem like an easy obstacle.

Case in point here was the Ford Bronco. There were different ways across the water and the Bronco driver chose a wrong one. What should have been a straightforward move turned into quite a hassle as, halfway across, the front wheels dropped into a slightly deeper section. This meant the rear differential was now neatly positioned to catch on a jutting rock. When the Bronco was eased back to try another route, the rock then caught on the front diff.

It wasn't a hard impasse to scratch out of, but it served as a reminder: when you drop a slice of bread, it's always going to land butter-side down. When you take your mind off the job in a four-wheel drive, you've dropped the slice of bread.

Anyway, we found out later that the

Bronco diffs could be expected to withstand a bit of gentle nudging. The following day a different driver, using the "keep-it-going-at-all-costs" British approach slammed the Bronco up a tough slope and, as he crested the rise, dropped the front diff and all the weight of the front of the car on to a sharp block of granite. There were a few surprised Leyland people when the Bronco kept going.

The first stage of Trig Track was impressive enough: deeply rutted, and with sharp boulders strategically placed to rip out a diff, dent steering or suspension bits and slash a tyre.

In short order the mobile boardroom sheared a universal joint and some heavy work went into grubbing out a really evil-looking lump of sandstone sitting up dead-centre in the track like an iceberg, with most of its mass solidly buried for support.

It wasn't enough work to avoid the Datsun losing a tyre with an impressive "boom" as the inner sidewall was neatly sliced through for 10cm. Tom Barton was driving, demonstrating a balls-and-all-stops-out approach I haven't seen since John Wayne stormed Iwo Jima. As mentioned, this devotion to the great god momentum stems from the reality that much 4WD work in the UK involves slushy surfaces, where momentum is indeed vital.

It was also the approach adopted by the Toyota driver ("If the Datsun made it in one go, then by God...") with such success he got all four wheels in the air at one point, but — as other cars showed — the section was best handled a little more

slowly and thoughtfully, about six-tenths rather than ten-tenths effort.

At least that section provided a solid footing. The next, in parts a genuine 30-degree slope, turned out to be soft ground filled with broken sandstone chunks and scarred by vertical washaway channels which crumbled treacherously the moment any traction was needed.

Even our lead Range Rover, which had calmly "walked" up the first section in low-range first with barely a wheel spin, was stopped as the wheels dug in and buried themselves or scabbled the whole car sideways into a channel.

The four-cylinder Land Rover, fitted with a winch, painfully hauled its way almost to the top of the climb before it was realised there were too few winches, too many cars and not enough time to get everyone up the hill. Frank Ford, shunning the whole pack of madness, had quietly walked to the brow of the summit and was called back again. He made his way down with an air of resignation as those cars in the convoy which had made it part of the way were delicately, oh so delicately, eased down backward to where they could safely turn.

We retraced our path to the "easy" way around, and covered a good bit of ground with some testing terrain up to Mt Selma, which offered a glorious 360-degree view of the hills under a brilliant blue sky, largely hidden up to now by the density of the forest we had passed through.

It was on the slope leading up to Mt Selma that David Shears, of Land Rover UK, and I found what everyone had meant when they said the Toyota needed a spring

loading against reverse to avoid accidental engagement. The Toyota, which with tons of diesel torque handled the tough bits admirably, was going nicely up the slope in low-range third until David was balked by a car stopped at the top of the crest.

He rushed for second to avoid losing momentum, but as the power went off the steepness of the slope brought the car quickly to a halt.

David missed second and went smoothly into reverse but, believing he was in second, hit the accelerator and dropped the clutch.

As we shot backward down the slope I vaguely heard voices in the car behind raised more in terror than in anger, but we were far enough ahead of them to pull up in time. Interesting.

That night we camped on the headwaters of the Goulburn River, near the small town of Wood's Point. I think my favorite from the menu that night was the pork chops and champignons in paprika sauce.

Sunday's highlight, after some more testing with people hopping into as wide an assortment of cars as they could manage, was a confrontation with what must be the steepest terrain one could ever hope to traverse in a four-wheel drive.

It's called the Hope Track, leading down from Enoch's Point to the road through Cumberland Junction and Warburton back into Melbourne.

It seemed like a bit of a joke when an advance party went ahead to check Hope Track, armed with a shotgun for signalling: one shot — do not follow. Two — come

ahead. Three — need help. It was no joke. Three people have died on Hope Track, and the local name for it is the evocative, if unoriginal, "Widowmaker".

It was felt the track could be descended. After all, we had come out to test the cars, and tested they would be. It didn't seem to worry anyone overmuch that the trailer had toppled behind the 101 as it went down, having to be winched upright. Or that when they got to the bottom, they found a crew which had just finished recovering a Jeep which went over the side of the track the day before while trying a rarely-achieved ascent — fortunately without serious injury to its occupants.

From the top, as you are about to start the descent, Hope Track looks quite impossibly steep. It seems inevitable that the wheels will lock up, you will lose all traction and slide at ever-increasing speed into a mangled heap at the bottom, if you don't go over the edge first.

Our descent was more of a semi-controlled rush than a scholarly approach to the matter, but I wasn't terribly fazed until I saw the spectators halfway down scatter for cover as the steering wheel jolted half out of my hands. Still, we made it, scoring the fastest down time in the process. All planned, of course.

Dr Tippet — how appropriate that name seemed as the excursion wore on — produced a truly remarkable rear-wheel elevation as he brought his 101 down, getting the back wheels a good metre into the air.

Dr Tippet has a 45-degree inclinometer on the door of his vehicle and, as he put it, "the little ball-bearing was trying to fight

Far left: What goes up, must come down. Dr George Tippet negotiates Hope Track in swinging style as co-pilot Peter Gray wonders when the back wheels will start going down again. Left clockwise from top: Frank Ford throws together a little crayfish in aspic; the multi-muscle approach to bush repairs; axes and chain-saws are a vital part of forest off-roading. Above left: With a sound like a dropped drawerful of cutlery, the Ford Bronco raises a burst of rock dust as it bounces the front diff off a boulder. Above: What it's all about. Early morning on the last day, after a relaxing and clear, crisp night.

its way out the end of the scale" at one stage.

It wasn't, perhaps, as thorough a test of any single vehicle as one needs to make an authoritative pronouncement on capabilities: but here, at least, are some impressions.

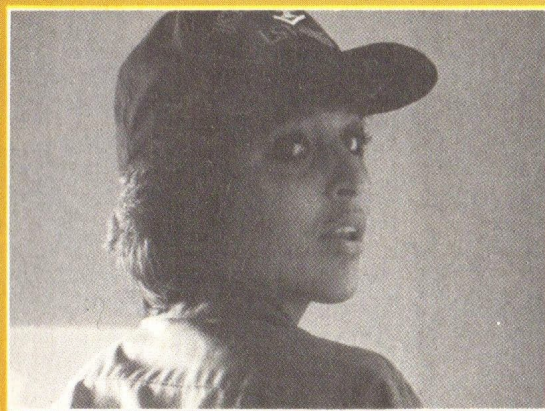
Range Rover automatic: Unquestionably superb in this type of country, unfussed as the enormous travel in the coil-sprung suspension and the torque converter do all the hard work. Comfortable and easy to drive, too.

Land Rover: Also superbly capable, but it's a workhorse and the cramped driving position and hard, leaf-sprung suspension means it suffers in comparison with the Range Rover. It's also a good deal cheaper.

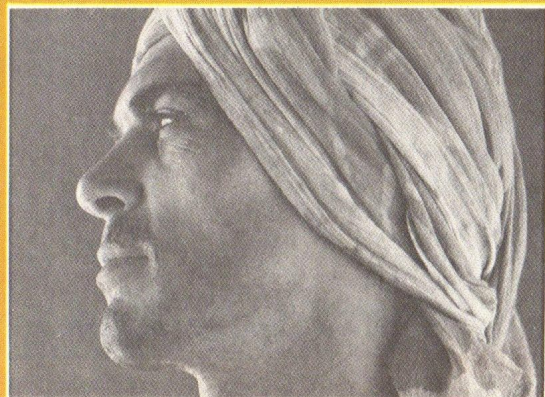
Land Rover 101: Occasionally hampered by higher centre of gravity, but surprisingly good road behavior, excellent payload and solid off-road performance.

Toyota diesel: Showed up best of the

COMING IN JULY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE



Linda Drummond-Hay



Rodney Gooch



Sweet Chastity

Stowaway Linda — Linda Drummond-Hay, the sexy barmaid from Perth who made headlines all over the world when she stowed away on a US warship in an exclusive pictorial. You'll see why Linda's unexpected appearance on board ship amongst several hundred lonely sailors made big waves throughout the American defence forces in the Pacific. Only in *Australian Penthouse*.

Rodney of Australia — Gay adventurer Rodney Gooch had a stoned fantasy in Morocco once, that he was a nomadic camel driver, alone in the solitary beauty of the desert. Lawrence of Australia, he mused as he wafted off with the fairies, watching the Arab caravans parading the beach. But Gooch is no idle dreamer. Last year he came by a team of green camels in the Alice, disregarded the poofter jokes of the bushies, and set out across the desert for his Byron Bay home. Along the way he became the first person to make a solo crossing of the Simpson Desert by camel. Gerald Frape tells Rodney's amazing story.

The Intimate Sex Lives Of Famous People — The full scoop. Their affairs were barely concealed at any time, but only now can the sordid details be revealed. The lowdown on JFK, Adolf Hitler, Elvis Presley, Marilyn Monroe and other star performers.

The Flight Of Roman Polanski — The controversial Polish movie director was conspicuously absent from this year's Oscars in Hollywood, when his masterpiece *Tess* picked up several awards. But this came as no surprise to the film community or the police. Since January 1978, when he fled to Paris to escape sentencing on a charge of unlawful sexual intercourse with a 13-year-old girl, Polanski has been a fugitive from American justice. Thomas Kiernan tells for the first time the full story of the events leading up to Polanski's flight.

Exclusive Hostage Interview — Marine sergeant Paul Lewis tells of his 444 days in captivity in Iran. The terror and the humor of the long, tense ordeal.

Sweet Chastity — At last, folks, Ron Embleton and Bob Guccione present the first episode of the comic strip you've been waiting for. 

"foreigners" at this Leyland exercise with excellent motor, high and low range, and good comfort.

Datsun MQ Patrol: Good interior comfort, good power, suspension seemed less able to cope than expected. Slightly out of its depth in this country.

Ford Bronco: The Leyland people were very interested in this one, since they feel Ford sees it as a challenger to the Range Rover. The wide-wheel approach to off-roading is more suited to sand and towing, so it didn't shine here: but gear ratios are good and the 4.1 alloy head motor does the job well.

There's certainly more to off-road driving than Victoria's forest trails, and perhaps many 4WD owners have no desire to attempt such terrain.

But assuming that anyone who buys a four-wheel drive vehicle has at least the intention of moving off sealed roads from time to time, it's worth checking a few things that made this weekend a success.

The most obvious and overwhelmingly important factor was the number of experienced people who took part in it. From this fact flowed a smoothness and ability to keep going when things happened which would have stopped anyone less prepared.

This preparedness is by no means only physical. A special mental attitude is required for safe off-road driving, one which involves an awareness of the capabilities of the vehicle, an appreciation of the approach demanded by each stretch of terrain and the development of a "frame of reference".

This means keeping a three-dimensional picture in your mind of the plane of the vehicle in relation to the surface beneath you, and a consciousness of the positioning of each wheel at any given time so you can be aware of just how much traction you're likely to get from each corner of the car. If this all sounds terribly complicated, in practice any reasonably competent driver quickly develops a feel for what's needed. As in most things, making mistakes is the fastest way of pounding the knowledge home.

Since you don't want this mistake-making process to involve serious amounts of damage to people or vehicles, it is strongly advisable to make your first serious four-wheel drive excursions in the company of experienced off-roaders.

Not only does this help with the mental attitude, it's also very useful in picking up on the material aspects.

Winches, high-lift jacks, bull bags are some of the things you not only need to take, but also should learn to use before you find yourself in the mire.

It's experience which lets you reap the rewards off-roading offers: access to uncrowded bits of countryside, combined with putting your abilities to the test and coming through in one piece. 



Here's extra high performance for you.

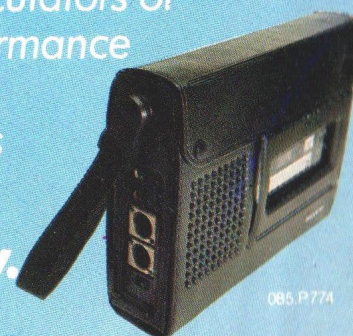
The pressure is on. One slip means death. Such a heavy duty situation demands enormous energy and stamina.

It's the same with some battery operated appliances. High drain gear like radio/cassettes, calculators or electronic toys demand extra high performance batteries.

'Eveready' Extra Heavy Duty batteries are tailor-made to meet that demand.

The extra heavy duty battery.

Eveready is a registered trade mark.



085 P774

SETTING THE PACE IN MODERN SMOKING

PETER STUYVESANT EXTRA MILD

THE
INTERNATIONAL
PASSPORT
TO SMOKING
PLEASURE



Peter Stuyvesant Extra Mild has what
mild smokers the world over want right now.
Mild choice tobaccos. Miracle Filter.
King Size. So much more to enjoy!

LIGHT UP A STUYVESANT—YOU'LL BE SO GLAD YOU DID

HAPEM1350
CC 1380

AMERICAN CIGARETTE COMPANY (OVERSEAS) PTY. LTD.